PROCLAMATION Promoted

OR AN

H: 231

HUE-and-CRY and Inquisition AFTER TREASON and BLOOI

Upon the Inhumane and horrid Murder of that Noble Knight, Impartial

Justice of Peace, and Zealous Protestant,

Sir EDMONDBERRTGODFRT of WESTMINSTER.

An hasty POEM.

Murder! Murder! let this Shreik fly round, Till Hills and Dales, and Rocks and Shores rebound; Send it to Heav'n and Hell; for both will be Astonish'd and Concern'd as much as we. First send to Endor where of old did dwell An Hagg, could Fates of Kings and Kingdoms tell; If that cannot be found, to Ekron go, To Pluto's Oracle and Hell below. There serve this Hue and Cry, for there 'twas hatch'd, (Except the Priests their Gods have over-match'd.) Methinks Belzebub, if he be outdone In his Grand Misteries; and Rome needs none Of his Black Arts, but can Out-Devil Hell, His Envy and Revenge this Plot should tell: And by disclosing in his own defence, Not only vindicate his Innocence, But hasten their destruction, and prevent Loss of his Trade, (the Jesuites intent) Unless he fears them, as indeed he may; When once in Hell, none shall Command but they.

But if this Tragedy be all his own, And Roman Actors (taught by him) have shown How they can play all parts he can devise; Female or Male, with or without disguise: And need no Cacodæmons prompting Art Or Whisper, but can fill up any part; Fast, Pray and Weep, Swear and Forswear, Decoy, Trappan, Kiss, Flatter, Smile, and so Destroy, Stab, Pistol, Poison Kings, Unking, Dethrone, Blow up or down, Save, Damn, make all their own. Knows not he then, tho founder of the Stage, The Laws of Theatres in every Age. That th' Actors, not the Author of the Play, Do challenge the Rewards of the first day. Make then their names renown'd, and come to hide Such Children of thy Revels and thy Pride; Send to their Father, and thy eldest Son That Lucifer of Rome, what feats they've done: That he may make their names be understood, Written in Kalenders of Martyrs Blood.

But if the Fiends below be Deaf and Dumb,
And this conjuring cannot overcome;
They and their Imps be damn'd together: I
To Gods on Earth will fend my Hue and Cry.
Arife Just Charles, Three Kingdoms Soul and mine,
Great James thy Grandfather could well divine;
And without Spell the bloody Riddle Spell,
Writ by like Secretaries of Rome and Hell.
And if Thy Proclamation cannot do,
We pray Gods Spirit may inspire Thee too.
If Thy Prophetick Ofher did not err,
The Mass would enter by a Massacre.
The Wounds Thy Godfry found were meant for Thee,
And Thou ly'st Murder'd in Essigie.

In Gods, Kings, Kingdoms Cause, this Knight was slain, Let him a Noble Monument obtain; Erected in Your Westminsters great Hall, That Courts of Justice may lament his Fall: And may (when any Papist cometh near) His Marble Statue yield a bloudy tear. Yet let him not be buried, let him lie, The fairest Image to draw Justice by. There needs no Balm or Spices to preserve The Corps from Stench, his Innocence will serve.

Ye Lords and Commons joyn your speedy Votes, A Pack of Bloud-Hounds threaten all your Throats. And if their Treason be not understood, Expect to be diffolv'd in your own Blood. O Vote that every Papist (high and low) To martyr'd Godfry's Corps in person go; And laying hand upon his wounded Brest, By Oath and Curse his ignorance protest. But oh the Atheisme of that Monstrous Crew, Whose Holy Father can all Bonds undo: Whole Breath can put away the heavi'st Oath; Who fears no Heaven nor Hell, but laughs at both. Therefore a fafer Vote my Muse suggests, For Priests and Jesuites can swallow Tests As Hocus Pocus doth his Rope or Knife, And cheats the gaping Farmer and his Wife. Oh Vote each Sign-post shall a Gibbet be, And hang a Traytor upon every Tree. Yet we'le find Wood enough for Bone-fire piles, T' inlighten and inflame our Brittish Isles Upon th' approaching fifth November night, And make Incendiaries curse the light. November Fires Septembers may reveal, One Burn (we fay) another Burn willheal.

Lastly, And surely, let this Hue and Cry Reach Heaven, where every Star looks like an Eye To that High Court of Parliament above, Whose Laws are mixt with Justice and with Love; Whither Just Godfry's Soul's already come, And hath receiv'd the Crown of Martyrdome; Where Murder'd Kings and flaughter'd Saints do cry, Their Blood may never unrevenged lie. Ye Saints and Angels hate that Scarlet Whore, Whose Priests and Bratts before your Shrines adore, And in their Maffacres your Aid implore; Staining your Altars with the precious Gore: Pour down your Vials on their Curfed heads, And in Eternal flames prepare their Beds. And Thou Judge Jesus Hang'd and Murder'd too, By Power of Rome and Malice of the Jew, In Godfry's Wounds Thine own do bleed anew.

Oh Rend Thy Heavens! Come Lord and take Thy Throne, Revenge Thy Martyrs Murder and Thine own.

Licensed November 1. 1678.

GARNETS GHOST

Addressing to the Jesuits, met in private Caball, just after

THE

MURTHER

OF

Sir Edmund-Bury Godfrey.

Written by the Author of the Satyr against Virtue, (not yet Printed.)

What Sacrifice of meaner worth, and price; Could we have offer 'dup for our success? So fare all they who dare provoke our hate; Who by like ways presume to tempt their fate: Fare each, like this bold medling fool, and be As well cur'd, as well dispatch'd as he. Would he were here, yet warm, that we might drain His reeking gore, and drink up every vein: That were a glorious Sanction; much like thine, Great Roman, made upon a like defign. Like thine? we forn to mean a Sacrament, To feal and confecrate our high intent, We scorn base blood should our great league cement. thou didft it with a slave, but we think good so bind our Treason with a bleeding God. Would it were His; why should I fear to name, Or you to hear't? at which we nobly aim. Lives yet that hated enemy of our cause? Lives he our mighty projects to oppole? Can his weak innocence, and heavens care, Be thought fecurity from what we dare, Are yethen fesuits, are you so for nought? In all the Catholig ie depths of Treason taught: In Orthodox, and folid poyfoning read; And each profounder Art of killing bred: And can you fail or bungle in your trade? Shall one poor life your cowardife upbraid? Tame dastard slaves, who your profession shame, And fix difgrace on your great Founders name.

Think what late Stries (and ignoble crew, Not worthy to be rank'd in fin with you)
Inspir'd with lofty wickedness durst do.

What Sacrifice of meaner worth, and price;
Could we have offer 'dup for our fuccefs?
So fare all they who dare provoke our hate;
In open face of Heaven the work they did;
And dar'd its vengeance, and its powers defy'd.
This is his son, and mortal too like Him:
Durft you ufurp the glory of the crime.
And dare ye not? Iknow you forn to be;
By fuch as they, outdone in villany:

(Your proper province) true, you urg'd then on,
were a glorious Sandtion; much like thine,
oman, made upon a like defign.

Were Engins in the fact; but they alone
Share all the Open credit and Renown.

But hold, I wrong our Church & cause, which need No foreign Instance; nor what Others did. Think on that matchless Affaffin, whose name, We with just pride can make our happy claim; He who at killing of an Emperour, To give his poy fon stronger force and power, Mixt a God with't and made it work more fure, Bleft memory, which shall through age to come Stand sacred in the lists of Hell and Rome. Let our great Clement, and Ravillia'cs name, Your spirits to like height of sin inflame. Those mighty souls, who each durst bravely dye. To have a Royal Ghost their company. Heroick Art! and worth their tortures well, Well worth the fuffering of a double-hell: That they felt here, and that below they fell: And if these cannot move you as you shou'd, Let me and my example fire your blood, Think what I durst attempt; a glorious d ed, Which durst the fates have suffer d to succeed, Had Rivall'd hells most proud exploit and boast; Ev'n that which would the King of fates depos d

A

Curst be that day, and nere in time enrold; and curst the star, whose spightfull influence rul'd, The luckless minute which my project spoild. What mean't that power, which of it self afraid, My glory, with my brave design betray'd? Was't that he sear'd lest I who strook so high, In goilt, should next blow up his Realmand sky? Or is that fail'd, at least I would have durst, And missing had got off with Fame at worst. Had you but half my daringness in sin, Your work had never thus unfinish'd been: Had I been Man, and the great Act to do,

Let rabble foals, of narrow aim and reach;

State that the neeks, and dull Obedience preach.

Let the with the affinance, diffain'd by me to the perrole Rag of Vajeffy,

The chank't a fact of Relick of the sky.

Had do'd by this, and been what I am Now;

To reach his life, though in the midl! Hell;

Or what his father is; I would leap hell

Well miv fuch it is be subject to controul;

To very scepter'd wretch that dares but rule:

Untike the soul with which, proud I was born;

Who could that sneaking thing, a Monarch scorn;

Spulm of a Crown, and set us, soot in sport,

alpon the head that wore it, tred in dirt.

Bor by, what i'st that binds your hands? does fear, From fach a glorious action, you deter? Court religion? but you fare disclaim That her olous pretence, that empty Name: Meer oughear word, devis'd by us to scare The fenceless rout to flavishness and fear, Nere frown to a we the brave and those that dare. Much weak, and feeble things may ferve for checks, . o high and curo base mettl'd Hereticks: that creatures, whose nice bogling consciences, Scarife r frain at fuch like crimes as thefe. Such whom fond inbred honefty befools; Or men ald musty peice the Bible Gulls. That hated book, the Bullwark of our foes, Who ely they fill uphold their tott'ring cause, cano luch toos mificad you from the Road Orglery, nor infe ' your forls with good, Le. never bold incroaching virtue dare, With her grim holy face to enter there. No not in very dream, have only will Take needs and me, to Act and cover Ill. Let true tubstantial wickedness take place, Livery, and reign, let it the very trace, it any ver be left of good, deface.

Hever qualms of inward cowardice,
The thing which some dull sots call Conscience) rise,
We ke them in streams of blood and slaughter drown,
who with new weights of guilt still press them down.
Furth, shame, Religion, Honour, Loyalty,
Wasture it self, what ever checks there be,
The loose and uncontroul'd Impiety,

Be all extinct in you; own no remorfe,
But that you've balk'd a fin; have been no worfe,
Or too much pity shew'd.

Be diligent in mischiefs trade; be each
Performing as a devil, nor stick to reach,
At crimes most dangerous, where bold despair,
And heedless blind Revenge, would never dare
To look; March you, without a blush or fear.
Enslam'd by all the hazards that oppose,
And sirm as burning Martyrs to our cause,
Then you're true Jesuites; then you're fit to be
Disciples of great Loyola and me:
Worthy to undertake, worthy a plot

(2)

Like this, and fit to feourge an Hugenot.

Plagues on that name, may swift confusion seize
And utterly blot out that cursed Race:
Thrice damn'd be your Apostate Monk from whom
Sprung first these Enemies of Vs and Rome.
Whose poysonous filth dropt from ingendring brain
By monstrous birth did the vile Insects spawn;
Which now insect each Countrey, and defile
With their o'respreading swarms this goodly Isle,
Once it was ours, and subject to our yoke,
Till a late reigning witch the Enchantment broke.
It shall again, 'tis Hell and I decree,
If you but dare make good the prophecy,
Not fate it self shall hinder.—

Too sparing was the time, too milde the day, When our great Mary, bore the English sway; Un queen-like pitty marr'd her Royall Power, Nor was her purple dy'd enough in gore. Four or five hundred, some such petty sum, Might fall perhaps a facrifice to Rome: Scarce worth the naming; Had I had the power Or been thought fit to be her Councellor: She should have raised it to a noble score. Big Bonefires have blazed; shone each day, To tell our triumph, and make bright our way. And when 'twas dark in every lane and street, Thick flaming Hereticks should serve to light; And have the needless charge of Links by night. smithfield should still have kept a constant fire, Which never should be quench'd, never expire; But with the Lives of all the miscreant rout, Till the last gasping breath had blown it out. So Nero did; fuch was his prudent courfe Us'd too by all his mighty fuccessours, To tame like Hereticks of old, by force. They fcorn'd dull reason, and pedantick Rules; To conquer, and reduce the hardned fools: Racks, Gibbets, Halters, were their Arguments, Which did most undeniably convince. Gray bearded Lyons, manag'd the dispute, And Reverend Bears their doctrines did confute: And all who durst hold out in stiff defence, They gently claw'd, and worry'd into fence. Better then all our Sorbon dotards now, Who would by dint of words our foes subdue. This was the rigid Discipline of Old, Which modern fots for Perfecution hold.

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(3)

Of which dull Annalises in story tell Strange Legends, and huge bulky volums swell With Martyr'd fools, that loft their way to hell. From these our Churches glorious Ancestors, We've learnt our Arts, and made their methods ours. Nor have we come behind the first degree, In Arts of rough and manly Cruelty. Converting faggots, and the powerful stake, And fword reliftless our Apostles make. This heretofore Bohemia felt, and thus Were all the numerous profelites of Huss Crushe with their head; so Waldo's curied rout, With those of Wickliff here were routed out: Their names scarce left sure were the means we chose, And wrought prevailingly; fire purg'd the drofs Of those foul herefies, and sovereign steel Lopt off the infected Limbs, the Church to heal. Renown'd was that French brave, renown'd his deed; A deed, for which the day deferves its Red; Far more, then for a paltry S'aint that dy'd. How goodly was the fight, how fine the show, When Paris faw through all its Channels flow The blood of Huganots; when the full Sein Swell'd with the flood, its Banks with joy o'reran. He scorn'd like Common Murtherers to deal By parcels, and peice-meal; he fcorn'd retail, Th' trade of death; whole myriads dy'd by th' great, Soon as one fingle life, so quick their fate, Their very prayers and wishes came too late. This a King did, and great and Mighty 'twas; Worthy his high degree, and power and place, And worthy our Religion and our Caufe, Unmatch'd't had been, had not Macquire arose. The bold Macquire; (who read in modern fame Can be a stranger to his worth and name?) Born to out-fin a Monarch; born to Reign In guilt, and all competitors disdain. Dread memory! whose each mention still can make Pale Hereticks with trembling horror quake. T'undo a Kingdome, to atcheive a Crime Like his, who would not fall, and dye like him? Never had Rome a nobler service done; Never had Hell, each day came thronging down Vast shoals of Ghosts, and mine was pleas'd and glad, And fmil'd, when it the brave Revenge furvey'd. Nor do I mention these great Instances,

Nor do I mention these great Instances,
For bounds and limits to your wickedness.

Dare you, beyond, something out of the road
Of all example; where none yet have trod,
Nor shall hereaster: what mad Catiline
Durst never think nor's madder poet seign.
Make the poor bussed pagan sool to own,
How far in gallant mischief overcome,
The old must yield to new and modern Rome.
Mix I'lls past, present, suture in one Act,
One high, one brave, one great, one glorious sact:
Which hell and even I may envy.

Such as that Fove himself may wish to be,
A complice in the mighty villany,
And barters Heaven, and vouchsafe to dye.

Nor let delay (the bain of enterprize) Mar yours, or make the great importance miss. This fact hath wak'd your Enemies, and their fear, Let it be your vigour too, be swift to dare; Haften, and let your deeds forestall intent; Forstall e'vn wishes, ere they can take vent; Nor give the fates the leifure to prevent. Let the full clouds which a long time did wrap Your gathering Thunder, now with fuddain Class Break out upon your foes; dash, and confound, And scatter wide destruction all a round: Let the fir'd Citty to your plot give light, You ras'd it half before, now rafe it quite: Do't more effectually; I'd have it glow In flames unquenchable as those below. I'd fee the miscreants with their houses burn, And both together into Ashes turn.

Bend next your fury to the curst Divan;
That damn'd Committee, whom the fates ordain,
To all our well laid Plots to be the bane.
Unkennel those State foxes where they lye,
Working your speedy fate and destiny.
Lug by the ears the doting Prelates thence;
Dash Heresy together with their Brains
Out of their shattered heads; lop off the Lords
And Commons at one stroke, and let your swords
Adjourn'em all to th'other world.

Would I were blest with sless and blood again, But to be Actor in that happy scene: Yet still I may be by; and glut my view, Revenge shall take its fill, in state I'le go With Captive Ghost'attend me down below.

Let these the handsells of your vengeance be, Yet stop not here, nor flag in cruelty, Kill like a Plague or Inquisition; spare No age, degree, or fex: only to dare To own a life; only a foul to wear. Be crime enough to lose no time nor place, Be fanctuary from your outrages. Spare not in Churches, kneeling Priests at prayer; The interceding for you, flave'en there: Spare not young Infants smiling at the breast, Who from relenting fools may mercy wrelt. Rip teeming wombs, tear out the hatred brood From thence, and drown them in their mothers blood. Pitty not Virgins, nor their tender cryes, The postrate at your feet with melting eyes: All drown'd in tears, strike home as 'twere in lust, And force their hands to guide the fatal thrust. Ravish at the Altar, kill when you have done; Make them your Rapes and Victims too in one. Nor let gray hoary hairs protection give To Age, just crawling on the verge of life:

To Age, just crawling on the verge of life: Snatch from his leaning hands their weak support, And with it knock't into the Grave in sport. Brain the poor Cripple with his crutch, then cry, Yo've kindely rid him of his misery.

Seal

Seal up your ears to mercy; lest their words Should tempt a pity, ram em with your swords, (dare (Their tongues too) down their throats; let them not) To mutter for their fouls a gasping prayer, But choak'r in th' utterance, and stab it there. Twere witty handfome malice could you do't) To make 'em dye, and make 'em damn'd, to boot. Make children, by one fate with Parents dye, Kill in revenge, the next posterity: You'l so be pester'd with no Orphans cry, No Childless Mothers curse your Memory. Make death and desolation swim in blood, Throughout the Land, with nought to stop the flood But flaughter'd Carcasses, till the whole Isle Become one Tomb, become on Funeral Pile. Till fuch vast numbers swell the countless sum, That the wide grave, and wider hell want room, Great was that tyrants wish, which should be mine, Did I not scorn the leavings of a sin. Freely I would bestow't on England now, That the whole Nation with one neck might grow, To be sic'd off, and you to give the blow. What never Saxon rage could ere inflict, Nor Danes more favage, nor the barbrous Piet;

What Spain, nor Eighty eight could ere devile.
With all its fleet, and fraught of cruelties?
What Medina nere wisht, much less could dare,
And bloodier Alva would with trembling hear;
What may outdo all prodigies of old,
And make their milder cruelties untold:
What Heavens Judgments, nor the angry stars,
Forreign Invasions, nor Domestick wars;
Plague, Fire nor Famine could effect or do;
All this, and more, be dar'd and done by you.
But why do I with id'ler talk delay,
Your hands, and while they should be acting stay?
Farewell.—

If I may waft a prayer for your fuccess.

Hell be your aid, and your high projects bless.

May that vile wretch, if any here they be,

That meanly shrinks from brave Iniquity;

If any dare feel pity or remorfe,

May he feel all I've bid you act, and worse:

May he by rage of fees unpittied fall,

And they tread out his hated Soul to hell,

May's name and carcasse rot, expos'd alike to be,

An everlasting mark of grinning Insamy.

FINIS.

(2.3,

LORDMAYOR

ANNIVERSARY ENTERTAINMENT

GUILDHALL.

So the resembling mortal Gods do here Deign to be jolly, and Triumph together, Over their Cares, and over Romes foul weather. Sweetly Presageth Sun-shine Halcyon day. As you (much Honoured Sir) Ascend the Chair, And you my Lord, within your Lower Sphere The Heavens so kind and so Propitious are. Redeem'd Religion happily supplies Fresh Comfort to your former solemn Joys. Let Popery dasht sound sweeter in your ear Than the sweet pleafing melody you hear. (warm'd And Hearts as with good wine be chear'd and With the good news His Majesty not harm'd; But this ought to allay your Joys Excess, His Martyr'd Friend falls by the merciless. Now Exit Babylon's Transubstantiation, Infernal Plots and Hell-Affaffination; Those Egypt Frogs no more Infest or Croak Within the shadow of the Royal Oak. (Avant Prodigious, Protean, Papal-State.) Avant the curst Raviliack Transmigrate.

HE wise Apollo Laugheth once a year; The noise of Blood, The noise of Bankrupts cease, The Nations Wealth, the Nations Fame increase. This fo bright dawning Providential Ray Are a good Omen. Happy be your year.

On Sir Edmondbury Godfrey.

Who is mans Life and Fickle state, Consum'd with Care, expos'd to Hate, Rent by variety of Fate, (At most but of a moments Date) So here in this great Herse we see, The best of Mortals, what they be. The wife and good worst barms molest, The more of worth, the less of rest. As in a storm the Cedars fall, And Shrubs Survive their Funeral.

E L E G Y

C20/2

Captain William Harman,

Late Commander of His Majesties Ship Guernsey.

Occasioned by a former Copy of Verses on the same Subject.

As't Thou for this, by thy calm valour, taught
How Young men can fight, and how Old men ought?
Is this the guerdon of the Stout, and Brave?
Are these the Flow'rs strew'd on thy Watry Grave?
Must we confess, to th' honour of Argier, (here?
Thou 'wer't Kill'd ith' Streights, but thou wer't Murder'd
Dear Sir, could I as well acquainted be

Dear Sir, could I as well acquainted be With thy bless'd Ghost, as once I was with Thee, Thou would'st (what thou did'st never yet,) complain, That thou wer't now by Goose-shot basely slain. Thou, who so oft, when Bullet, Ball, and Fire Did joyntly, to thy ruine, all conspire, Stood'st on the Billowes, as on Native Ground, Fix'd like the Poles, when all the World turn'd round.

Thy Father's Courage was so tri'd and known, 'Twas sit to be bequeath'd to Thee alone. Valour in Thee would scarce for Vertue go, (For Harman's Son must like a Harman do:) Had not thy Brain commanded still thy Heart, Improving Nature by well-measur'd Art.

This the brave Sprag foresaw, when Thee he chose To run the Gauntlet, through 'our then Belgic foes: When the disabled Cambridge breathless lay; Though (like a Stag imbauch'd) she stood at Bay, Till Thou Her, as Æneas did his Sire, Brought'st nobly off, and spitch to soar, Had bin a mir'acle, were not Harman More.

And am I not my self become the same?

Pardon, dear Friend, if Sorrow make me mad:

Men know not what they say, when they are throughly sad.

Take but a parting Tear — But why on Thee

Are Drops bestow'd, when cover'd with a Sea?

Yet Thou wer't so belov'd, that had the Shore

Receiv'd thy Corps, thou'had'st bin intomb'd in More,

For though thy Courage did the Stoutest awe,

Thy Gen'erous Mildness equally gave law.

Thy 'obliging temper with it's potent charms

Vi'ed conquests ev'en with Thy victorious arms.

Nor Friend, nor Foe thy 'unbounded power controuls;

Thou 'or'ecom'st Their Forces, and inslav'st Our Souls.

What Valour, Art, and Prudence could command Was still perform'd by Thy successfull hand: And when resistless Fate thy Foe appear'd, Though ne'r so pow'erfull, yet she was not fear'd,

Nay though her Pow'er has plac'd her among the Gods, She dar'ed not to attacque Thee, but with Odds.

Methinks I see the Great Leviathan fly
With winged hunger to devour the fry:
Sure of her Prey, she sports upon the Main,
And hugs the thought of what she ne'r shall gain.
A greater Rage the Guernsey does inspire,
She spreads her Sails, and fills them with her Fire.
Only complains One single Ship to meet;
Shee, and her Captain, us'd to ingage a Fleet.

They stand not long at distance to dispute, But with warm breath each other's sides salute. The infulting Turk with Bulk and Numbers swell'd The English Valour not by Monsters quell'd. The Infidel twice feiz'd the Noble Prey: Twice from her rave nous jaws she's snatch'd away. English ne'r lose what they 'are resolv'd to save: Nor can the Bulky over-pow'er the Brave. This Harman sees and does; with his bold Hand Example gives: with his wife Head, Command. 'Midst his own wounds he makes the rest secure: His Courage keeps them Stout, his Conduct Sure. And though the Shot thrice pierce his valiant breaft, The Soul, he's losing, he imparts to th' rest. A Soul so active, and diffus'edly great, 'Twould serve, alone, to animate a Fleet; And 'spight of all Argier, command the Main; Twould quickly 'have brought their Creffent to her wane.

Nor will we now thy Death Misfortune call: He never bravely stands, that fears to fall. Shall we bewail that man, who 'has lost his blood In his King's Favour, for his Countrey's Good? No, 'tis Our Selves that we commiserate, Who are depriv'd by this thy early fate: Thy early fate, which did designs defeat As great as could be good, as good as great.

Live then, bless'd Friend, thy life's remainder out In the hearts of all that Loyal are, or Stout. May our great Charles, revenge thy death, and all Their Fleet a Victim to His just fury fall. May Harmans daily from the Waves arise To spread His Conquests through all Seas and Skies: Till's Flag command, where'ere it doe's appear: But may He ne're buy, ev'en Victory, so dear.

Licensed according to Order.

N ARRATIVE POPISHPLOTS

With a full Account

OF THEIR BLOODY DESIGNS.

By D. 119. 119.

LICENSED, December the 10th. 1678.

Her left hand's there, her right on Europe lyes,

T length the facred Mystery's reveal'd, Thole lowring Clouds, whose misty Brows conceal'd The Bright-beam'd Lufter of Eternal day, Diffolv'd to Vapours and are chas'd away From his bright Throne, for Man to hide is vain, Whose pow'rful Armsthe trembling world sustain: His Eyes survey the fecret depths below, From whence dire Maffacres and Treasons flow; From that great God what Mortal can retire, Whose swift-wing'd Messengers are slames of fire. From him what Cave, what dismal shades of night, In whom there is no shade, can bar the light; When Death and Hell stand obvious to his Eyes, In whose bright self the Spring of brightness lyes. The naked Universe before him quakes, The trembling Earth's affrighted Pillar shakes: The Deep's discovered, and all Secrets known, The hearts of Kings and Princes are his own: He rules in all, and yet proud Man dare do The vilest things that Hell can prompt him to: A little world of Dust, so swell'd with Pride, Intic'd to Ills, he quickly turns afide: Ne're fears Deaths little Anticks, nor the Grave, Nor that dire portion thirsty Sinners have, thirsty than pale-fac'd God of fears; deals in Sepulchres; For why, of late the Scarlet Whore has made Fate her diversion, Death her Childrens Trade: By fecret Treasons is her feat upheld, Her murdering thoughts with steaming slaughter swell'd, Grown proud with power, the fancies Sea and Land Must bow beneath her Blood-bedabled Hand: Thinks to unhinge the Globe, and tumble down Kings from their Thrones, and grafp the Monarch's Crown. Her flowing Cup being fill'd with flucing freel, She drinks the Blood of Martyrs till she reel. VVitness Bohemia thou her rage canst tell, In thee an Hundred Thousand Christians fell By Popish Tyrants; Enemies to good, VVhom Tortures please their Eyes delight in Blood. Those Crimson Streams exhausted, still she craves, And feeks new VV orlds, for Blood she ploughs the VV aves; Through briny Seas divides the swelling Flood, And Tyger-like pursues the scent of Blood; Those undiscover'd Lands which Natures care Guarded by Seas, she finds, and fixes there Her dreadful Engines; and for no offence Millions are murder'd in their Innocence; Naked, as when their Infant cryes did gain Their Mothers love, but now their cryes are vain: No whispering Voice of Mercy now appears, Blood must be found, for that she seeks not tears: Poor Mexico, Peru, for both we grieve, But grief augments those ills we can't relieve:

In days of old kind death on Age would smile,

Deluges of flaughter, and perpetual groans,

Horrour and Fury wait upon her Thrones:

That City 'tis which over Nations raigns.

Let India stay, thy Task is nearer home.

That this is she, facred Writ explains,

But now with dreadful Inquisitions drest,

Fates sanguine Eyes were strangers to your soile;

Racks, Engines, Flames and Tortures, when at beft,

But why so wide my Muse, where wilt thou rome,

Distressed Piedmont's, fatal Massacryes: Cry loud to Heaven, 'tis Blood, the Nations sweat, Fry'd and confum'd by her prodigeous heat. Poor Albigenses stifled are in Caves, Waldenses flain and scatter'd without Graves, A prey to Beafts; but for their Faith they dye; Christ dy'd for them, they'll reign with him on high: In Flanders, in poor Flanders, there was flain Three times fix thousand Souls by Popish Spain: The raging Sword, like a Disease came on, Thy Blood was sweet to thirsty Babylon: By cruel Jesuites the world's on fire, No shade is found where Christians may retire; On one hand Death, on th' other Treason stands, Black as themselves to fright the harras'd Lands; Like Foxes first they craftily betray, Then, Lion-like, devour the greedy Prey. Paris, in thee, alas! what fury fet To hunt for Souls, that Babylon's Net, So secretly cover'd, the Prince of Night, Of Hell and Darkness hatch'd the damn'd Exploit; To shroud this big-blown storm so swaln with Wind, For (mooth pretext, a marriage is delign'd, Navarre's young Bride must long, 'tie so, the wants, To cure that pain, the Blood of Protestants; Her thirsty Hymen is not pleas'd with Wine, His Lust's too great, he wants the Crimson Brine; Or elsethe Musick that delights their Ears Must be a Peal of groans or dying prayers: These, or what e're, when darkness did surrround ? The Hell-bred rout began the fatal found, The Midnight cryes of Murder, Kill and Wound, Alarm'd all the fleepy Hoft, but then They flept fecure, and never wak'd again: Pav'd were the Streets with Slain, the Channels roare Like some wild Torrent with the streaming gore; But twenty thousand, ha----the sum's too small, Not lives enough to make one Festival; Their scarlet Mistress storms, and thinks it fit That thirty thousand more should follow it. Stay, wonder not, there's more, by her confent The King was poylon'd in the Sacrament, Oh horrid deed! what howling Fiend below, Damn'd Spirits, Harpyes, can fuch Villains show; The Mystery of our Saviours sacred Blood, And glorious Body, Fountain of all good, Must they be made, I dread to speak the guise, To murder Kings and mask their Villanies : Look down great God why fleeps thy Vengeance fay Thy injur'd mercies made the Monster pray. Poor Ireland's groans breathe fresh into my mind, Anger by name to angry Foes confign'd: Fates bailful streams upon thee have been shed; And cruel hands have dy'd thy bosom red; A hundred thousand sacrificed lives By Tortures, Rack, and Massacreying Knives: That Phebus blush'd to see the Crimson day, And muff'd in Clouds he turn'd his Face away; Not filver Hairs, nor Infant cryes could prove Of force fufficient Tyrants hearts to move;

With Fire and Sword they triumph and declare Their black Commissions from the Prince of Air: This dreadful Beast whose crashing Jaws devour The Nations up, receives the Dragons power; His burning rage in England has been seen To plague her subjects, tempts the easie Queen: Our brave Heroes fix their Eyes above, And dare his mallice, arm'd with facred love, Redeem'd from Earth, they dare the worst of ill, They fear not him who can the Body kill; 'Their Hands nor Foreheads never bore his Name, 'Mount like Elijah up to Heaven in flame. 'To quell this storm begun, Jehovah sent 'Such faving Balm as heal'd our Government, And broke his Horn, with which he push'd down Kings, And reach'd the Stars with proud aspiring wings; Then like himself he threatn'd with his Tails, And with dire plot our peaceful Land affails ; Powder and Fire the Engin brought from Hell To shake the VVorlds affrighted Cittadel. But Heaven took care to blaft that black defign, And crush'd the Villains in their fatal Mine: The Net was laid, and they forgetting where, Groaping in darkness did themselves enface. Where more than feventy years, like Snakes in Snow They feer's benum'b, and scarce a motion show. Twas opportunity, not want of will, That cramp'd the Tyrant, made his mallice still; Warm'd by the mildness of a gracious King, (Good next to him that made him) rears his Sting: All guilded o're as smooth as Man cou'd feign, Yet bears the deadly Poyson in his Brain: His Mouth prepar'd a Flood to drive away The facred Church, and Cloud the States bright Ray. The first by deadly Accouste must dye, The next devour'd by fwarming Locust ly; This Land fo far for wholsome Laws renown'd, With Peace, with Plenty, and with Justice Crown'd; Rul'd by a Prince whom Heaven did so proclaim Before the Tribes on Earth, to bear his Name: A King so bounteous, merciful, and great, Besides him none cou'd fill his Fathers Seat: So just, so good, the Power Immence thought fit, That Majesty should only Govern it. The mighty God before whose Throne there lies The flaming Seraphims, whose facred cries Are Hallelnjah, and eternal praise; Glory and honour are before his Face: Thousands of Angels, and ten thousands stand, To execute his just, and great Command. In vain does thirsty Nimred hunt for blood, Heaven fees his fecret Paths they are not good; He brake the Lions Jaws, redeem'd the Prey, The deeds of Darkness shew'd in perfect Day; Sav'd his Anointed, and our gracious King, To his great Name let's loud Hosanna's fing: He has remember'd mercy, still does bles, And turns our Foes device to foolishness; Holanna, Power, Salvation, Glory, Might, To him who dwells in everlasting Light.

Gloria Deo in excelsis, Pax Hominibus, Vivat in Eternum Rex Carolus Secundus.

FINIS.

The Babe is fnatch'd and dash'd against the Ground:

Beauties in vain to blunt their fury ftrive,

First ravish'd are, and then ripp'd up alive, From Mothers Arms infeebl'd by a Wound;

H:231

THE

PROTESTANTS CONGRATULATION

To the CITY

For their Excellent CHOICE of

MEMBERS

To Serve in

PARLIAMENT,

October 7, 1679.

VIZ.

The Right Honourable Sir Robert Clayton, Lord Mayor Sir Thomas Player, Chamberlain of London, Elect.

William Love, Esq;

Sir Thomas Player, Chamberlain of London, And

Thomas Pilkington, Merchant.

Who all Served for that Honourable CITY in the last ever-memorable PARLIAMENT.

Ail Worthy Citizens! For what this Day You've done so Well, not only Wee Repay Deserved Thanks, but the Next Age shall Learn By your firm Steps their Duty to Discern. When Romes slie Factors with their usual Arts And private Lures thought to Divide your Hearts; And Mints of Slaunder in Cabals had Coyn'd, Stale foolish Lies, Which Impudence Defign'd You should take Currant; and then Fright you so As to Contribute to your own Orethrow. You Fadom'd strait their 'Plot, and with one Voice Agreed upon a Sound and well-try'd Choice. Heaven which er'e-while in Sympathizing Tears And Sable Weeds bewail'd our needless Fears On this Presaging Morn, more Bright appears:) The Sky look'd Clear as were our Joyes; The Sun Himself being Proud to View what you had done. Be gone you private Panders for the Whore, With Forty One you Bubble us no more. We now know how your then concealed Springs Mov'd Faction; and Murder'd the best of Kings. Those Arts you still Pursue, To play your Game Would fain Engage us in a second Flame. And your Confounded Popish Plot to hide, Would gladly cast it clear on t'other side. The Eagle once from her own Pinions found That Arrow Feather'd, which gave her a Wound: So England's Church was like to be Betray'd By false pretended Sons in Masquerade. But Thanks, brave City, which well Understands, To Judge 'twixt Jacob's Voice and Esau's Hands: You Scorn'd to Gratifie their Factious Pride, Who onely studyed how they might Divide. Vain are Romes Plots, in vain does Haughty France) To Universal Tyranny advance And think to Ridd the World of Protestants

Whilst CHARLES Survives, and Mighty Britain Stands Defying all their Heads, and all their Hands. And London firm in Loyalty and Zeal Gives such Blest Voices for the Publique Weal. London! That shall in after-times become Fatal (beyond what Carthage wish'd) to Rome. Me-thinks I see an Universal Smile, And Beams of Joy spread through our Tripple Isle: Me-thinks I fee with what a Generous Scorn The Wheadling Make-bates hopes were over-born, Whilst General Ecko's through the Hall did sound For Clayton, Player, Love, and Pilkington. The Thames with nimble Ebbs hastens to bear The News to Neptune's Court, who with due care Sends some bold English Tributary Wave, That with the Tydings Tybur shall Out-brave. Hush then, dull Libellers! whose Croaking Noise Proclaims you Egypt's Vermine by your Voice: That Atheist Ruffian, with his Hue and Cry, Drunk, as he's wont, in his Old Goal may lye; Whilst Peter Dulman shakes his empty Skull, And Vomits Slanders a whole Green-Bag full. Forgive me, Worthies! That I here should Name These viler Insects nibbling at your Fame. To do well, and Hear Ill is Vertues Fate; You now are call'd to a Sublimer State, Push on their Envy, and disdain their Hate. In that Great Senate where you are to go, No Interest but your King's and Nations know. Act like your selves, Act as your selves have done,? Fear not the Malice of a Sawcy Tongue Set, like some Clocks, on purpose to go wrong. Think on your Charge, which under God, controuls The Fate of many hundred thousand Souls. Act so for King and Countrey, that you may. FINIS. Be ever thought as Worthy as to Day.

London, Printed for Benjamin Harris in the Piazza under the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, 1679.

C20/0

B A L L A D

OF THE

Licentiousness of the Times.

To the Tune of, The Blinde Beggar of Bednall-Green.

1

He devil has left his puritanical dress, And now like an Hawker attends on the Press, That he might through the Town Sedition disperse, In Pamphlets, and Ballads, in prose and in Verse.

II.

'Tis surely so, for if the Devil wan't in't,
There would not be so many strange things in print:
Now each man writes what seems good in his Eyes,
And tells in bald Rimes his Inventions and Lies.

III.

Some relate to the World their own causeless fears, Endeavouring to set us together by the ears, They strive to make Factions for two great Commanders, Tho one be in Holland, the other in Flanders.

IV.

They bawl and they yaul aloud through the whole Town, The rights of Succession and Claims to the Crown, And snarling and grumbling like Fools at each other, Raise Contests and Factions betwixt Son and Brother.

V

Here one doth on this side his Verses oppose, Up starts another and justs with him in prose, On Rumor a Jade, they get up, and mount her, And so like Don Quixot with Wind-mills Encounter.

VI.

Our Sun is not setting, it does not grow dark yet, The King is in health still, and gone to New-Market, Let then idle Coxcomb's leave off their debating, What either side says is unmannerly prating.

VII.

Another tho he be but a senseless Widgion Will like an Arch bishop determine Religion: What ere his opinion is that must be best. And strait he Consutes, and Consounds all the rest.

VIII

I'the Coffee house here one with a grave face, When after salute, he hath taken his place, His ripe being I ghted begins for to prate, And wisely discourses the affairs of the State.

IX.

Another in fury the board strait doth thump,
And highly extolls the blest Times of the Rump;
The Pope and all Monarchs he sends to the Devil,
And up in their places he sets Harry Nevill.

X.

Another who would be diffinguish'd from Cit; And swearing God dam me, to shew him a wit, (Who for all his huffing one grain hath not got) Scoffs at all Religion, and the Popish plot.

XI.

One with an uncivill fatyrical Jest,
To be thought a wit, has a sling at the Priest,
He jears at his Betters, and all men of note,
From th' Alderman to the Canonical coat.

XII.

A politick Citizen in his blew gown, As gravely in shop he walks up, and down, Instead of attending the wares on his staul, Is all day relating th'intreagues at White-hall.

XIII.

And though to speak Truth he be but a Noddy, He'd have you to think that he is some-body, With politick shrug, ev'n as bad as a Curse, He crys out, Oh! the Times, no Mortal saw worse.

XIV.

Then comes a wife Knight as the whole Citty's Factor, Speaks Prologue in profe, too grave for an Actor, And being fore frighted, in a learned speech, To stand to their Arms all the Citts doth beseech.

XV.

The Cobler in stall, did you but hear him prate, You'd think that he sate at the helm of the State, His awl lay'd aside, and in right hand a pot. He roundly rips up the Soul of the Plot.

XVI.

But it is not enough to fee what is past, For these very Men become Prophets at last, And with the same eyes can see what is meant, To be Acted and done in the next Parliament.

XVII.

His Worship so wise, who a Kingdome can Rule, Is by none dear Wise at home made a Fool, For though he doth see through dark dists of the State, He can't see the Horns that she plants on his pare.

XVIII.

The Women too prate of the Pope and the Turk, Who should play with their Tails, or else be at work, But two Noble Virtues they've artain'd to, I think, To handle State matters, and take off their drink.

XIX.

Petition the Players to come on the Stage,
There to represent the vice of the Age,
That people may see in Stage looking-Glasses,
Fools of all forts, and these pollitick Asses.

XX.

And thus I have shown you the vice of the Nation,
Which wants of these Things a through Reformation,
But when that will be I cannot determine,
For plenty breeds Vice, as foul Bodies breed Vermine.

XXI

Men may prate and may write. but 'tis not their Rimes,.
That can any ways change or alter the Times,
It is now grown an Epidemical Disease,
For people to talk and to write what they please.

XXII.

God bless our Good King who our little World Rules, And is not disturb'd at the Actions of Pools, It very much helps a Wise Man's Melancholly, To see and observe and to Laugh at their Folly.

London, Printed in the Year, 1679.

arundell (H) boron arundell Was

Written by the Right HONOURABLE

emp Lord Arunde

Count of the Sacred Roman Em

Now PRISONER in the TOWER.

A Valediction to the WORLD.

Ence all ye Visions of the Worlds delight,

Passion too long hath seiz'd on Reasons Right, And play'd the Tyrant inher own defence: Herflatt'ring Fancies hurry'd me about, To feek content which I could ne're find out. If any pleasure did slide o're my sence It left a mark of shame when it went thence. And when pollelt, it relished no more: And I remain'd as Thirsty as before: Those pleasant Charms that did my heart soduce Seem'd great pursu'd, but less 'ned in the ule; And that falle flame that kindled my defire E're I could cast, the pleasure did expire. But Reason now shall reposses her Throne And Grace restore what nature had o'rethrown, My better Genius prompts me to declare Against those follie's, and to side with her: She tells me 'tis high-time to stemm that Tide Whose Torrent doth us from our selves divide. Those brutal Passions do un man our mind, And rule, where Virtue had them flaves design'd Such usurpation shall prevail no more, I will to Reason her just Rights restore: And make my Rebel heart that duty pay To her, which on my sence was cast away. But this (dear Lord) must be thy work not mine, He takes our fortunes but to give us love. Thy Grace must finish what I but designe.

Affi Cions, good God for 2 myghes It is thy pow ralone that first dorn move. Then give us firengehite execute and love. You treach'rous Dreams of our deluded And fach dominion o've our tonce in and a That we can never hope but by think hand To bree our Captive Souls from her Command. That fatal liberty which for our goods Thou gav it us, was ilvus d, worse under tood. Men made by Reason, horlike Beats, to obey Loling that reallou, prove more bea. Then they And fure they lode it when they do the cont With their known duty, to desight the lefter. Since then thy bounty dothing heart Infpire, Make me to do, as wed as to deline Set to my warring heart from pathons free That it may nearedove anything but thee. By they fweet force my Stubborn heart Highie To quitting Conduct, and to follow think So shall my Soul by double conquest prove Bought by thy Bloud, and conquer'd by thy love

> porta blori Perfecution no loss.

Hat can we lofe for him, when all we have Are but the Favours which his Bounty ; swagns cbb out but with the

And which, when Losses force us to restore, God only takes'em for to give us more; And by an happy change dorn kindly prove

How

How vainly should that beggar chide his fate Who quits his Dung-hill for a Chair of State: us, when God doth ditplace ortune for the gifts of Grace ferings fet lo high esteem, chose the lost World to Redeem: his love and nature were at strife more his fufferings, then his Life. Opinion have more pow'r to move is Example, Doctrine, or his Love! makes Afflictions pleafing; to complain s our merit, and augments the pain. umbly then Submit to his design, we that freely which we must refign: our Losses prove the best Increase Of future Glory, and our prefent Peace. -Which grant for thy Passion.

On those Words of the Psalm,
—God chastiseth whom he loveth.

F then the earnest of thy favours be Afflictions, good God let 'em light on me. Ileglory more in fuch a kind diffress Then in all comforts where thy love is less. And by my Misery Ile make it known. In spite oth' World, how much I am thy own No fruitful showr's shall by the thirsting plant Be kindlier entertain'd then scorn and want. Or loss of Honour, Fortune or delight Shall be by me; That which did once affright, And fill'd my troubled Mind with care and grief Shall be my future Comfort and relief. I never more will Court a smiling Fate Since he's fo happy, that is desolate. Afflictions shall be pleasing, since they come Like friendly show'rs to send us sooner home And by thy love, fuch Charms are in 'em found As cure the Heart, which they intend to wound; Such strange effects doth Grace in us produce To change as well their Natures, as their Use.

Considerations before the Crucifix.

Hen I behold thee on that fatal Tree
(Sweet Jesu) suffering, and that 'tis for If by the vertue of his Grace,
Thou shewest them a proper

When I consider in that purple Floud My fins ebb out, but with thy Life and Bloud:

16

When I reflect how dear my foul hath cost I'm mov'd to wish, it rather had been lost: For how can that life please that doth destroy. The Life of him, by whom we life enjoy. And yet to wish thou hadst not suffered so, were to condemn thy love and wisdom too; For if we Joy in what thy Death hath brought; We must allow the pains with which 'twas

So both our life and death unitedly,
Natures Life is to have her maker dye.
It is thy will (dear Lord) must be obey'd,
And in that duty both these debts are payd.
O let my Soul, in a due measure, find
A joy becoming, and a mourning mind,
A joy in thy kind will, ev'n whilst it made
Sun-shine in Nature by thy God-head's shade.
A grief to see the Torments sin did merit
And Man deserv'd, God should himself inherit.
That thus divided 'twixt thy pain and will;
we may resign with joy, and yet grieve still.
Uniting so these Trophyes of thy Love,
That weeping here we may rejoyce above.

Upon the Pains of Hell.

Reftless Groans! O floathful Tears O vain Defires of fruitless Tears ! One timely Sigh had eas'd that Flame, Which Millions now do feek in vain Eternal Pennance now's thy Fate, For having wept and figh'd too late: That short remorfe that thou didst flie, Is chang'd into Eternity; Neglected mercy hath no room, When Justice once hath fixt his Doom. Prevent then timely by thy care, That endless Pennance of Despair: Then weep betimes, your Tears here may Turn Night into eternal Day; It's only they have power to move, And turn Gods Bleffing into Love; (me, Thou shewest them a proper place : Which grant we may for Ghrist's fake.

LONDON, Printed, 1679. By a Copy under his own Hand.

A POEM as it was PRESENTED TO HIS

MAJEST SACRFI

On the Discovery of the PLOTT,

Written by a Lady of Quality.

.7



AILE Mighty Prince! whom Heaven has de-To be the chie delight of human kind: So many Vertues coud your Breast that we

Do alwaies question your Mortality: Sureall the Planets that o're Vertue raigns, Shed their best Influence in your Royal Veins: You are the Glory of Monarchial Powers, in Bounties free as are descending showr's; Fierce as a Tempest when ingag din VVar, In Peace more mild than tender Virgins are; In pitying Mercy, you not imitate The Heavenly Pow'rs, but rather emulate. None but your self, your suffrings could have born With so much Greatness, such Heroick scorn, When Hated Traytors do your Life pursue, And all the World is fill'd with Cares for you. VVhen every Loyal Heart is funk with fear, Your selfalone doth unconcern'd appear.; Your Soul within, still keeps it's lawful state, Contemusand dares the worst effects of Fate, As the bright Majesty shot from your Eye, Aw'd your tame Fate, and rul'd your destiny? Though your Undaunted foul bare you thus high, Your follid Judgement fees ther's danger nigh; Vhich with fuch care and Prudence you prevent s if you fear'd not but t'would crofs thevent,

Your Care fo nobly looks, it doth Appear Tis for your Subjetts, not your Self you fear: Heaven! makethis Princes Life your nearest care, That does fo many of your Best Vertues thare: If Monarche in their Actions copy you, This is the nearest Piece you ever drew: Blast every hand that dares to be so bold, An Impious VVeapon gainst his Life to hold: Burft every Heart that dares but Think him ill; Their Guilty fouls with fo much Terrour fill, That of themselves they may their Plott unfold; And Live no longer then the Tale is told. Safe in your Care, all else will needless prove Yet keep him safe too in his Sabjetts Love. Your Subjects View You with fuch Loyal Eyes They know not how they may their Treasure prize. Were You defenceless, they would round you fall, And Pile their bodies to build up a wall. V Vere you distrest, 'twould prove a gen'rous strife, VVho first should lose his Own, to fave Tour Life, But since kind Heaven these Dangers doth remove, VVee'l find out other wayest express our Love. Wee'l force the Traytors all, their fouls refign,

FINIS

To herd with bim that taught them their defign.

Printed in the year 1679.

A POEM as it was PRESENTED

TO HIS

the wall king

MAJEST SACR FI

On the Discovery of the PLOTT,

Written by a Lady of Quality.

.1



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Wee'l force the Traytors all, their fouls refign, To herd with bim that taught them their defign.

FINIS

Printed in the year 1679.

ACONSULTATION

BETWEEN THE

POFE

ANDA

JESUIT

Concerning the way how to introduce POPERY into ENGLAND.

POPE.

N spite of all our Arts and Force,
Will England still rebel?
And doth it still wax worse and worse,
Mauger our aids from Hell?
Sure now your Stratagems can do no more
Than my vain Thunderbolts could do before.

FESUIT.

"Tistrue, whatever yet we durst,
Hath ineffectual been,
Since that you were rejected first
By an Heretical Queen.
Yet still we to your Holiness are true:
Wee'l never cease, till England's under you.

POPE.

'Tis well resolv'd; but yet I sear,
That while you do pretend
To be the Pillars that do bear
Me up, and me defend;
You be the only men at last that shall
Cause, and procure my Empires dreaded fall.

JESUIT.

When every day to rout that Sett
Of Protestants, we dare
Treasons commit, can you suspect
That we unsaithful are?
When Halters, Gibbets, (I need not name the rest)
Are our reward, d'ee think we are in jest?

POPE.

'Tis but for want of care (I trow)
Your Plots are always found.
You never lay them deep enough,
Though sometimes under ground.
The World is wifer now than heretofore:
We now can gull men through the Nose no more.

JESUIT.

But may it please your Holiness,

(For you cannot mistake,

Or else we lye that so profess)

Even for your credit sake

Give us some Rules, that when we lay a Plot,

Nothing miscarry till we our ends have got.

POPE.

That was to me a bleffed day,
When Kings would not rebel,
For fear left I (fuch Fools were they)
Should curfe them into Hell,
But now, fince, when they're curft, they nothing ail,
They'l turn their backs, and bid me kis their——.

JESUIT.

There was a time too, when you cou'd,
With speaking of a word,
Have turn'd whole Kingdoms into blood,
And given all to the Sword.
Since now you can't, What way do you propose,
(Be sure wee'l follow't) to destroy our foes?

FORE.

I did of old oblige the Tark

To help me in my need;

Should he come there, hee'd make fine work:

Hee'd rout them all indeed.

On him I did an obligation lay,

Poisoning his Brother who stood in his way.

JESUIT.

If he your gifts did understand,

(Who gave him Greece but you?)

Sure he would lend his helping hand,

The Hereticks to subdue.

No doubt if once you had him on your side,

Between your selves you might the World divide.

POPE.

No doubt, if you I can but place
(As some are plac'd with Kings)
To be Confessor to his Grace,
You may do mighty things.
He will not such a Monarchy disdain,
Permitting me in Spirituals to reign.

JESUIT.

But here a Question I demand,
Whether, if this succeed,
And Turk and you go hand in hand
To prosecute it with speed,
The Turk and you will easily agree,
That you should Christ's, or Mahomet's Vicar be?

POPE.

That I regard not, so that I
May have the power I crave:
Nor Christ, nor Mahomet I'le deny,
So that I power have.
The Indians are our Converts, yet you know
They reverence both Saints and Devils too.

JESUIT.

Your Holiness is so wise, I know,
That if this way should fail,
(You have two strings unto your Bow)
The other will prevail.
When Peter's Kess would do no good, you took
Paul's Sword, and threw the Kess into the Brook.

POPE.

You must not speak of what I now
Into your ear do tell:
If here I miss the Plot (I vow)
I'le lay as deep as Hell.
For if the Turk unto me don't prove civil,
I'le cast him off, and bargain with the Devil.

So Gebazi his Master us'd,
Who took the Syrians gift.
I'le take whatever Christ refus'd,
To help at a dead lift.
Though Christ abhor'd what I account my blis,
I'le worship Satan, rather than it mis.

JESUIT.

Sure this will hit, though all things fail,
If Satan lend his aid,
Wee'l make the Gates of Hell prevail,
Though Christ contrary said.
He cannot sure deny't to such a Friend,
That always strives his Kingdoms to extend.

Your Predecessors tried
With good success: They got the sway
And never were denied.

Pope Hildebrand that raised your Empire high,
Would often to the Devils succour fly,
Or else good Writers do him much bely.

FINIS.

LICENSED, Jan. 13. 1678

ENGLANDS Lamentation

FOR THE

Duke of Monmouth's Departure:

Reflecting on his Heroick Actions.

S Monmouth banish't? must HE not stay here? Can he, Eclips'd, so quickly disappear? Methinks we fink, and our disjoynted State, Rowles headlong down the Precipice of Fate: Our Anchor's weigh'd, and this great Island-Boat, Like the fam'd Delos, on the Sea does float, A Sea whose Waves bear a far redder hue, Than those which Pharobs mighty Host or-threw; In which each Papist like a Rock do's sit, Ready to split us, when we dash on it. hat King's unsafe, who sits upon a Throne, Whose strongest Pillar's lost, and leans, alone, On the weak shoulders of a yielding Crew, Who never yet a greater Burthen knew, Than their own fleth, which they could scarcely save From falling in the Dirt, before the Grave. That King art thou, great Charles, now Monmouth's gone, Monmouth was truly Loyal to thy Throne, Wou'd Atlas-like, with his strong Shoulders bear The Weight of our declining Hemisphere: Who, maugre all Shocks of mighty Foes, Stood fixt, nor valu'd all the Threatning Blows. He, whom the Scots next to their God and Thee, Fear'd, and Ador'd, like a new Deity. He, who so lately quell'd the num'rous croud Of fresh spawn'd Rebels, that Proclaim'd aloud, War gainst the Government, nor could they fear, Till within Scotland Monmouth did appear; Whose very Sight shot Death among them all, More feem'd with Fear than by the Sword to fall. This is the least our Glorious DUKE hath done, France lov'd that Valour once which Maestricht won, With which, like the Pellean Conquerour, Himself his Standard on the Rampiers bore, Whilst the amazed French stood idly by, Deferving not to share the Victory.

They Wondred then, and fince as much have fear'd, When He at Mons so Terrible appeared, Like Mars, all o'r with Blood and Dust besmear'd,) When He, like the Great Trojan Hector fought, And wherefoe'r he came, such Wonders wrought, That as of old, now fove, with Scales in hand, Weighing each Fate, did on Olympus stand, And found the English, though in number less, In Valour equal, could not chuse but bless Th'Attempt: whilst smiling, he might see from far, The Bloody labours of the God of War: Till Luxemburgh was force't his Ground to quit, And Victory, which on a Hill did sit, Doubtful to which she might her Favor shew, Now clapt her Wings, and to the English Flew, > The English who deserved her best, and knew, Best by their Valour always to maintain, That which their Valour nobly did obtain. Thus the brave DUKE prov'd English Spirits are, In Fight, as daring now as e're they were. And thus he got himself Renown, to be, For that sent hence, as the States Enemy. Sure, Poysonous Envy did their Breasts invade, Who did your Majesty to This perswade; You were abused when you banish't thus, Him, the Delight of Your Self and us. They knew, whilst he did in your Bosom lye, Their Daggers could not reach Your Majesty: Therefore t'effect their Villanous Intent, He, who alone could their dire Acts prevent, Must be removed, that so your Breast might be, More open to each daring Enemy. Know then, Great Charles, Thou art more hurt than For th' Wise and Valiant ner can Exil'd be. 7. F.

LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1679.

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LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1679.

ENGLAND'S Over-Joy

AT THE

Duke of Monmouth's Return:

By the Author of ENGLANDS Lamentation is his Departure: Reflecting on his Heroick Actions.



mind aftray:

did inspire,

Sung Monmouths Welcome to the tuneful Lyre: Have you not feen after a cloudy Day, And as thy fung, one kinder than the reft, Breathing a gentle Heat, o'r all my Breast, Cry'd, Rouze, for shame, and trail thy lasy Pen, For the Brave Monmouth is returned agen, The Valiant Monmouth, to whom this our Isle Is more oblig'd than Ægypt unto Nile.

With that (for who could such a CALL withstand?) Unskillfull as I was, I took in hand My scribling Instrument, Willing to pay An uncouth Offring to this welcome day, Welcome indeed, when fuch good News it bears, As is of Force to banish all our Fears ::

What, my dear Britons, to that Angel's due! Who always has so careful been of you?

Production of the State of the

HIS Morn as in my Bed flee As not to let those Demons of the Land Destroy and ruin you, but was at hand, When buly Dreams led my And did with timely diligence remove The Dangers that hung threatning from above; Methought on Conefin to And hath dispell'd the CLOUD which threatn'd NIGHT Hiding the Glorious Monmouth from your fight: Where the Nine Sisters, each Monmouth! whom we like Merchants that have lost with Harp in Hand, Jewels of weighty Value, and great cost, As their grand Master Phabas If ere they find them, doe esteem them more, Than ever they were wont to do before. The rifing Sun next Morn appear more gay? As though he had withdrawn his dimmer Light, Only to deck himself with Rayes more bright: So Monmouth to inrich himself withdrew, That he might come again more dear to you. Let then your Joys be great as were your FEARS, For HE the Noble Monmonth now appears: Go, Bid him welcom from the Belgick shore, And confecrate the Yatch that brought him o're; Let it be Sacred, as DKAKE's famous Boat, Which round the watry Universe did float; As facret as the Ship that brought the Fleece

Of Gold, which fason stole from Greece:

For none did e're a richer Treasure bring.

Except that ship which brough Great Charles our KING.

London, Printed by T. Damks, his Majestier British Printer, at the Blew Anchor in Ludgate-street: 1679.

Where will speedily be published a Methodical History of the Popish PLOT, demonstrated and illustrated in 52 choice Figures, most of which have on them the Year, Month and Day wherein it was acted; and, a brief Chronology of the growth of Popery: the which Figures are so contrived that they will be made up in a Pack of Cards, and wrapt in a printed paper, which will affift the Readers understanding of them: or, they may kept together in one view, in two large sheets of paper, making a Compleat Ornament for a small Almanack, this having only in place of an Almanack, a Journal of the Plot. There was lately published a large sheet, called Sir Edmund bury Godfrey's Murder made visible; with his Character thereunto: Dedicated to the Earl of Shaftsbury, To. wherein the several Cruelties of the Papilts, in the said Godfreys Murder, are lively represented in a copper plate, which may be had plain, or. painted and with Rollers, being a near Ornament for Gentlemens Houses.

CONGRATULATORY POEM

FRANCE Sutt (3. Tuke

On the Safe Arrival of His Grace

JAMES Duke of MONMOVTH,

At UTRETCH, on Saturday Sept. 27. 1679.

[X] Elcom, Renowned Prince! thrice Welcom here, The People inwardly do figh and mourn, Who art to Europe, as to Britain dear: No Land or Country but has heard your Fame; In every place is known Great Monmouth's Name: There is no Nation but your Worth can tell, And where you may belov'd, in safety dwell: Such is your Virtue, that where e're you come, You are no Stranger, but are still at Home. t is the lustre of your beauteous Mind, That makes you thus the Darling of Mankind. Though you ne'er us'd mean, base, and politick Arts, To overcome, and win the Peoples Hearts; Yet you have gain'd, for which you never strove, By Virtue's secret Charms, a Nations Love. When you the Court, and famous London left, All look'd as if they were of foy bereft: A Spring-Tide flow'd from all the Peoples Eyes, Which follow'd was, with an huge Storm of fighs; By which your Foes, if you have any, learn'd, That all the bonest World's for you concern'd; And till they heard you safely Landed were, A troubled Cloud did in each Face appear: But now, Great Sir, their trouble will abate, And your safe Landing we Congratulate: All honest Englishmen rejoyce to see You've pass'd the Dangers of the British Sea: For you to Heav'n ten thousand Prayers are sent, As many happy Wishes daily spent;

And will no comfort take till You Return. Though you have England left, yet you still are ? To Us, and to your Royal Father dear; You are both Heavens, and your Monarch's care. I May Heav'n protect you by's Almighty Arm, That in your Travels you may take no harm; May he preserve your much-desir'd Life, From Popish Plots, and from the fesuits Knife: May true Religion still your Soul posses, And may Heav'n you with Sacred Virtues blefs; Fit you with Hermes great Triplicity, With Knowledge, Power, and true Piety: May you in Wisdom thine like Solomon, At least deserve, if not possess a Throne; May your Great Father's mercy you adorn, And may you back to ENGLAND soon Return: These are the Wishes that do you attend, And which all Loyal Hearts to Heav'n do send. Egbert, from whom you do derive your Race, To whom the Saxon Heptarchy gave place, Whose Valour did convert seven Crowns to one, And mounted first the English Monarch's Throne Once left his Country, filently withdrew, And Travell'd into Foreign parts, like You: But did Return with Glory, and Renown, And by his Virtue did obtain a Crown. FINIS.

lames, Duke of Monmouth.

To all Protestant well-wishers.

H! Can he go and no one shed a Tear To hazard, to protect us from our Foes; As his late Victories in Scotland showes. Holland and France, will Trumpet forth his Fame, Until they each of them shall want a Name. And shall we be less Graceful to that Prince, Whole daily Actions does the World convince? Are only squared for the common good, For which he'le venture Fortune, Life and Blood Let Protestants a sorrow now contrive, To thew his absence they can scarce Survive. Let England lament untill it be, Turned into a weeping Niobe; And with their fervent Sih keep full his Sails, With Loyal, safe, and the most prosp'rous Gayls. And let their Tears into the Sea refort, To wast him safely to his Royal Port. And may their daily prayr's to Heaven be, That he may scape all Dangers of the Sea. May his most Royal Father live to see, Him or'e his Foes obta'n sole Victory. And be a pattern to his Royal Son, In what he hath so worthily begun. And may he in due time with all renoun, Enjoy the Favours Fortune tumbles down. May this, and all the happiness that can, Be bounded in the boundless heart of Man,

Attend the Noble Monmoush. May he be, For him, who never thought his Life too dear Still our Desence, and Scourge to Popery. May thy Great Soul Great Prince like active Fire. The more deprest, more vig' rous and rise higher. Which like a Ball thrown hard against the Ground, Rises much more, upon a fair rebound. May still the Charms of thy Eternal Fame, Convince thy Foes of an Immortal shame. May thy high Actions of thy Great Renoun, Shake and destroy the Roman Triple Croan. May Heav'n and Earth both thy possessions be, And may thy Blifs laft to Eternity. Great Prince and Patron, now we must submir, Our present Lives, to what the Fates think fire Yet this we boldly dare affirm as true, None but your Royal Father, Sir and you, Can keep our half dead gasping souls alive, tle whil'st he lives, and you wh'I'st you survive. May our Great God protect his happy Reign, To see you once return with Joy again; To be Assistant to the Royal Will, Of our Dear Sov'raign, Faith's Defender still. Which Princely Monmonth we with Tears implore, Daily and Hourly, at Heav'ns Christal Dore. Our Pray'rs shall never cease, until God grants, This Christian-wish of all true Protestants.

FINIS.

JOCKEY'S DOWNFALLS A POEM

On the late Total Defeat given to the Scotish Covenanters, near Hamilton Park, June 22, 1679. by His MAJESTIES Forces, under the Command of His Highness the Duke of MONMOUTH, &c.

Written by the Author of The Satyr against Hypocrites.

Ow now Jockie, what agen?
Does the Covenant ride thee still?
Or is Calvin reconcil'd
To the Jesuit and the Decl?
Silly Owls, shame saw their Noses,
Not to sinell a damn'd old Cheat!
But where Satan owes a Shame,
He'le be sure to pay his Debt.

Then Mess John and Andrew eke,
Warmly ply'd their Pulpit thunder,
And the easie Rabble won,
Part for Zeal and part for Plunder.
Oh! they cry, so we may rise,
And retrieve our selves from need,
'Tis good Physick for a Kingdom
Once in twenty year to bleed.

This same parcel all of Saints
Rebels both to King and Kirk,
Headed thus by Baal's Priests,
Were to do the Loard's great Work.
Lik to be well done yfaith
Where the Dee'l was Overseer:
But let Satan now look to't,
This same blow may cost him dear.

For if once Jack Presbyter
Find the Devil play fowl play,
Better had it been for him
Ne're to have been born that day.
For if once they 'gin to baul
Not a word shall he be heard;
And he knows full well already
How his credit is impair'd.

Both Design and Motive too
May be guess'd of these Bigots;
But their Hopes were greater far;
Else they were most cursed Sots.
For, but that presumptuous Sins
Are with them familiar grown,
Strangely 'twas presum'd to think
Handfuls could a King dethrone.

But the poor mistaken throng,

Hydra'd by so many a Priest,

Took it for a Holy War,

'Gainst the Bishops and the Beast.

Rams-horns were so fatal once

To the Walls by them confounded,

That they thought that all would totter,

When their Bulls of Basan sounded.

So the Bulls of Basan roar'd;
Pawd, and threw their Horns on high;
Groveling streight upon the Ground
Brave Arch-Bishop low did lye.
Up was Levite mounted then,
And his Horns exalted high
On the Shoulders of poor Men
Zealously prepar'd to dye.

Weavers from their Shuttles flew;
Taylor skip'd from his Shop-board;
Country-men their Ploughs forfook,
Every one to serve the Loard.
Then the Molten Calf was shew'd,
Or the Covenant in a Clout:

Maron Walch could do no less
For to please rebellious Rout.

Thus, their fury once inflam'd,
Neighbours blood began to quaff,
While the Priests that set them on
In their Sleeves began to laugh.
Now shall Crown and Bishop both
Tumble to the Durt, they cry'd,
All a Cock-horse we shall ride;
But, like Sons a Whores, they ly'd.

Stopt their Fury, and of some
Made Scotch Collops for the Crows,
While the rest away did run.
But not thus to be supprest
They retreat to reinforce.
And the Dee'l to help his Servants
Strait way brought them Foot & Horse.

Tumult now Rebellion grown,
There came Lords and Lairds to fight,
Extistion Gourdon, Laird Blairquan,
And some more of mickle might.
Young Men two of Noble Race;
Oh, the little wit of Zeal,
All these, Curse ye Meroz brought
Blows upon their pates to feel.

To advance great Monmonth's Glory,
To chastize a lesser Force
Would not have become his Story.
For their Numbers being swell'd
Worth the Terrour of his Arms,
He but came and cut the knot
Of all Walches canting charms.

At the fall of this mishap,

Loard, where wert thou when our Foes
Gave us this same cruel rap?

Oh, he was asleep, ye Fools,
When the Priests of Baal pray'd:

Nor would Covenant be at leisure;
So fell Fockie' twist two Stools.

Thus you see w hat Avarice
And Rebellion doth befall,
Kirk and Covenant yee have lost,
And the lives of Men withall.
Now by my consent yee should
Lose a little way bit more;
And to punish such Stone Priests
Be made *Origen's before. ['Who was Gelt.]

CHORUS.

Now to alter Hopkins Prayer,
From both Pope and Scot defend us:
For the Turks we do not find
Half the mischief do intend us.
But for Simeon and for Levi,
Viz. the Pope and Prester Scot,
Heaven confound all their devices,
And preserve us from the Plot.

C 2012

PROTESTANTS CONGRATULATION

To the CITY

For their Excellent CHOICE of

MEMBERS

To Serve in

PARLIAMENT,

October 7, 1679.

VIZ.

The Right Honourable Sir Robert Clayton, Lord Mayor Sir Thomas Player, Chamberlain of London, Elect.

William Love, Esq;

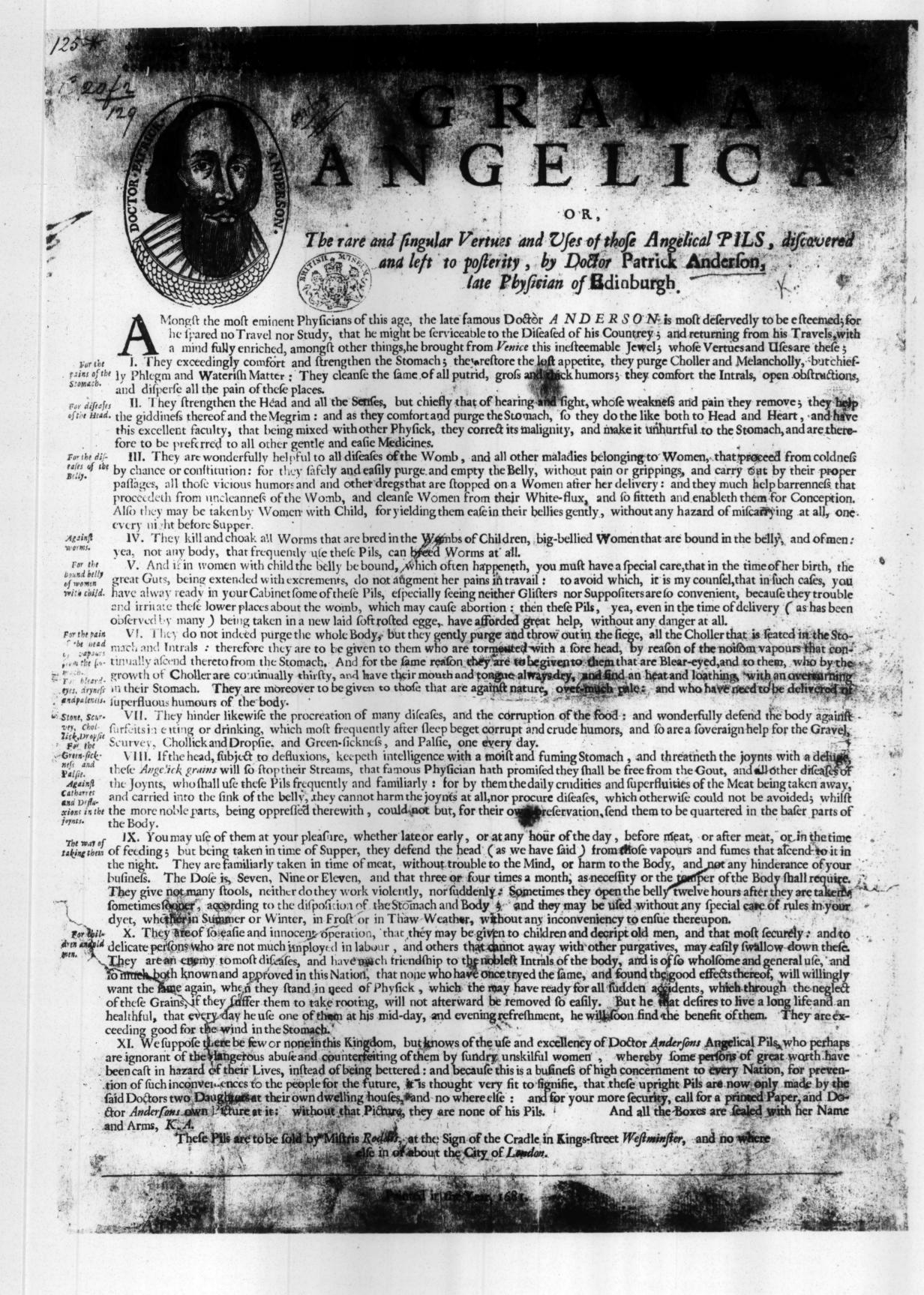
Sir Thomas Player, Chamberlain of London, And
Thomas Pilkington, Merchant.

Who all Served for that Honourable CITY in the last ever-memorable PARLIAMENT.

Ail Worthy Citizens | For what this Pay You've done so Well, not only Wee Repay Deserved Thanks, but the Next Age shall Learn When Romes slie Ketors with their usual Arts
And private Lures thought to Divide your Hearts; And Mints of Slaunder in Cabals had Coynd, Stale foolish Lies, Which Impudence Design'd You should take Currant; and then Fright you so As to Contribute to your own Orethrow. You Fadom'd strait their 'Plot, and with one Voice Agreed upon a Sound and well-try'd Choice. Heaven which er'e-while in Sympathizing Tears And Sable Weeds bewail'd our needless rears On this Presaging Morn, more Bright appears:) The Sky look'd Clear as were our Joyes; The Sun Himself being Proud to View what you had done. Be gone you private Panders for the Whore, With Forty One you Bubble us no more. We now know how your then concealed Springs Mov'd Faction; and Murder'd the best of Kings. Those Arts you still Pursue, To play your Game Would fain Engage us in a second Flame. And your Confounded Popish Plot to hide, Would gladly cast it clear on t'other side. The Eagle once from her own Pinions found That Arrow Feather'd, which gave her a Wound: So England's Church was like to be Betray'd By false pretended Sons in Masquerade. But Thanks, brave City, which well Understands, To Judge 'twixt Jacob's Voice and Esau's Hands. You Scorn'd to Graffie their Factions Pride; Who onely hadyed how they might Divide. Vain are Romes Plots, in vain does Haughty France) To Universal Tyranny advance And think to Ridd the World of Protestants

Winit CHARLES Survives, and Mighty Britain Stands Defying all their Heads, and all their Hands. And London firm in Loyalty and Zeal Gives fuch Blest Voices for the Publique Weal. London! That shall in after-times become Fatal (beyond what Carthage wish'd) to Rome. Me-thinks I see an Universal Smile, And Beams of Joy spread through our Tripple Isle ? Me-thinks I fee with what a Generous Scorn The Wheadling Make-bates hopes were over-born, Whilst General Echo's through the Hall did sound For Clayton, Player, Love, and Pilkington. The Thames with nimble Ebbs haftens to bear The News to Neptune's Court, who with due care Sends some bold English Tributary Wave, That with the Tydings Tybur shall Out-brave. Hush then, dull Libellers ! whose Croaking Noise Proclaims you Egypt's Vermine by your Voice: That Atheist Ruffian, with his Hue and Cry, Drunk, as he's wont, in his Old Goal may lyes Whill Peter Dulman shakes his empty Skull, And Vomits Slanders a whole Green-Bag full. Forgive me, Worthies! That I here should Name These viler Insects nibbling at your Fame. To do well, and Hear Ill is Vertues Fate; You now are call'd to a Sublimer State, Push on their Envy, and disdain their Hate. In that Great Senate where you are to go, No Interest but your King's and Nations know. Act like your selves, Act as your selves have done,? Fear not the Malice of a Sawcy Tongue Set, like some Clocks, on purpose to go wrong. Think on your Charge, which under God, controul The Fate of many hundred thousand Souls. Act to for King and Countrey, that you may Be ever thought as Worthy as to Day. FINIS.

London, Printed for Benjamin Harris in the Piazza under the Royal Exchange in Cornbill, 1679.



E L É G

To the Memo y of the Right Houorable

THOMAS Earl of OSSORY,

Who depated this Life, July the 30th. 1680.

Et no man our officious hast condemn, that we the loss of so much worth proclaim. Want of his ervice foonbad made it known, And we are fure but just, the loss to own. Since he is dead, there is no other way, Our Gratitude for his Deferts to pay. In his Distemper every Man took part, For he had fure a fliare in every Heart. To every honest Man, most dear before, But by the unhappy loss endear'd much more; For 'cis a natural Vice with mankind born, That still the Good which we posses, we scorn, Never allowing Vertue past esteem, Till the Grave Inatch what we can nere redeem. Yet foon as we the mighty lols lustain, We pray, admire, and with for it in vain: How would we value it, if we had tagain.) Just such was every English mars concern, When of his Life they did the danger learn. Well might they love i im; one to just and good, Much greater by his Vertues, than his Blood. Who justly still ambition'd a good Name, Yet lov'd his Country, more than he loved Fame. No feer of Death could e're his Courage stay, Wherever dangerous Honour led the way; For this he left his Ease and plenty still. His natural Valour high improv'd by Skill. Hardned by danger, and by constant pair. His Courtries Good, his great, nay only Gain. For that fuch wonders he in Fight has wrought, For that at Land and Sea so often Fought. Those different Forms of War he made his own, And know both better, than most men do one. In this our British World our God of War, Great in his Martia'-Acts, but greater far In his untainted and firm Loyalty. His constant and oft proved Fidelity What to his Prince, what to the People due, H's hought Mind and fearthing Judgment knew.

And whathe knew, He ftill to A& reduc'd Hating meer notions that were nere of Ule. Betwixr these two so equally he moved, That he by both was equally beloved. A rare Example of a Worthy Lord, His Princes Favour have, and Countries Wo.d. And to his great and everlasting praile, Even in these surly dark designing days; These Times when most try openly their Skill In making Parties, He was honest still. By feign'd Affronts ne're his Duty led, Base Faction for to Countenance or Hed Oh that our Lords would their lost time Redeem, And not so much admire, as Copy him! Be good like Him, if they do like him be Great, And he his Peers in Vertue as in State. He whose great Worth all did so justly own, That Rivals in his Honour, he had none. To all as their deserts were, He was kind, Still with right Judgment and unbiast Mind; Great without Vanity, and without ends Just, Humble tho honoured, faithful when in Trust. The dangerous fruits of too great Praises He Nnew well, and to decline them till was free. The new distraction presently he knew, Love without Fear, Praise without Envy drew; The Country. Souldier, Souldiers Father too. Should we all reckon, we should ne're give ore, But to Crown these and many Vertues more. His Love to our Religion still was great, Which he profest not as a Trick of State. Lest he should Favour, or an Office want, His Life as well as Faith was Protestant. His Theme is boundless, who his praises sings, Tho best of Servants to the best of Kings. So after Years of pains and dangers past, lu Heaven deservedly he Reste at last. Muse here lets end, and with for time to come, We ne're want Offiri's, nor like him be dumb.



ANELEGIE

Humbly offered to the Memory of that Matchless WIT, and Unparallel'd

Example of Sincere Penitency, THE RIGHT HONORABLE JOHN Earl of ROCHESTER,

Who most Piously exchanged Earthly Honour for Never-fading Glory the 26th Day of July, 1680.

O more, wild Atheists! No more Deny That bleffed Hope which makes us glad to Dye; Dispute no more the Truth of that Great Day Shall free dead Mankind from their gloomy Clay. See here an Argument stops all your Lies The Mighty ROCHESTER a Convert Dies, He fell a Poet, but a Saint shall Rise. Then help us all ye Powr's of Verse, and flow Into h's Praise all that Himself could do: For who can write without him? or darestry To speak his Worth? Unless his Ghost were nigh; Where, when our Flames do languish we retire To his Great Genius, and thence take new Fire. Whose lofty Numbers gently slid away Like Chrystal waters, smooth and deep as They; Though some low Men by others Verse are Rais'd (Fools living that would, dead, be Prais'd:) To Celebrate his Marble he needs none, His Name out-lives both Epitaph and Stone. Excess of Wit alone his Fame did spoil, So Lamps extinguish't are by too much Oil; And fince he's gone, we grov'ling Trifles Crawl About the World, which but confirms his Fall; As when retiring Sol blinds us with Night, Each petty Star peeps forth to brag stoln Light. Yet not his Muje do we so much admire, As those rare sparks of true Cælestial Fire That warm'd his Breast when Nature's Heats decay'd, And Death-cold Horrors did each Limb Invade: Then did a sudden Beam of Light Divine Inspire his Soul, his Faculties Refine, And from Pernassius drew his fixed Eye To Piglak-Mount, and faving Calvary; The Bubbling Froth that wanton Fancy rais'd

(Which for Extravagance was only Prais'd)
Is foon beat down by this more Glorious Flame,
Whence straight a Noble true Elixir came;
This Solomon for Wit and Pleasures too
Bids Vanity of Vanities adieu.
And having tasted all the sweets are Hurl'd
O're Youthful minds by a deluding World;
Begins to Descant on Eternal Themes,
And then saw Visions, that before dream'd Dreams:

He finds Religion is no forged Law For cunning Knaves to keep dull Fools in Awe; That Future State, and the Dread Judgment Day, And Heav'n and Hell (what e're our Drols may fay) Are ferious things. Nor did this Knowledge scare Or fright him to wild Defarts of Despair; But gently wrought, to shew 'twas from above Th' instructive Breathings of the Holy Dove; Taught him with humble Faith and Hope to fly For Balm to Gilead, and on Christ relye. Now with redoubled Sighs and Floods of Tears, He chides the Follies of his mispent years: Himself his looser Lines to Flames bequeaths, And Hobs's Creed with Detestation leaves; Warns all our Touthful Nobles, lets them know True Honour can from Vertue only flow: That Piety will give a lasting Crown When their Gay Titles All must tumble down, And dark Oblivion worldly Grandeur Drown. To hear him thus on Solemn Death-Bed Preach, Did more than Forty languid Sermons Teach. The Angels clapt their Wings on that blest Diy Envy'd unworthy Earth his longer stay, And so in Triumph bore his Soul away.

The EPITAPH.

Nder this Tomb we do Interr
The Ashes of Great ROCHESTER;
Whose pointed Wit (his worst of Crimes)
So Justly lasht our Foppish Times;
Let none too Rigorous Censures six
Great Errors with great Parts will mix;
How broad soe're his Faults be shown,
His Penitence as large was known.
Forbear then!—and let you and I
By him, at least, learn how to Dye.

SAMUEL HOLLAND.

A Worthy Panegyrick

UPON

MONARCHY;

Written Anno M DC L VIII.

By a Learned and truly Loyal Gentleman, for Information of the miserably mis-led Commonwealths-Men (falsely so called) of that Deluded Age; and now revived by One that honours the Author, and the Established Government of these Nations.

I.

F wanting Wings one may ascend the Skies,
And Phæbus view, without an Eagles Eyes;
Then Rouse up (Muse) from thy Lethargick Strains,
And (having first invok'd the God of Brains)
Let the Grand Subject of thy Measures be,
No Soul to England like a Monarchy. *

11

It is the Image of that Domination,
By which Jehovah rules the whole Creation;
Angels nor Saints, do in his Kingdom share,
God is Sole-Monarch, they, but Subjects are:
Whose Laws are such, as when they did Rebel,
Sequestred not, but sent them strait to Hell.

III.

As Old, as that Paternal Sovereignty,
God plac'd in Adam, rul'd his People by;
Disown'd of None, but them whose Minds aspire,
And Envy ONE thould have what All desire:
For be't a Few or Many we live under,
Such shall repine, still, whilst not of the Number.

IIII.

The Antients did a Monarchy prefer,
Made all their Gods submit to Jupiter;
And (when Affairs and Nations sirst began)
Princes DECREES were th' only Laws of Man;
Experience will avow it, where there's any,
One HONEST MAN is sooner found than MANY.

V.

The Rational Soul performs a Princes part,
She rules the Body by Monarchick Art;
Poor Cranes, and filly Bees (with shivering Wings,)
Observe their Leaders, and obey their Kings:
Nature her self, disclains a Crowded Throne,
The Body's Monstrous, has more Heads than ONE.

VI.

A Monarchy's that Politick simple State,
Consists in Unity (inseparate
Pure and entire;) a Government that stands,
When others fall, touch'd but with levelling hands:
So Natural and with such Skill endu'd,
It makes ONE Body of a Multitude.

VII.

In Order (wherein latter things depend On former) that's most perfect doth attend On Unity: But this can never be The Popular State, nor Aristocracy; For where or All, or Many bear the Sway, Such Order, to Confusion leads the way.

VIII.

A Monarchy more quickly doth attain
The End propos'd; for 'tis the Single-Brain
That ripens Councel, and concealeth best
Princely Designs, 'till Deeds proclaim'em blest.
Whilst Numerous Heads are rarely of one Mind,
Slow in their Motion, lowder than the Wind.

IX.

Treason, nor Force, so suddenly divides
Th' United Strength that in a Crown resides:
Sedition prospers not, it seldom here,
Results an Object of the Prince's Fear:
Then when an Empire, Rome was ne'r so strong,
Nor Triumph'd under other Rule so long.

X.

A Monarchy abates those Feverish Fits
Of Emulation a Free-State begets:
A Prince cannot his Reins so quickly slack,
Or throw his Burthen on anothers Back:
But where so many Rulers have Command,
The Work's transferr'd, and toss'd from Hand to Hand.

XI.

The People, or the Nobles to debate
The deep Concernments of a troubled State,
Set Times and Places have affign'd them, they
First meet, and then adjourn from Day to Day!
Whereas a Monarch, who by Nature's ONE,
Deliberates always, never's off his Throne.

XII.

But hold! Me thinks I see the three Estates
Conven'd; thrown open Prison-Doors and Grates,
Extinct our paltry Jealonsies and Fears,
Grace offer'd to All, but Cavaliers
And ----! yet with Patience they abound,
In Hopes of Better, now the Wheel go's round.

* Monarchia à Monos Archôn, The Rule of one Prince or Governour without a Peer, or the Government of one man over many. As in England &c.

Britannia ab initio mundi semper fuit Regia, & Regimen illius simile ille Calorum. Howel.

TO THE RA OF

CELLIE

The Popilh Midwife:

ON HER INCOMPARABLE BOOK.

MADAM,

(lage, He brightelt Glory of your Sex, and Age, Than Popels foan more Fair, than Popels foan more We hop'd, if Catholicks success had found, To see your head with Triple-mitre crown'd; That Head, which bravest A cts can first invent, Then, it miscarri'd, prove 'em never meant: You're skill'd, what Natures Fabrick is below, And all the secret Arts of Gropeing know, Sexes defect with D-do can supply, And so escape the fam'd Chair Porphury. But though success have fail'd your great Deserts, The world admires your Ladiships Great Parts: Rome once ador'd Lucina's Deity, But now Her Midwife-Goddess you shall be, To help the Popes abortions, and by Merit Deliver Nephews of the Flesh, or Spirit. You taught the Judges to interpret Laws, Shewd Sergeant Maynard how to plead a Caule, You turn'd, and wound, and Rogu'd 'em at your will, Twas Trial not of Life and Death, but Skill.

*She mslici-ously suggests What though you had no Cash to bribe the * Jury? (though a-painst her They'd sell their Consciences on Trust: Securiown Interest) Ty's not expected now for such small ware; the Jury corrupt, when all Oaths are as cheap as Pins at Bartholmew-Fair. knew twas neither her Besides, you'l give their Babes an easie Birth,

own Inno- Or, if themselves are costive, help it forth: their difinte- For one good turn we know requires another, meer defect As Right hand scratches Left its yonger Brother. of Evidence Your Witnesses would swear against the King, of this time. And 'gainst the Law; they'd swear like any thing. Sweet Innocence! what Powerful charms it has It works more Miracles, than Cross, or Mass, As ealily turns all to Catholick As Apes shape Whelps with Beautifying Lick;

It makes men swear the Compass Ten times or'e, Then makes e'm swear, they never swore before: This is the force of Innocence; and ne're yet Did any miss't, that sin'd on Tick of Merit.

Heretical Apostate Dangerfield! Worst of Mankind! whom hast thou thus beguil'd! Thou wert a hopeful, lerviceable man, But now art turn'd White Devil of Japan. Pray tell me, where's thy Conscience? or why Must Heretic Truth discover Sacred Lye? Shew your Indulgence, Sacrilegious flave! May you speak Truth, unless the Pope gives leave? You credited? Incorrigible Sot! Prove you were Loyal first, and knew no Plot.

Thus your Book, Madam, has convinc'd the Nation, And is one clear, entire Demonstration: It thews the Meal-Tub-Plot's an errant cheat lFor Tub is made of Wood, and meal of Wheat.

The cause wants no such Whifflers as T. G. is, You must defend it, not such clods as He is; For no man yet could e're with land the Dint, And cogency of Female Argument.

Diva Obstretrix-O! hear the prayers Of all the Jesuits and all the Friers! Some Saints we've known forget us when they 're gone To thee on Earth we make our early moan.

> Then pity us: exert thy Power To lave us in this dangerous Hour. Thou hast to Life brought many men, Ah! Bring the Plot to Life agen.

The DE VIL pursued:

OR,

The right Saddle laid upon the right Mare.

A

SA

T

Y

R

UPON

Madam Celliers standing in the Pillory,

Being Convicted for the Publishing of a late Lying Scandalous Pamphlet, called Malice Defeated, &c.

By a Person of Q U A L I T Y.

Las, what has this poor Animal done, That she stands thus before the rising Sun, In all the heats of Infamy and Dilgrace, The fure Remarks of a bold Brazen-face? Truly for no great hurt, nor for much harm; Only inventing to spill Royal Blood, to keep it warm; Fire Cities, Burn Houses, and devast Nations; Ruine us in all our several stations. But who would think it from the Woman fine, A thing whom Nature itself has made Divine, That she should act such horrid barbarous things, As to design to state State smen, and to Murder KINGS? But here she still appears for her ill acts, Like fecond storms after Thunder-claps. Philosophers tell us, the best things corrupted are the worst, And from their own fine species are ever curst. When once we take to Ill and Vices Road, We then paint out our selves much like the Toad; Since Vice not only horrid is from the being of Nature, But also from the thing itself, and from its own feature. Who makes us look at once, and that leveral ways, Like Squinting people, from their false Optick Rays. This teaches us therefore how a strange a thing is Religion, That makes one a Vulture, the other a Raven, and the other a To be so very false, in the instructing those (Widgeon; To commit such horrid acts, and with them close: As what is opened and presented here, By a Popish Midwife, called Madam Cellier. Go to therefore, all ye Papilts and Men of the Red Letter, Would you but seriously consider of it, you would do much better Than Plot such secret villanies against the State, The direful operations of your ungodly hate, As wilfully to destroy your fellow-Creatures all, And butcher them to their Eternal Funeral. But, Lord, what can these Souls plead before thee, When they so wilfully flie to their own misery? Surely they are from their Father the Devil, The great Oglio, and Composition of all Evil; Who delights only in the ruine and destruction of Souls, As Drunkards do in their inchanted golden Bouls: Since in one part of Hell Treason is bred and fed; And in the other Drunkenness is in triumph led; While in the East-corner Stabbing and Murder leers, At which the Devil himself he sports and jeers, To see his dreadful business and his work go on, And Men and Women brought to destruction By his fair Apples, through his intices slie, At his false charms by his damned Divinity;

Who never rests till he his Work has done, And brought his Children to his Kingdome: Since from his fall he only deals in falls, As the Pot-Companion runs against the Walls. Therefore as we would escape Infamy and punishment here, We must by Vertues Looking-glass see most clear ; Since 'tis she only, and that she alone, That must conduct us to our eternal peaceful home. To the Heaven of joys, to that blis above, Where all are stroaked by the Pigeon and the Dove, To wit, by Angels, by good Men, and all Sages, To future times, and to succeeding Ages; While the wicked shall for ever undergo; In Hells deep pit everlasting forrow, As a just reward for Treason, Murder, and Blood, Things that will be there most understood: While the Saint and Bravo lives in glory and pleasure here, As the glorious Sun lies coaching in the Air: In short, they that like this, I would advise them still To act, proceed, and go forward in ill; Since Prisons, the Gallows, and Scotch Casements rare, Always provided for Malefactors are. Poor Cellier! you had better brought to bed Any thing, than to have a Plot in Triumph led, And thus to be received into the worlds charms, By Dirt and Stones, and other warlike Arms. As in a Sea-storm, one Prays, and the other Swears, And all against the furious Ocean tears: So you while thus you treated are, Still you must Dine and Sup with the same fare, Until the Law be satisfied, which will be at Noon, And then you may go see the Pope of Rome; Shew him the Instruments by which you pelted were; Tell him, there was for you no better fare : Though you defired a Ceffation from Trouble, Yet it was denied, because you were a bubble. Therefore these Stones and Dirt ought to be Relicks high, And Registred in the present Popes Divinity, Until he comes to shew us what he will do, To bring all out-lying Deer to forrow, While the English Hunts-men like bid him be quiet, Or else they'll soon prepare him most wholsome Diet: Since England still, has always hated Rome, And every wife man still resolves for home.

FINIS.

Rome's Hunting-Much for in Kingdoms;

England, Scotland and Ireland: plainly the wing all the PLOTS and Contrivances of the PAPISTS against the PROTESTANTS:

A thing very fit to be kept as a Memorandum in all true PROTESTANT Families.

The Whores PRINCIPLES, left behind her, when the began this HUNT, to be observed by all her spurious Off-spring, upon no less penalty than eternal Damnation. viz.

The Gospei is an emoty Chief, Allour Aim is to be great, The Miral min's a Wigeon: Come let us mount on Engles wings Apove all Emperors and Kings; Scate-Policy is our Religion.

CENTED CENTERS

Reader, There's a Srange Cur got among the Anti-Christian Crew, he is without his Formalities, or Badg of his Order; but his Name and Fire-ball, reprefents him to be the Provincial (i.e. the Chief) of the Jesuits here in London when they burn'd it; he and another Cur, called Gifford, managed that Fire, hiring and paying those carrying it on from house to house, &c. But being out of his Orderly habit, and with a Pen, he may pass for a Lay-brother who prints, sells, writes or speaks against the Kings Evidence, and for the Popish Faction: or any onethat knows himselfconcern'd.



O M E doth now a Hunting ride,
With all her Beagles by her fide,
In rough temperious Weather,
On the Top of all the Morn
This Harlot blew her bugle Horn
To call her Dogs together.

This filthy Babylonish Trull,
Whose Charms the inchanted World dos gull,
Is Lucifer's dear Minion,
She sets her self to open Sale,
And like a Spannel wags her Tale,
To the Blind Witch Opinion.

The Virgin Spring was in her prime,
Tothunt for Blood they rose betime, it e. Protection I am Blood.
Their Lost Game to recover.
O're the Downs and humble Dales,
The Fryers, Monks and Cardinals,
Like hungry Hawks they hover.
This little SPOT stood in their Ey,
Which men do call Great Britany,
So Grong is their Devotion.

Which men do call Great Britany,
So strong is their Devotion,
Let us send forth our Hellish Band,
Wee'l have it at our full Command,
Or drown it in the Ocean.

Round about this life they range,
Their Forest & their hunting Grange,
Here, all her Dogs assemble:
The Nation like a Drunkard reels,
For underneath their Horses Heels,
The Earth doth quake and tremble.
On these rich unvalued Grounds
She uncouples all her Hounds,
Imbition, deep mouth d Jowler,
Self-Interest, a Beagle sierce,
His thundring cry the heavns did pierce,
He wo'ud be Lord Controler.

Into all corners cast their Ey,
With Nets and Ginns prepared,
In ev'ry Town their Game they play,
In cv'ry House their Lime-twigs lay,
That (4) Lambs may be insnared.

That (a) Lambs may be infnared.
Treachery doth learing stand,
With a keen Dagger in his hand,
a outtery doth follow,
They hunt in silence and are still.
And when they do intended kill,
They neither houp nor hollow.
Opportsy clothed all in White,
Tike a Cherubim of Light,
The Garland He had gotten
He alwayes sings a double Tune,
With rosy Cheeks, like Role in June,
His inside is all rotten to

shey will, ore, beliege

A lufty Beagle bold and firong,
Was by this Harlot trained,
This Tumbler had the fauning Skill,
Inchanting words and wind at Will,
But DO-WELL he was chained,

They challenge the whole Universe, They challenge the whole Universe, The poor man is brought under, A wond'rous blind ridiculous Story, By Masses and by Purgatory, Heav'n, Earth, and Hell they plunder.

LOVE from door to door they kick, Community's an Heretick, Their own Paunch only feeding: Their Hearts are frosen up with frost, The Lady Charity is lost, CHRISTIANITY lies bleeding.

Riding upon an Elephant,
With outward Pomp adorned:
Exalted to an high degree,
They trample on the bended knee,
HUMILITY is fcorned.

Haman mounted into grace, Would extinguish abraham's Race, By found of Proclamations, With thundring Cry, this busy hound To all these Beagles dorh propound,

To murder three whole Nations † I was fuer n,
For, Murber's become indeed
A new Article of their Creed,
Love is an Aiery Notion,
They *Gedfry all who, in their ey, as the Protest an
Do'nt bow with their Idolatry, Religion.
So great is their Devotion,

Hölofernes is not dead,
Like Grashoppers his Army's spread,
Incompassed with Fires
See how they swarm on English ground,
ENGLAND, thou art besieged round
With Jesuits, Monks and Fryers.

Elau doth this Game pursue,

He is of this hunting Crew,
O miferable Dotage,
That he should love the World so well,
His Heavenly heritage of sell,
For a poor Mess of Pottage,
Indulgences in these rude times,
For hellish and unheard of Crimes,

For hellish and unheard of Crimes,
Are sent to every Nation:

Lust Probe and Avance on grac'd,
And on the Tripple Crown are plac'd,
As in their proper Status.

Shimei's Tongue is wondrous shrill,
The Echo bounds from Hill to Hill,
Through all the Woods resounding,
This envious Dog doth bark and bawll,
But Babset all out-rants them all,
In Damming and Consounding.

*The Lang
Doeg, Naba scold and chide,
Beat

Upon a grunting Hog they ride, Inrol'd among the Swineheards:

Abab and proud tefabel,

With Avarice and Malice swell,

To grasp poor Naboth's tVineyard.

Achinophel was in this Train,

Golish, Judas murthering Cain,

Old Dives choak'd with Treasures,

Mark Anthony came to this Feast,

The Greek that conquer'd all the East,

With a Regiment of Casars.

Mighty Monarks that aspire,
To ruin ALL with *Sword and Fire, * Missieres,
A Lamentable Story,
Through a Crimson sea of Blood,
Like an overslowing Flood,
They'd wade unto vain Glory.

+ The Lives

The Horned Moon wo'ud all controul,
He fireth up the Northern Pole,
The Southian aids his Title,
The Nations he doth fubjugate;
For this Ambitious Potentate,
The World is too too little.

Dionisius, brisk and brave,
Must shortly come unto his grave,
Did quarrel with the Eagle;
Riding upon a tired Ass,
Through ruinous Cities he doth pass;
Is not this a jolly Beagle?

All these Beagles in their Chace
Hunt the Lamb from place to place,
With Hollowing and with hooting,
O're the Downs they dance the Hay,
The Protestant is now their pray,
This Dove can find no footing.

Earthen Vessels clash and knock,
Dasht topieces on a Rock.

Dasht topieces on a Rock,
The Mighty Hogen Mogen,
Tyrants are by Tyrants slain,
The LORD of Hosts intends to roign,
When all these Pots are broken.

A PRAYER

Arife; Great MICHAEL, in the Power,
Pull down proud Babels lofty Tower.
Thy Love is Heavinly Nector.
Thy little Lambs do bleanfor THEZ.
Draw thy bright Sweed to fee us free.
Who art our LORD Property and Re-

(a) Christians.

Dr. OTES his VINDICATIO

AFFIRMING THAT

His EVIDENCE is not to be baffed by the PAPISTS.

AND SHEWING

The Power that induced him to Discover this Damnable Hellish Popish PLOT against the Protestant Religion.

The Virgin Bride of the great KING of This Heavenly Lady, first instructed Me, To free my Country from Rome's Tyranny. The World is Blind, and they that Headlong run, Without this Guid, are utterly undon. Whilst I was galloping a full Career, A Glorious Angel di I to me appear,

Great Britaines Genius, in a mourning weed.

Anst thou, quoth she, behold thy Country's Into the Hands of evr'y Canibal? Devouring Dogs, who not content with

Glanc't in my Eye, which made my Heart to bleed.

Do gape to grind both Flesh and Bones to peices ! Who, under colour of fain'd Holinefs, Would make poor Albion a meer Wilderness. Rome had her Titm, we in Story find, Who was the full Delight of all Mankind : Be like him than, 'cis not a time to play, To do thy Country good, loofe not a day: Armies of Serpents Iwarm about her Ears, Ready to be devoured by Wolves and Bears. I have design'd thee for this Noble Work, Amonst these Murderers no longer lurk. What canst thou see the Land where thou wast born, Made the World's Laughter and the publick Scora? Thine aged Fathers reverend Snow-white Head, With Fettered hands, to Execution led? A Pander to thy Mother, monstrous base, Thy Sifter Strumpetted before thy face ? The Wife before her Husband's face defil'd? Your Cattel plundered, and your Houses spoyl'd? This Famous Island topfy-turvy turn'd? The Inhabitants all banished or burn'd? And thou thy felf canst not escape their Fury To take thy Life, they have summon'd up a Jury ! Behave thy felf as wifely as you can, Tis Crime enough to be an Englishman. Thy Countrys peace and safety will be thine, With bloody Monsters, see thou dost not joyn: Be Wise and Valiant, nothing can distress thee, Tho the Pope Curse, the Heaven of Heavens will bless thee.

To Conquer Canaan, I frael sent out Spies, Be thou a Caleb in a low Difguife; To bring their Deeds of darkness to the Light, With Candanites be thou a Canaanite. In my wife School, I'le make thee a Refiner. An Underminer of the Underminer: The P.ends are putting forth with all their might A Plot, deeper than Hell, darker than Night!

They glided through my Bones, and all my Marrow. I'le follow thy Advice, thus I reply,

Though Snakes and Adders in the way do ly.

THese words did pierce my Soul, like a keen

VISDOM, the Fruitful Mother of all The Dye is cast, I want no further Wooing, things,
The Virgin Bride of the great KING of With an undaunted Courage I'le march on, Till I have past this River Rubicon. Like the brave Roman Cafar, lo, I stand, Though Rome encounter me by Sea and Land. A fosture to this Land, good News I bring: A Faithful Mordecai unto my King: Romes stinking Holiness begins to Taint, Where every Murderer is made a Saint, Hold up thy head, Great Britain, thou shale see Accurred Haman hanging on a Tree: This Resolution in my mind did fall, That for a time, I was not I at all ! The Fire of Love fo flamed in my Breaft, For Englands safety I could take no rest! The Dove did (hine like a bright morning Sun, And put the Murdering Dragon to the run: The Lamb he was my Counfellor, who fail, Find out those horrid Treasons that are laid Against thy Native Soyl, whose Funeral Bell Is now rung-out by all the Powers of Hell: A Grave prepared, a Gulf doth open stand To swallow all the People of this Land, Arise, the Angel said, It is THY Lot, To found the bottom of this Hellish PLOT, Guided along by Providence Divine, Rip through the Bowels of this Dark Defign: I, mount the Alpes, stand for fair Italy, To found Romes machivillian Pollicy:

> Saw how these Nations at fair England Shot, In all those Countrys which foul Treason breeds, I fuckt sweet Honey from most poysonous weeds Of which an Antidote I did compound, To Cure fair England of her secret Wound. That I might give them their own bitter Pill, I kept the Coppies of their Letters still; Laden with spoils of Treachery and Treason, I came unto my King, had I not reason? My many years Intelligence, I brought Unto his hands, and how his LIFE was fought. The all the people had their Sentence read, Yet HE, their King, this difmal Daunce must lead, He did receive me with a gratious Eye, For at the Itake his Sacred Life did lye. All Nations trust the Sword for their Defence, But England, thou are fav'd by Providence ! For being Blind, thou didft not fee nor know. The Arm was up to give the fatal Blow ! Hood-winkt affeep, thou hadft for ever been,

I swiftly post through Flanders, pleas int France,

To the Castillian Court, I did advance:

I there unrip't the bowels of this PLOT,

Had not wife Providence Stept-in between." Armies of Angels, stood in battel aray,.... Their General did fight for thee this day. Let not the name of Ores live, let it dye, And in the Grave of dark Oblivion lye: Let Bedlee, Otes and Dagdale be forgot, For they were not discoveres of this Plot These were but Harps in Great Jebovah's hand, On whom he plaid to save a Sinful Land: Our General he did call, and we Obey'd, We were the Instruments on whom he plaid

And fav'd us from the Hands of Wicked men; His Eye hath rais'd to Life with one fweet Ray, A Nation that upon its Death Bed lay. Henceforth Great Britain (how thy fmiling Fice, In thee is Born a Child of Heavenly Race, Sprung from the Loyns of the Immortal Dove, Wildom his Mother, and his Sire is Love: Riding Tryumphant on his Milk white Steed, This Prince shall Cure the Nations that now bleed: Envy and Malice shall fall down before him. The Blackmere and the Indian hall Into his Fold all Nations he will gather, Our Noble King shall be a Nursing Father: Sweet Peace o're all the Earth shall then be fown Stiff-neck'd Rebellion hall no more be known; Both King and Subject in one Yoak shall draw, The Princes Will hall be the Subjects Law; The Prince with fuch Commanding Love shall fway The Peoplle will take pleasure to obey They shall rejoyce when they do understand All Aroitrary power is in his hand: A full Confinement is full Liberty, And when they most are bound, they are most free: No Council to Direct his Just Commands, For Wildom always at his Elbow stands: No heavy Tax can move the Peoples Gall, For they are willing to furrender all: Both Prince and People fit upon one Throne, For Prince and People perfectly are one: Full Union and Communion here we find, One Life, one Love, one Soul, one undivided Mind: But e're this come to pafs, we clearly fee Disturbances in every place shall be The Elements shall quarrel with each Star, Dame Nature with her felf thall be at War: The whole Creation that bath bin accurit, Shall fall into a Coass, as at first : In all the World there will be ftrong Delufion. Darkness and Death, Confusion on Confusion: When this Black Cloud is o're, what will enfue? The Mafter Builder will Build all things new, When this old House is burnt that's made of Clay, Hee'l Build a Pallace that shall ne're decay: The Soul, in fine, being Purged from Drofs and Tin,

Shail now spring up a Glorious Cherubin,

Whose Glorious Beams shall dazle Mortal Eyes!
The Stars shall be seen'd which now we see,
And this dull Lump a Paradice will be,
Three Storms and Tempests we no more shall pass,

For we shall Sayl upon the Sea of Glass:
New Stars, new Planets guide the Heavenly flore,
Such as by Men were never seen before:

The tittle Birds on every Bough shall Sing,
No Winter but an Everlasting Spring.
Fresh flourishing Youth shall every thing restore;

Old Age is past; and Man shall Dyeno more;. Sickness and Sorrow are for ever fled,

All Tears are wip'd away, and Death is dead.

A New Sun in the Firmament shall rife,

A Tune so pleasant on the Humble Lyee, That all fucceeding Ages will admire! To this Great God the Ancient of days

Let us give all the Honor and the Praise,

Who brought a Daniel from the Lions Den,

133

New VERSES concerning the Plot, Londons Fire, & Godfreys Murder.
Given into his Majesties hand, the second of September last, by E.R

Whereto'is added the Papists Attempts upon Justice Arnold, Mr. Thomkins, and lately on Sr. William Waller.

Which also may be Sung to the Tune, Stone Walls cannot a Prison make, &c.

The Plot.

IVE ear, O King, and Nohles all, to this my new true Song, The Living God is all in all, his Truth is very strong, Truth will defend, world without end, those that are Innocent. The Man that walketh in the Truth

hath no cause to repent.

A mighty Wonder hath bin wrought by God in fair England,
He hath delivered the King by his almighty Hand,
Traytors did feek to take away his LIFE, as is made known,
But their damn'd Treason is found out,
GOD hath them overthrown:

Their dank defign is brought to light, for all Traytors must fall;
Their is no Treason in the Truth, for truth is Lord of All:
Its Truth that maketh Treason fly, truth is a noble thing,
The Devil's in that man indeed that wo'd destroy a King.

O Charles! rejoice, & praise the Lord for your Deliverance,
He made you King of fair England,
I see your life advance:
Your secret Foes God will beat down, and break them all asunder:
Your preservation stands in God, who will bring traytors under.

How often hath the Lord bin pleafed your Body to deliver:
Then praise the living God, ô King, that you may live for ever:
Great hath his Kindness bin to you, he is your strong Defender,
Give up your Mind unto the Lord, that Kingdom he doth tender.

When you was compassed about with Fiery Enemies,
The Lord appeared in great power, and did their Host surprise.
He led you by a gentle hand, sent you out of their way,
And at his pleasure brought you home, remember such a day!

The Kindness of the Lord to you is not to be forgot,
Remember this my Sovereign,
how fair hath been your Lot.

The hand of Divine Providence, hath guided you along, Then blame me not, my Sovereign, to greet you with a Song.

True men, of old, were very bold they fung with heart and hand,
They lived and walked in the Truth, the pearl of every Land:
They praised God, and loved the King bearing the Truth within,
They had no Treason in their hearts, but in true Love did spring.

Fire of London.

No Man that ever yet knew God:
was known for to conspire,
To kill a King, or set a Land
in burning flames of Fire.
O dreadful Treason, God will be
thy everlasting Death:
Those that are Found to walk therein,
the Lord will stop their breath.

Charles by the Grace of GOD, I fay, lift up your Heart to GOD:

Then hee I give Traytors unto you: and you shall be their Rod;

By you God will chastise them all, they shall become your Prey;

Give glory to the living God, he is your strength and stay.

Godfreys Murder.

The King is fafe, but Godfreys flain, now Traytors look about yee; You are afraid of every Bush, the Truth of God will rout yee. Your fafe-guard you have lost indeed, your Salt hath lost its favour; You seek for holes to hide you in, for want of the Kings favour.

Come, Traytors come, with shame sit destruction is your lot: (down, Be forry now with all your Hearts, for this your cursed Plot; Had not your Market been forestald, and you brought into Chains, The Devil had bewitch'd you all, its he that in you Reigns,

Justice Arnold.

Another Justice was beset,
they thought him for to Murther:
The Lyon he is in a Net,
he cannot go no further:
His Kingdom it is numbered,
and now it shall be finisht:
They are all Traytors to their Head,
that have the Truth deminisht.

Mr Thomkins, Efq. Arnold's friend.

A Lawyer that in Monmonth shire, did live, hath been affaulted,
By one that will go to the Church, but yet belike he halted:
He knew not God to be his God, for Baals Priest they do blind them,
All Murderers shall feel the Rod, with Judgments God will find them.

Sir William Waller.
Sir William Waller he is fled,
for fear that he should follow
Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, dead,
the Huntsmen they do hollow
And closely follow on their Game,
over all Hills and Mountains,
But yet they shall not hurt the Lambs,
that seedeth by the Fountains.

Then keep Christs new Commandeand truly love each other, (menn, And then you never shall be then, for he that hates his Brother: He is a Murtherer I know, and walks not in the Spirit, Which is the free gift of the Lord, that none can ever Merit,

Therefore O King, shew mercy them to me a Worm in Prison:
I am your Prisoner God doth know, in this I speak no Treason:
Might I injoy my Liberty,
I let you understand,
I could not hurt, nor yet disturb, no person in your Land.

O King, you can command the Prefs it standeth good with reason:
O King, let this be put in Print, in truth, here is no Treason.
They are the Dictates of my Mind: the Lord, he gave them mee, And I do freely give them to your Royal Majesty.

O blame me not, my Sovereign, for this poor drop of water:
It is exceeding good indeed, and from the Divine Nature.
Charity is a noble fpring, in Love there is no Treaton;
For Charity doth guide the mind, a long in Divine reason.

Farewel, farewel, my Master deary consider me at leisure:
Hear I must lye asuredly, until it be your Pleasure;
To set me free, then it would bee; to us a great refreshing;
To see you enter into Love; and so receive Gods blessing.

Written by J. Taylor, a Singer of Ifrael, Prisoner in the Kings Bench.

8

AN

C 20/2

E L G I E

Notorious for Stealing the Crown, &c. Who Dyed the

Twenty Sixth of August, 1680.

Hanks ye kind Fates, for your last Favour shown Of stealing BLOOD, who lately stole the Crown; We'l not exclaim so much against you fince; As well as BEDLOE, you have fetcht him hence, He who ha been a Plague to all Mankind: And never was to any one a Friend, Nay to himfelf fuch forment was at last. He wisht his Life had long ago been past. For who can bear, a altourned min le Or any Peace with an ill Conscience finde, Thro' his whole Life, he practis'd Villany And Lov'd it though he nothing got thereby; At first uneasy at the Kings return With fecret wance his boid heart 'did burn. Against his Sovereign, and on pretence He had much wrong'd his Feign'd Innocence; To IRELAND went, and several ways did try Rather then he would unrevenged Dye, To vent his Malice on His MAJESTY. But finding there all his attempts prove vain, To ENGLAND forth with he returns again, And after some simall time. he had Liv'd here The first Great thing in which he did appear, Was rescuing from Justice CAPTAIN MASON, Whom all the WORLD doth know, thave been a base one The next ill thing he Boldly undertook, Was Barbaroully feizing of a DUKE Whom as he fince contets'd, he did intend. To Hang for Injuries he did pretend: The DUKE had alone him, though the World does know His Grace was ne're to a Good Man a Foe: Having through all, his many well spent Days; Serv'd His KING and Country, several ways And Patiently his troubles underwent, Finding a sweetness, ev'n in Banishment And Death, he Patiently wou'd have endur'd, The KINGS Restoring cou'd he have secur'd: A DUKE, who being by Providence preserv'd Hath begot Sons; who Valiantly have serv'd. His MAJESTY, and Great Renown Obtein'd. In many Battles by your Valour Gain'd, Great OSSERT, who by his Conduct wife,

Did Oft by Stratagems, his Foes furprize

And hath as often beat them with his Sword; Was the Eldest Son, of this most Noble LORD. But I my HEROE almost had torgot, An th' next thing he Engag'd in was a PLOT. To seize the CROWN; and without doubt he who So Great a Piece of Villany would so, When he saw Time, wou'd have attempted too; His MA JESTY; but failing of the prize, About the Town he undiscover'd lies, Harbour'd by some of's fellow Rogues, yet see How few can scape concernd in Villany, In a short time, he apprehended was And brav'd His MA JES.TY, even to his Face Yet when one wou'd, have thought he should have had; Reward for's Villany; and have been made Example to all Ages our good King, Gave him his Life, (who long has strove to bring Destruction on him,) and did him Restore, To liberty, thinking he ne're wou'd more Do any thing unjust again when loe; His stiring Spirit, was not contented so, For he Engages inth' Conspiracy, To ruine th' Honour, Life, and Liberty, Or a deferving Noble Honest Peer, And had him brought, unto destruction near But Divine providence for ever Bleft: Prevented this, as well as all the Rest By th' coming in of some, that were concern'd Which all your PLOT; into confusion turn'd, At last our Famous HEROE Coronel BLOOD, Seeing his Projects all will do no good, And that Success was to him still deny'd, Fell fick with Grief, broke his great Heart and dy'd.

The EPITAPH.

HERE Lies the Man, who boldly hathrun through, More Villanies then ever ENGLAND knew; And nere to any Friend, he had was true, Here let him then by all unpittied Lye, And Let's Rejoyce his time was come to Dye.

FINIS.

CONGRATULATORY POEM

Upon the Arrival of

His Electoral HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCE PALATINE

OF THE

RHINE,

Nephew to his Highness Prince R V P E R T.

Elcome, great Prince, to Britains happy Isle, Where all things now in peace and plenty smile; Where every Man what Peace and Plenty brings Tasts and enjoys, under the best of Kings. Whilst all the World around disturbed are, With the sad Whirlwind of devouring War. From Wars and Ruines, Mighty Sir, you come, And find us fleeping at our ease at home; We hear the Rumour, but with small Concern, And by Report alone we Troubles learn. Princes, like noted Stars, no Motions make, But every one doth Observation take: Their Progress and their Stations are set down, And all their Deviations are made known; Whilst other Men, like Stars of smaller light, Move un-observ'd, and twinkle out the Night. Let dull Astronomers observe the Stars, And from their Motions predict direful Wars, Fore-tell the Fate of Princes, Fools bewitch With future knowledge, till they're in the Ditch: Whilst Poets Welcomes and lowd Pæans sing, And happy Wishes as their Offerings bring. This Island can't but wish you all that's good, Since you proceed from its own Royal Blood. And the good will of Protestants you gain, For you their Cause with Courage do maintain: So that there feems a fympathy between Our Silver Thames, and your Vine-bearing Rhine. Then welcome, Sir, to our Kings Royal Arms, Who's ready to redress all Europe's harms: Like Orpheus among ravenous bealts he Itands, With his peace-caufing Lute between his hands, On which with skilful Hands he gently plays, And the wild murmuring Rout his Notes obeys. Welcome to all, welcome above the relt, To our great Prince, your dearest Uukles Breast.

He once the Terrible, and now the Good, Amidst our Troubles, still unshaken stood: Like a firm Rock beat on with furious waves, All fortunes storms the Noble Prince out-braves. At home, abroad, what glorious Acts h'as done, Both for the Royal Father and the Son? Beyond your Rhine h'as spread his Conquering Fame, And all Men reverence Ruperts mighty Name. A " ame which like he Sun shall still shine bright, To Foes a Terrour, and to Friends delight. Welcome, great Prince, welcome the Poet fings, To this fair place, the Royal Seat of Kings, Where all things fmile, and every one is bent To give your Highness pleasure and content. At once your Highness may in Windsor see The Images of Peace and War agree; Beauty and strength together Married, shine, The feat of Majesty that seems Divine. The Walls, the Guns, and Troops of Souldiers are The Pictures and the Images of War; But yet you may behold, pleas'd, without doubt, Peace, glorious peace within, and round about: Within, the Court, and all its foft delights; Without, the Swain, now following Ceres Rites; The Fields new shorn, and Barns all fill'd with Grain, And without fear, finging the Merry Swain. Thus shew of War, and real Peace agree, And make betwixt them bleffed Harmonie. Whilst the French Bore doth ravage every where, And with his bloody Tusks gives dread and fear, You find us rock'd in peace and quiet here. To this sweet Land of Peace you're welcome now, And may like Lawrels in your Countries grow, May ours still flourish: for 'tis Peace and Love Makes Earth like Heaven, and Men like Saints above.

C2012

The Loyal Subject's

LITANY.

Rom measuring Devotion with Beads or with Sand,
In a Language or Phrase that we don't understand;
From a Preacher with Reliques or Spoons in his hand,
Libera nos' Domine.

From stripping Religion to avoid the Excesses Of a cumbersom Ruff, and a Collar of SS; From His Holiness, and Their Holinesses,

Libera nos Domine.

From Plot upon Plot, which no Herald admits,
Nor any Man else that is well in his Wits;
From Conscience that comes like an Ague, by Fits,

Libera nos Domine.

From the Pope in One Stick, or the Pope in a Faggot;
From the Catholick Worm, and Schismatical Maggot;
From such as swear round to keep what they ha' got,

Libera nos Domine.

From Penance reformed to a Stool of Repentance;
From a new Inquisition to aid the Tridentines,
And the Savager Courts where the Godly give Sentence,

Libera nos Domine.

From fetting Christ's Vicar to teaze his Vicegerent;
From the Saints in whom the same Sin is inherent,
The best Friends he has, though they seldom appear in't,

Libera nos Domine.

From St. Omers Confult, and a Leyden Cabal,
Inveterate Foes both to Pauls and Whitehall;
From a Plot pro and con, like a Tennis-ball,

Libera nos Domine.

From the Roman Disease, and Geneva Physician; From admitting Prophaneness to purge Superstition; From Raviliack's or Bradshaw's Commission,

Libera nos Domine.

From taking the Covenant, or baulking the Test;
From both the Renouncers when th' are but in jest;
From the Pope's hatching Eggs in a Presbyter's Nest,

Libera nos Domine.

From the Godly Difguises of Cropping and Shaving,
The different Ear-marks of Fooling and Knaving,
Though both can do both for the sake of Soul-saving,

Libera nos Domine.

From a Jesuit transformed to a Sanctified Elder,
And cursing Romes Church to her dear Hans-en-Kelder;
From hugging her Brats, and yet hope w' ave expell'd her,
Libera nos Domine.

From the Mass and the Directory bound in one Volumn;
From the Trent Conventicle, and the Dort What d'e call 'um;
From the Votaries of Saints, & those that Peter 'um & Paul'um,
Libera nos Domine.

From transforming a Cowl to an a-la-mode Jump;
From the Jusuit's Bucket in the Minister's Pump;
From a Representative Monster, that's all over Rump,

Libera nos Domine.

FINIS.

A Free-Parliament-Letany.

To the tune of

Libera nos Domine.

An old Souldier of the Queenes.

More Ballades; -- here's a spick - & - span new Supplication; By Order of a Committee for the Reformation To be read in all Churches, and Chappels of this Nation, Upon pain of Slavery, and Sequestration From Fooles, and Bnaves, in our Ball'ament Free

From those that ha' more Religion, & leffe Conscience, then their fellows: From a Representative, that's fea; full, & fealous; From a frarting Jadish people, that is troubled with the yellows And a Priest that bloms the cole --- (a Turd in the Bellows)

From Shepheards, that leade their Flocks into the Briers; And then, Fleece 'am. ---- From Tow breakers, & Bing tryers : --- Of Church - and Crown-Lands from both Sellers, and Buyers: From the Children of him, that's the Father of Lyars.

From Fooles, & Mnabes, &c.

Sedgewick John a Nokes

*John a Stiles

From Fooles, & Brabes, &c.

From the Doctrine, and Difc.pline of * now, and anon; Preserve us, & our wives: from * John T, & Saint * John Like Mater, like Man, every way but one : The Mafter ha's a large conscience, and the Man, ha's none.

From Foooles, and Enabes, erc.

From Major - General's, - Army - Officers ; and that Phanatique crewe : From the Parboyl'd Pimp Scot; - and from Goodface the Bette: Repulsed by 2 From old Mildmay, that in Cheapside mistook his * Queue *Citizens wife And from him that w'ont Pledge ---- gibe the Debil his Due, From Fooles, & Anabes, &c.

From longwinded speeches, and not a wife word, From a Gospell-Min'try fettled by ih' fword From the Act of a Rump, that flinks whene 'c is firr'd; From a Knight of the Pot, and a Cobbling Lord.

From Fooles. and Enabes, &c.

From all the rich people that ha' made us poore; From a Speaker that creepes to the House by a Backdore: From that Badger Robinson, (that limps, and bites fore :) And that dog in a doublet Arthur, --- that will do fo no more.

Fr.m Fooles, and Brabes, &c.

From a certaine Sly Knave with a beaftly name : From a Parl'ment that's wille, and a people, that's tame: From Shippen, Ditchbouine, Freton, - and another of the Game; From a Danghil Cock, and a Hen of the Same

From Fooles, and knaves, &c. From all those that fare in the High Court of Justice; From Usurpers, that file themselves the Peoples Truftees :

From an old Rump, in which neither Profit por Gult is; And from the recov'ry of that which now in the dust is.

From Fooles, and Bnaves, &c.

From a Buck stiding Saint, that pretends t' Acquicesce ; From croffing of Proverbs (let'um Hang that confesse) From a Sniveling cause, in a Pontificall dreffe : And two * Lawyer's, with the Devill, and his Damm in a meffe. From Hooles, and Busbes, Orc.

From those that trouble the waters, to mend the Fishing ; And fight the Lords' Battels, under th' Devils Commission: Such as eate up the Nation, while the Government's a dishing And from a people when it should be doing, stands wishing. From Fooles, and Braves, &c.

From an eberlatting mock - Parliament; ---- and from none; From Strafford's old freinds; -- Harry, Jack, and John From the Solliciters' Wolfe-Lame, deliver our King's sonne ; And from the Resurrection of the Rump that is bead, and gone. From Fooles, and Braves, &c.

From Forreigne invasion, and Commotions at home; From our present diffraction, and from morfe to come : From the fame band again; Smedymnuns or the Bumme, And from taking Geneba in our way to Rome.

From Fooles, and Braves, &c.

From a Hundred thousand pound Tax, to maintaine Knaves and Whores: (But it is well giv'n, to thefe, that turn'd thefe out of dores) From undoing our selves, in Plastring old fores ? He that fet them aworke, let him pay their scores. From Fooles, and Bnabes, &c.

From Saints, and Tender-Consciences in Buff. From Mounson in a Fome; and Hasterigg in a Hoff; From both men and momen that think they never have enough. And from a Fools Head that looks through a Chaine and a Ruff. From Fooles, and Braves, &c.

From those that would divide the Gen'rall and the City: From Harry Martins Whore, that was neither Sound nor Pretty. From a Faction, that ha's neither Braine, nor Pitty; From the Mercy of a Phanatique Committee.

From Fools, and Anabes, &c.

Preserve us Good Heaven from entrusting those That ha' much to get, and little to Loofe: That Murther'd the Father, and the Son would depofe. (Sure they can't be our Friends, that are their Countrys Fores. From Fools, and Bnabes, &c.

From Bradshams Presumption, and from Hoyle's Despaires, From Rotten Members; blind Guides; Preaching Aldermen; and falle May'rs. From Long Knives, Long Eares, Long Parliaments, and Long Praye're. In mercy to this Nation, ---- Deliver us and our Beirs.

From Fooles, and Bnabes, &c. Libera nos Domine.

A'

H: 231

LETANY

For the NEVV-YEAR, with a Description of the

NEW STATE:

Rom all and more than I have written here I wish you well protected this New year; From Civil war, and fuch uncivil things As ruine Law and Gospel, Priests and Kings; From those who for self-ends would all berray, From fuch new Saints that Pistol when they pray, From flattering Faces with infernal Souls, From new Reformers, such as pull down Pauls, From Linfy-woolfy Lords, from Town betrayers, From Apron-Preachers, and extemp're Prayers, From Pulpit-blasphemy, and bold Rebellion, From Bloud and—fomthings else that I could tel ye on, From new false Teachers which destroy the old, From those that turn the Gospel into Gold, From that black Pack where Clubs are alwaies Trump, From Bodies Politique, and from the Rump, From those that ruine when they should repair, From fuch as cut off Heads instead of Hair, From twelve Months Taxes, and abortive Votes, From chargeable Nurse-Children in red Coats, From fuch as fell their Souls to fave their Sums, From City Charters that make Heads for Drums, From Magistrates which have no truth or knowledge, From the red Students now in Gresham Colledge, From Governments erected by the Rabble, From Sweet Sir Arthurs Knights of the round Table, From City-Saints whose Anagram is Stains, From Plots, and being choak'd with our own Chains, From these, and ten times more which may ensue, The Poet prays, Good Lord deliver you.

Lo here a Glorious Realm subverted stands, Just Tumbler-like upon the Feet and Hands: Once Europes Pride and Envy, now their Scoff, Since the base Entrayles cut the Head on't off The Body lost its form, and's turn'd a Lump. Now all the Lims, are Vassals to the Rump Which, all the Nutriture devour'd and spent, Yields nothing back but stink and excrement, And all returns that ever this doth fend us, Serves only to defile us and offend us; 'Tis by much pampring grown a strange Disease, Which all receives, and gives nor food, nor ease To th' pining Body, but is craving still. And we by feeding it our selves do kill: Which nothing lives by that has any worth, But thosebase vermin, which its stink brought forth. If every Member in this Body would Withdraw its strength, and influence, as they should, This nasty Highness quickly must abate. And yield to th' Head, which only faves the State.

COMMENTATION

On the late wonderful Discovery

OFTHE

New Popish P L O T,

Being the Jesuites Diabolick. Device to Inveagle the Son to betray the Father.

N spite of Fate, the Jesuite like the Devil To the Worlds end must kill bedoing Evil: Plotting his Nature is, and he doth think To mischief Hereticks, is meat and drink. Tho God his Vengeance on their plots hath shown And by his mighty Hand has them or'e thrown, They still against all Mercy shut their Eyes, And will new Milcheif, and new plots devile. What is it that these Devils doe not dare To A&; for God nor Nature doe they Care, True Labourers, unweariable kill, In plotting mischeif, and in doeing ill. Whence Comes their plots, Canany mortal tell? If not from the Divar that's held in Hell, Wkole black refults are by evil spirits lent To th' Jesuites, the Devils Instrument; Who with much pleasure and industry go To Act the mischief they had hatch'd below. Tho their She Champion had but ill suecess, And had a devilish iqueeze got in the press Tho she who midwifes Trade well understood Miscarried with her bladders Cram'd with blood, Yet they, like Antheus who new strength still found, Each time that He was flung unto the Ground, For all these falls, new Life and strength do gather, And plot to make the fon betray his Father Thus a gainst Nature they dare make their way And urge a Son his Father to betray, Thus for the Cause to Such Extreams they run To hang the Innoent Father by the Son. Horrid! if this Jesuites Religion be I still will put it in my Letanie From Such Religion Lord deliver me. The first true plot, still sticks within their Maw, Which they with all their Artsoff ne'r will Claw, Tho fince that time they Kept so fowl a stir, And thought to fling it on the Presbyter, Tho God their Arts to planely did Confound When Waller did the Mealtubs bottom found. A new plot now from Hell it self they sprung,

To lay the old on Dr. Oates and Tongue; And the poor son is made an Instrument, To Swear the Father did the plot Invent. To fend the Son they to the devil ment, God touch'd his Heart and made him to Repent, And on a Suddain Cut their wedof Sin, And turn'd them loofe Some more strange Plots to spin Ere it be long we shall more plainly See Who these damn'd Machigilian Plotters be, Not Priest or sesuites all, I am afraid, Some lay men will be found in Masquerade: who rather then their Arts shall not prevail, Will stoop to wipe clean madam Celliers Tail And at the same time against Baxter rail. Never fince fish our happy Reformation Did Pope or Jesuite So bestride our Nation, They hop'b by th' English Fleeces to grow Rich Finding the theep had got a Popish Itch, Bitwe yet hope, the aproaching Parliament Will find some way th' Infection to prevent, That this Disease so very lately bred, May now among the Flock no farther Spread, But Father Pope and his industrious Tools who are no dreaming or unthinking Fools; With Wondrous Industy, and Pollitick Care-Forelee, and 'gainst the Evil would prepare A new full Mission to their priests they grant, With to' Each a promise he shall be a saint, Who swarming here like Ghosts our Cities haunt Where privatly in several shapes they lurk, Doeing their Father Pope and devils work' More dreadfull to us then either Jew or Turk' But our wise Prince, whom they would fain remove, Has to the Nation shew'd his Care, and love In's royall Edicts, and his strict Command, To keep luch dangerous Vermine from the Land. Ah happy England happy thou wilt be, When we no populh Priest in Thee can See, And the Reformed all as one agree.

Bacchinalia Cœlestia

APOEM

IN PRAISE OF

PUNCH:

Compos'd by the GODS and GODDESSES in Cabal.

Where Ambrosia with exquisite sauces was drest:
The Edibles did with their qualities suit;
But what they did drink, did occasion dispute.
Twas time that Old Nectar should grow out of fashion,
A Liquor they drank long before the Creation.
When the Sky-coloured Cloth was drawn from the Board,
For the Christalline Bowl great Jove gave the Word.
This was a Bowl of most heavenly size,
In which Infant-Gods they did use to baptize.

Quoth 900E, we're inform'd they drink Punch upon Earth, By which Mortal Wights out-do us in Mirth; Therefore our Godheads together let's lay, 'And endeavour to make it much stronger than they. Twas spoke like a God, Fill the Bowl to the Top, He's cashier'd from the Sky that leaves but a Drop.

APOLLO dispatch't away one of his Lasses, Who fill'd us a Pitcher from th' Well of Parnassus. To Poets new born, this Water is brought; And this they suck in for th'ir Mornings draught.

The Sun and the Moon we find have Eclipses;
The Sun and the Moon we find have Eclipses;
Those Lemons were called the Hesperian-fruit,
When Vigilant Dragon was set to look to't.
Three dozen of these were squeez'd into Water;
The rest of the Ingredients in order came after.

VENUS, the Admirer of things that are sweet; Without her insussion there had been no Treat;

Commanded her Sugar-Loafs, white as her Doves; Supported to th' Table by a brace of young Loves. So wonderful curious these Deities were, The Sugar they strain'd through a Sieve of thin Air-

BACCHUS gave notice by dangling a Bunch, That without his affistance there could be no Punch. What was meant by his sign, was very well known; For they threw in a Gallon of trusty Langoon.

MARS, a blunt God, though chief of the Briskers; Was seated at Table, still twirling his Whiskers; Quoth he, sellow-Gods and Coelestial Gallants; I'd not give a fart for your Punch without Nants: Therefore Boy Ganymed I do command ye To put in at least two Gallons of Brandy.

SATURN, of all the Gods was the oldest, And we may imagine his stomach was coldest; Did out of his Pouch three Nutmegs produce; Which when they were grated, were put to the Juyce.

NEPTUNE this Ocean of Liquor did Crown With a hard Sea-Bisket well bak'd in the Sun. This Bowl being finish'd, a Health was began; Quoth Jove, let it be to our Creature call'd Man.

'Tis to him alone these pleasures we owe, For Heaven was never true Heav'n till now.

> Since the Gods and poor Mortals thus do agree, Here's a Health unto CHARLES His Majesty.

> > FINIS.

EXECUTTION

Miscount STAFFDRD

I.

SHall every Jack and every Jill,

That rides in State up Holborn-Hill

By aid of Smithfield Rhymes defie

The Malice of Mortality?

And shall Lord Stafford dye forgot?

He that would needs be such a Sot,

To dye for love of a damn'd Plot?

No, Viscount, no; beleive it not,

Diana's Temple, all in flame,
Advanc'd th' Incendiaries Name;
Rustians, and Bauds, and Whores, and Theives,
In Ballad Records live new lives,
And shall a Lord because a Traytor,
In such an Age so given to flatter,
Want that which others, Saints to him,
Nere want to same them. Words and Rhime.

Oh Sir, the Papishes, you know
Have much more gratitude then so;
For this same Lord that brake the Laws
Of God and Man, to serve their Cause,
Shall live in Prayers, and Almanacks
Beyond what Ballad-Monger make;
And some years hence, you'l see, shall work
Such Miracles, would turn a Turk.

Blest is that Man that has a Box
To save the Sawdust in, that sokes
His tainted Blood, or can be smeare
One corner of his Muckinder;
Oh! then, some Ages hence they'l cry
Lo, Stafford's blood, and shed for why?
For noting but because he sought
To kill his Prince, and sham the Plot.

Now they that dye for crimes like these,
The Papists send to Heaven with ease.
For they secure 'em safe from Hell,
Which once beleiv'd, the rest is well.
A strange beleif, that Men should think
That were not drunk with worse then
That such Rewards as Deifying, (Drink;
By Treason should begain'd and Lying!

The Man that for Religion dyes
Has nothing more before his Eyes,
But he that dyes a Criminal
Dyes with a load, and none can call
Religion that which makes him dream
Obduracy can hide his shame.

The Pope may do what he conjectures
As to the business of his Pictures,
The Colours nere can hide the Crimes,
Stories will read to after Times.
And twill be found 'the Hangmans hands,
Will strangely blur the Pope's commands.
VIII.

Had he but shewed some christmas Gambles,
And Headless took St Denis Rambles,
The Plot had been a damnable thing,
And down had gon the Scaffolding,

But cause his Lordship this forgot, Men still beleive there is a Plot.

Where was St. Dominic, a sleep?
Where did St Frank, his Kennel keep?
That on a business so emergen,
They did not briskly te ze the Virgin?
To let his Lordship play a Prank

But they that Heaven and Earth command,
You see sometimes they'r at a stand;
For rruth to tell ye, should the Saints,
Be bound to hear all fool's complaints;
Their lives would be as voyd of mirth
In Heaven, as formerly on Earth.

Her Grace becoming, and his Rank?

Now Ballad-wise before he's dead,
To tell ye what the Sufferer said;
He both desended, and gain-said,
Held up his hands and cry'd and pray'd
And swore he nere was in the Plot,
No, by his Vicountship, God wot.

Come come, Sir, had it not been better

To have dy'd to death common debter?

And that upon your lasting Stone,

This Character had been alone?

Here lyes a very Honest Lord,

True to his King, true to his word.

But those, of your Religion,
Are now a days so damn'd high flown,
You think that nothing makes a Saint
But Plot resin'd, and Treason Quaint;
And Heaven accepts no Offerings,
But ruin'd Kingdoms, murdered Kings.

Now you that knew who were his Judges,
Who found him Guilty without grudges,
Who gave him over to the Block,
And how he sham'd to save the stroak,
If you believe the speech he made ye,
L'strange, and Payton's shame degrade ye

They us'd all Arts that could cajole,
You may be sure, his silly Soul;
And were those promises perform'd,
With which his conscience they had charm'd,
Who would betray a cursed Plot,
To be when dead, the Lord knows what?

But if those jolly Promises
Do send thee into little ease,
As certainly they must undo thee,
What ever Fools and Knaves said to thee;
Then Phlegens-like in Hell condole,
And curse them that betray'd thy Soul:
XVII.

Now God preserve our Noble King,
And b'es all them that thus did bring.
Unto the Block that silly Head,
That car'd not what it did or said.
And all good Men may Heaven defend,
From such a vile untimely End.

ADVICE to the PAINTER,

From a Satyrical Night-MUSE,

FOR

Limning to the Life the Witnesses

Against the Right Honourable,

Anthony, Earl of Shaftsbury.

AINTER, Draw near, Draw here the leering Look, I Of th' By-got Blood-hounds when they Swore on th' Licking their Lips, and Tantalizing for More NobleBlood than was th' poorJoynersGore: Limn to the Life, how look'd that Breathing Devil (Who Damn'd the Gospel for the grandest Evil) When Sworn upon 't, and th' fame Blasphemous Tool, Would prove, THAT God (by whom he Swore) a Fool: He'd need to Think so, and God's Book a Fable, As did the POPE (his Father) Curs'dly Babble; Least th' Book should Curse Him, and God prove so VVise As to Repay with VV rath his Perjuries: Next, Limn that Frontless Blade, who Boldly said, That Hyde, and Hallifax, would see Him paid Nobly, that Durst this Noble EARL Traduce With TREASON Home, as if th' Old Say, in Use, From Hell, Hull, Hallifax, He would turn Thus, From Hell, Hyde, Hallifax, Deliver us : Surely, those Noble Lords will Vindicate Their Honours, from his Slanders sublimate: PAINTER, go on, shew Thy Dexterity In Limning th' Rest of that Rascality: Those Sons of Beli-al, Knights of the Post, Incarnate Dev'ls, Fesabels Suborned Host, Against our Naboth; To remove that Rub, Which stops their Running Bowls, their VVits they Club, Charging this Loyal Lord with Blasphemy 'Gainit God and King, Treason and Treachery: PAINT, All those Miscreants, as Belching out (From their Black Slabering Mouth, and Snotty Snout) Their Thunder-Thumping Lyes, and Oaths fo sharp As would shout through a Marble VVall, Had th' Harp And th' Harrow Hang'd (their Diom) together Better They'd peirc'd our PEER, for VVords as well as Letter. Paint them with Pockets large, well lin'd with Gold, (The price of Innocents Blood, Bought and Sold) Which with its Splendour Dazles Eyes, and which Meer Mercenary Mortals doth Bewitch: If but one ANGEL could make Balaams Affe Speak, then what may not Many bring to pass? Yea, goodly GUINNYS, Double Angels All And more than fo, able to Conjure small, Yea, and Great Devils up, make ASSES Speak, And Swear, fo far as th' Devils Arfe in Peak: As Beelzebuh; that Prince of Flies, them Fly-blows, Which makes men think, they're all the Devils By-blows. ONE Swears this EARL aim'd to Depose the King, And Inthrone Buckingham, a likely Thing! Another Swears, This Earl would Crown Himfelf, Yet ALL Depos'd, He's for a COMMON-WEALTH: Lo, th' Inconsistency of th' Evidence, Both with it Self, with Truth and Common Sense, Like the False VVitnesses against our Lord, VVhich could not with Themselves, nor Truth accord. Confounded Thus, those Babel-builders be, Their Testimonies plainly Disagree:

If He design'd to set up Buckingham, Then to Inthrone himself must be a Sham; For a Republick if he did purfue, Then neitheir of the former can hold True: Right Babels-Irais, whose Tongues divided are, VVhose Legs, as well as Language Interfare: Thus far their Impudence boldly bore-up, Mark Painter here, what 'twas that made them floop, A London Jury's (not like lezreel, VV hich found the Bill through haughty Fezabel 'Gainst Faultless Naboth) Cross-Int'rogatories, Confound those Pests in their Repugnant Stories. This VVealthy, VVise, Sagacious JURY well VVeigh'd every Circumstance. They could not sell The Life of such a Peerless PEER at th' Rate Of shabby Shams of Mercenary Fate: Improbable and Contradicting Things O'rerules them, and the IGNORAMUS brings; VV hich was Received with most loud Acclamations Though Lying Thompson calls them Sibilations: Painter, Draw here the Eel-pye, that ('tis faid) Those VVitnesses at Fountain Favern had Sent them, wherein eight Ropes wrap'd up like Eels VVere ready there both for their Necks and Heels: A fit Collation for those Rogues in Grain, VVho Durst th' Escutcheon of this Earl so stain. Draw next, the Court's broke up, and th' Evidence VVould Sneak away without the People's Senfe, Had they not fear'd a Shower of Stones would brain them, But th' Gallows claims its Right, th' Sheriff must Man them, Coaches those Beafts, while he did more than's Due, Lacqueys this Damn d (his Coach-defiling) Crue, Conveys them to th' Savoy their Sanctuary,! VVhere their strong Guard's the Red-Coat Soldiery: There must we leave them Lodg'd, till Tyburn take them, VVith its Tippets, if Gods Grace dostill forsake them. Then turn thy Table Painter, take in time, Thy liveliest Colours, thy Vermilion prime; Be brisk to Limn to th' Life this Lords Enlargment, After so many Months of 's Tower Confinement: VVere th' Bells and Bonfires his Congratulation, VVith Shouts at th' IGNOR AMUS Declaration: VVhat more would have been for his Welcome Home, Had not preventing Prudence Timely come: Disdaining to be Popular, He'l not offend The Court, or Countrey, neither Foe nor Friend: He hath enough, that hath but Mens affections, VVithout their Bells, Bonfires and Acclamations: These are but Complemental Things (the Heart is all To God and Men) and to great Minds but small: Shew, How this Peer is Handed to His House VVhence th'Villains Swore Him, and his Neck to th'Noofe: Once more God brings him off, to 's Habitation, God make him more to fave both King and Nation; Gain the Kings Favour, and Advance His Crown Sit at His Helm, a Pilot of Renown.

CONGRATULATION

To the Right Honourable,

Anthony, Earl of Shaftsbury:

Upon the Disappointment of his, the King and Kingdoms Enemies, By the Loyal Grand Jurie's Finding the Bill against him IGNOR AMUS.

In a short POEM.

IR, as I in a Melancholly Mood, Upon the Bank of our Fam'd River, flood, Seeing the Wherries passing too and fro, And marking how the Tides did Ebb and Flow; How flowing high, the Waters wash't the Wall Of our Dread Sovereigns Royal Court, White-Hall: How, when they Ebb'd and left the Kingly House, They naked left the Strand, the Mud and Ouse; What pains men took who Row'd against the Tide, How eafily the Boats did with it glide. Methought I saw within this Wat'ry Glass, The Image of our Times oft-Changing Face, Which did my Melancholy Thoughts relieve, And that Times Tide would turn, some Hopes did give. My Lord, The World and I do fee it now, The swelling Tide begins to turn with You; The God who flowing Waters doth Command, Sets them a Period, and then bids them Stand, Doth with his Power the Tydes of Malice bound, Lest men with Waters or with Rage be Drown'd. Your Foes, whose Rage but now swell'd to the Brink, With Shame return, discovering as they fink, The Filthy Bottom and the Stinking Mud That lay unfeen under the Rolling Flood. What Horrid Arts do Politicians use? For Int'rest Law and Gospel will abuse; How they can Traytors Hug, and Villains Love, When Malice would some Obitacle remove! They care not if their Instruments be Damn'd, The King, and all the World besides, be Shamm'd, When their Defign to bring about they hope, A Popilh Successor, with him a Pope, For you my Lord they'd laid a desperate Snare, With Malice, Wicked Industry and Care; With Cunning Arts of a Soul-Damning Sin, They thought they for your Lite had laid their Gin, Their Trap's Discover'd, and themselves fall in. Fools not to know, there can be no Defence Against a Righteous God and Innocence. But Sir, they aim'd not at your Life alone, More must have fallen when that you were gone, They'd first remove the Nations Prop and Stay, Then take Religion and our Laws away; Bring in the Pope and Arbitrary Sway. But God look't down and faw the deep Defign, And by Good Angels broke their Snares like twine: A Jury which upon Record shall stand, As worthy Patriots who had fav'd their Land; Who by falle Oaths would never be Trapann'd. O! Let their Names for e'r Recorded be, And let them thine bright to Pollerity: for Precedents hereafter they'l be shown, For Wildom and their upright Justice known, A long time after we are dead and gone. Who by your fall alone did think to Tame us. Will Curie, Damn and cry out on IGNORAMUS.

I et their black Mouths be with damn'd Curses fill'd, And let them fill on false I oundations Build; Let them with Eallads, and with Pamphlets fill The Town, e're they reach You, your Fame to Kill; Let them with their Poetick Malice swell, Falfly apply the Story, known so well, Of ablalem, and of Achitophel; You need not care, for Heav'n has turned the Tyde, And he himself appeared on your fide: For which, I fear, some Wretch, whose Mouth is bigg With Blaiphemy, will boldly call him WHIGG; And if it were within their impious Power, Swear him from Heav'n, and hold him in the TOWER. All that with you, do for Religion stand, VVho wish that Peace, may still flow in this Land, VVho truly I ove the King, and Government, Tho' they fland up for Rights of PARLIAMENT. VVho spawn no PLOTS, whom no Affronts can move, VVho tho' much urg'd, will never Rebels prove, VVho do no Loyalty or Duty want, And every true unbias'd PROTESTANT, Have by the Factious Scriblers of the Times, Been still accus'd of Black and Traytrous Crimes; And if a Man speak Sence, or Law, or Reason, They call him VVhigg, and to his Charge lay TREASON. Methinks the Factious now their Tricks should cease, VVho by all ways, strive to disturb our Peace, Tho' 'tis in Vain, and they discover'd have been, Yet will they try their old Shams o're agen; Almighty Mony, Justice doth invade, And PERJURY becomes a gainful Trade: They I cose their End, and can't the people move, VVho Love the KING, and will not Rebels prove, They hop'd you Loyal, and did it believe, The Pope's Masqu'd Creatures, could not all deceive :> That you are Lov'd, you now may well perceive, So many Joyful Fires, shew'd their Content, That you have Loyal prov'd and Innocent, For which great Sir, great in your Vertue now, All Loyal Hearts with Me, rejoyce for You, And if you could converse them, You would find In these sew Lines, the numerous Loyal's Mind. They Love You only, because You prove good, And that your Loyalty they understood: Therefore all those who Mourn'd the Doleful Fate, Do your Deliverance now Congratulate, I inding you a Sound Member of the State. And may the King to 's Favour you restore, And's Royal Beams upon you Shine once more, May Envy fly, your Enemies be Sham'd. And no more PLOTS of State be ever fram'd; May CHARLES long Reign with Glory and Renown, Feace and Religion our Blest Nation Crown, That we once more may see those Days again VVhen CHARLES reftor'd, first over us did Reign. FINIS.



ANELEGY

Upon the Death of

Mr. WILLIAM LILLY

The Astrologer.

UR Prophet's gone: No longer may our Ears Be charm'd with Musick of th' harmonious Spheres. Let Sun and Moon withdraw, leave gloomy Night To shew their Nuncio's Fate, who gave more Light To th' erring World, than all the feeble Rays Of Sun or Moon; taught us to know those Days Bright Titan makes; followed the hafty Sun Through all his Circuits, knew the unconstant Moon, And more unconstant Ebbings of the Flood, And what is most uncertain, th' factious Brood, Flowing in civil Broils; by th' Heavens could date The Flux and Reflux of our dubious State. He faw th' Eclipse of Sun, and change of Moon: He faw, but feeing would not shun his own. Eclips'd he was, that he might shine more bright, And only chang'd to give a fuller Light. He having view'd the Sky, and glorious Train Of gilded Stars, fcorn'd longer to remain In earthly Prisons. Could he a Village love, Whom the twelve Houses waited for above? The grateful Stars a heavenly Mansion gave T' his heavenly Soul, nor could he be a Slave To mortal Paffions, whose immortal Mind, Whilst here on Earth, was not to Earth confin'd. He must be gone: The Stars had so decreed, As he of them, so they of him had need. This Message 'twas the blazing Comet brought, I saw the palefac'd Star, and seeing thought (For we could guess; but only Lilly know); It did some glorious Hero's Fall foreshow.

A Hero's faln, whose death more than a War Or Fire, deserv'd a Comet. Th' obsequious Stars Could do no less than his sad Fate unfold, Who had their Rifings, and their Settings told. Some thought a Plague, and some a Pamine near, Some Wars from France, some Fires at home did fear. Nor did they fear too much, scarce kinder Fate. But Plague of Plagues befell th' unhappy State, When Lilly dy'd. Now Swords may fafely come From France or Rome, Fanaticks plot at home; Now an unfeen and unexpected Hand, By guidance of ill Stars, may hurt our Land. Unfafe, because Secure, there's none to show How England may avert the fatal Blow. He's dead, whose Death the weeping Clouds deplore: I wish we did not ow to him that Shower, Which long expected was, and might have still Expected been, had not our Nation's ill Drawn from the Heavens a Sympathetick Tear. England hath cause a second Drought to fear; We have no fecond Lilly, who may die, And by his Death may make the Heavens cry. Then let your Annals, Coley, want this day, Think every Year, Leap-Year, or if't must stay, Cloath it in Black, let a fad Note stand by, And stigmatize it to Posterity.

FINIS.

MERLIN Revived: 45

An Old PROPHECY Found in a Manuscript in Pontefract Castle in York-shire.

Hen MDC shall joyn with L, In England things will MDCL.—1650. In England things will not go well; A Body shall without an Head, Make all the Neighbouring Nations dread. The Lyon's Whelps shall banish'd be, And feek their prey beyond the Sea.

MDCLX.— But when that X the rest shall joyn, Restor'd shall be the Royal Line: Through England joy shall flow amain, To see the Lyon's Whelps again.

MDCLXVI.—1666.

M joyn'd to th' number of the Beast, Let London then beware the Priest; Ignatius Brood disguis'd shall burn The City, and it to Ashes turn: Then some shall weep, others admire, To see the Vengeance of the Fire.

MDCLXXX.—1680. E're time two X's more doth add, Things will in England grow but bad: Those who before were well content, Shall moan their folly, and repent: A Man of Cole shall Plots design, And with the Jesuits Brood shall joyn; But the effect they ne're shall see,

But die upon a Triple-Tree. When Janock and the Truckle-Couch, With Horse-pride shall the same things vouch, And when the Valley of the Breaft, Shall help to witness with the rest, Then Hellish Plots shall be made known, And th' Arts of wicked Rome be shown.

The Son of Jane shall first relate, The Lyes that dying men create: An Officer to tell his Tale,

In Wooden House shall hither sail: Through Loop-hole shall a Lawyer look, And Vulcan's Son shall write a Book: A Willow to a Field ihall change,

And shew things Dangerous and strange, Then shall a Price be strongly prest, To buy the Valley of the Breast:

And Mother-Midnight shall declare, She for Religion will make War.

Janock shall go night to be slain, And Knockt down in a dirty Lane: But Janock shall escape at last, And fee the dangers he had past. Superstition shall have a fall, It's Trinkets hung out on a Wall: The Whore of Babylon's Attire, Shall by the Wall be burnt i'th' Fire. The Lyon to the North shall go, And the Lov'd Knight himself shall shew: Great Joy his fight to some shall bring, Yet some shall mourn, whilest others sing; In every place great stir shall be, Members and Head shall disagree: The Sun Eclipsed from our fight, Shall give a weak and fickly light; The Moon shall be bestain'd with Blood, And Venus by the Sun be trod; Then from these three there shall arise, A Haming Meteor in the Skies, Which shall to England threat much woe, And down the Miter overthrow.

MDCLXXXII.-E're to the Letters writ before, Time shall have added two I's more, Two Ps shall rise and shall contend, And for the Crown their Force shall bend; A Senate then shall end the strife, And Atropos shall cut a Life: Rome then from England fast shall fly, And Laws shall long imprison'd try: Under the Ax great men shall bleed, And others shall at last be freed. The Church and Crown shall flourish then, And happy Peace restor'd agen. The Flower de-luce shall lose a Stem, And the Old Eagle loud shall scream: The Half Moon shall Victorious grow, And trample on a Northern Foe: The Orange shall begin to bear, Then Hogen to your felves beware: A Triple-League shall then be made, And Rome of England be afraid: And he who lives till Eighty Three, All this to come to pass shall see.

To the READER.

Though at the first View this Prophecy may seem to be an Invention of a late date, and not Written till time did Interpret it; yet upon strict search and Inquiry into the reality thereof, we have sound convincing Evidence that it was certainly written many years before it came to pass; which for your satisfaction we shall briefly give an account of. The Widdow of an eminent Doctor of Physick, now living at Guilford in Surrey, hath affirmed to several Persons of good Credit and Repute, that her Father when he was a Student in Oxford, had a Copy of this Prophecy in his Study; which by an exact Computation of Time, appears to be full Threescore years since: Likewise upon occasion of a Discourse concerning the late Comet at a Costee-house in Guilford, a Gentleman now dwelling there, said, he had a Paper in his house ten years past, which he Judged of some concernment, and at the request of some present, went and fetched this Prophecy, and read it to them. Further, there are several persons at Reading in Berk-shire, who justisse, that they had the Copy thereof above seven years past: Some others also at Neroberry affirm the same; and a Gentleman at Battersea says he had this very Prophecy seven years ago: A Minister in London likewise gives an Account that he hath seen a Copy of it several years since: Lastly a Person of Quality, one Sir R. B. Kt. of known Reputation in and about this City assures us, that as near as he can remember he hath seen a Prophecy exactly like this Copy above twenty years ago; So that we would desire the Reader to believe that there is no design of imposing on his Judgment; but since this was certainly givent out so many years since, we may judge the Person was influenced by some extraordinary Power, and that what is yet unsuffilled ought not to be disregarded.

LONDON; Printed for S. S. 1681. LONDON, Printed for S. S. 1681.

APOEM

Dedicated to the Lasting Honour of the Pious and Reverend Divine

M'RICHARD BAXTER.

Richard Baxter Hath God Made A Glorious Light To Guide Our Steps In This Apostate Night, With Grace, With Gifts, With Courage Hath God Bles'd Him To Conduct The Church To Canaan's Rest.

R Egardles Age! could England's pur-blind Sence
I magine that Eternal Providence
C reateth Wonders still, as formerly
H e wrought for Israel's sake, We all should Spy
An ANG EL Brandishing a Gospel-Word,
R esolving (by That only powerfull Sword,)
D eliverance to the Churches to afford.

B rought out We have been from Egyptian Yoke
A lthough not free'd from fear of Amalek's Stroke.
X erxes (that Eastern Terrour) did not fright
T be Grecians, as the Lall' Sanzummims Sight
E nlarg'd our fear, had not Almighty Pow'r
R ais'dup AJOSHUA in This needful Hour.

Ow Many tedious Years have We abode And weari'd Steps in pathless Defart trod, T rav'lling from Stage to Stage, and Round about H emm'd in between the Mounts of Fear and Doubt? G reat hath Our longing Expectation been Of keeping Jubilees, not Wand'ring (in Distrust) so long, in Wilderness of Sin; M urmuring although Our Waters have been fweet And Loathing Manna, as not fit to eat. D rawn up we have been into numerous Forms, E ndless Contentions, whilest approaching Scorms (Arm'd with the face of Vengeance) raise our fears Gather round Our Tents, and hollow in our ears Loud Ecchoing Sounds (a'as!) do scarce Awake O ur Charmed Minds, or prompts us (yet) to make R eligion our great Work: we only Croud In New Opinions, under which we shroud Our Hearts; Remaining still as Vain: as Proud: Uncharitable: Whisperers of Lyes; S elfish, and Covetous; under This Disguise, L ord! What a mighty Puther hath been rais'd In Babylon? The Church hath stood Amaz'd; Greedy in Expectation of some B ht Holy, (most Humble) Soul-Rev. ving Light To chase Away these Shades of Winter-Night.

Hese many Years, we all have gon a Round O're Hills and Dales, (Led by uncertain Sound;) Giddy with knowledge we have long been made Unstable, fince the Pulpit grew a Trade; Into the Ditch, (like Lost-Sheep) have we Stray'd;)
D efiled filthily hath our Fleece been, Each Broad-Sleeve of Our (Starch'd Profession, in O pprobrious pickle! yet we buffet all (Unchristian-like,) who but Lament our Fall, Revile (yea Perfecute) and Nick-names call. Such are but Basham's Rams-Horns Batt'ring down The Church, (not Feriche, or Triple-Crown.) E ach conscientious Shepherd passing by Points at Our Engine of Divinity! S ighs much to see Our great Apostacy. In This Degenerate Age Religion stands N eglected [like Old Monuments] with hands Though Lifted Up, yet broke: with batt'red face Half gon: (An Object rather of Difgrace;) Just like King David's men, with Beards half-shorn S tands True-Religion, made a Publique Scorn. A postate Age! how are We swerved from P ure Christianity? Upbraid not Rome Or think That only, the Apostate See, S ince Many Antichrists with us there be; T hey (Spiritual) Babel founded deep in blood, And We, Those Ruins, plaister up with Mud; [Trimm'd Notions: Schism: and a blind Mill-horse Track:] E re since a Crape Profession cloath'd our back. Narrowbut Plain, is Canaan's bleffed Rode In which the Primitive Christians safely trod; G reat talks of New-Light spread; And since our hope Hung down its head, We yearly Burn the Pope; [That Flame Lights well to See how much we Grope.]

Hilest Crouding in a sad confused Rout

(In which true Piety is justled Out.)

The Lord of Hosts (his Kingdom to Increase)

Hath sent us His Embassador of Peace.

Grace into him is poured, to Instruct

Rash Zeal, and mired Steps for to Conduct

A riche in Paths of Truth, Peace, Amity. A right, in Paths of Truth, Peace, Amity, C ompassion: (Christian-like Conformity.) Erecting A HOLY TEMPLE [Wherein dwells Wisdom, with Pure Religion, which excells In Meekness] Pav'd with Love: A shame to Those T hat Hammer forth, with loud (Canonic) Blows Hideous Shapes, which Harden (but not Molifie) G azers on their (Gorgon like) Divinity! Imbroydered all Throughout with Saving Grace F lourishing the Banner of Triumphant Peace, This Fomous WORTHIE stands, whose Gifts and Parts, (S hining in Lowliness) steals all our Hearts. W isdom, Experience, Conduct, Courage too I s found in Him, to leade us safely through This Houling Defact, where the Wolvish found Hurries the Flat, and their foft ear doth wound. Confirming Fairh and Patiene; strengthning Love Opposing Errours, and 'ebates, which move U nruly Passions, and gender Strife, R ending Divisions, 1 est Religious Life A bateth, and its hio en (Vital part) Gives up the Ghost, as Stabbed at the Heart. England's Commissioner for i care, is He Heavens bleffed Harbinger: Ordain'd to be A Sanctuary to the Church of God, T hat hath been Scourg'd with Plague and Flaming Rod. Hath been Benighted and in Will nefs, Grov'ling a long time (as alimust confess :) O're cast with Egypts Darkness, and in Wiles Devis'd by Satan (who mankind beguiles) Beleagur'd Round; infich a Lab'rinth, where L eviathan's hoarfe Sounds, Awake our fear. E ternal GOD! When Thy Church was Dejected S ingl'd out for Slaughter, Thou didst then protect it: S ending as fuch a Light as few expected; Dear God: Thy Praise shall never be neglected.

I Kin. 6. 7.

Ark! (hark again!) methinks we hear the sweet I namouring Sound of His fo glorious Feet, (Moving o're Mountains) who Glad Tydings brings To Every Sinner, from the King of kings. Of Universal Grace for All Mankind, Conveigh'd To All, who are Resolved in mind) O bliging to some Law, the Heathen World N igh lost, through willful Unbelief, and hurl'd Downheadlong into fuch a difinl Vale (Un'wares) where Darkness did so much prevail, (C infusion also) [till This Glorious Light Thrust forth Its Conquering Rays, and scatter'd Night. T' he Militant Church is Happy in This Guide, Her footsteps to Direct, that none may slide; E stablishing Her Knowledge: and Her Love; (Conformity so like to GOD above.) H is vital Substance few aright Descry Unften It must be , when Our Dazled Eye, R epells That Sun-Shine of Divinity! Comfort our selves we do (for all) to think H is Beams make Day, the Glittering through the Chink. 'T is very strange that in a Crazed Shell Of bone and skin, fuch Sanctity doth dwell! Crowning Religion with fuch Conversation As makes Him a Great Bleffing to Our Nation (N or'thstarding many Proud mens Emulation. All after Ages shall, of Him, Relate And Praises to JEHOVAH Consecrate, Nation shall unto Nation, This Great Act Sound forth, in hearts of Harmony Compact; R ecording evermore THY worthy Fame E ternizing the Glory of the fame; S aints All, with Angels also, shall proclaim THY GREAT SALVATION! when we BAXTER name

Protestants Petition against Popery, &c.

Rom fawing the Crown 'twixt Phanaticks and Fryars; From Whitehall Scaffolds, and Smithfield Fires; From the Jesuits Morals, outdone by the Tryers, Libera nos Domine.

From every Religion which Treason allows; From the Geneva Stiffness, and the Roman Bows; From affronting of God, or adoring of Shows,

Libera nos Domine.

From flicing the Pope into Presbyter John, More fawcy in Confort than he is alone; From a Legion of Devils to extirpate one,

Libera nos Domine.

From fermenting the Rout with Chimærical Fears; From buying with Blood, and enjoying with Tears, A Liberty copied by that of Argiers,

Libera nos Domine.

From being twice chous'd with the fame fort of Cant; From defending the King by Scotch Covenant; From Reforming the Church till we leave nothing on't, Libera nos Domine.

From a bifronted Conscience, like the Sign of an Ale-house, That faces the Church, and outlaces the Gallows, With one fide stark raw, and the other fide callous,

Liberanos Domine.

From a Supreme Vicar to shackle the King; From a long round Senate, which means the fame thing; From a Monk without, and a Devil within,

Libera nos Domine.

From advancing God's Church by fuch Sins as wou'd fright ye, From lifting of Rebels to aid the Almighty. From taking of Ratsbane for Elixir Vita,

Libera nos Domine.

From the Popula Rage, and the Popular Fret, Which with Brotherly Malice their Sov'reign befet; From rescinding Bull, and reforming Bullet,

Libera nos Domine.

From the Lords in the Tower, and the Lords that are out; From affaulting the King by Dagger or Vote; From our Ruine Point blank, or Nine Mile about,

Libera nos Domine.

From the Dark-Lanthorn Plot, and the Green-Ribbon Club; From brewing Sedition in a Sanctified Tub; From reforming a Prince by the Model of Job,

Libera nos Domine.

From the National Wealth by a Junto possest, By cajolling of one half, and plundering the reft; From the Commonwealths Arms with his Holines's Crest, Libera nos Domine.

The SECOND PART.

Rom measuring Devotion with Beads, or with Sand, In a Language or Phrase that we don't understand; From a Preacher with Reliques or Spoons in his Hand, Libera nos Domine.

From stripping Religion to avoid the Excesses Of a cumbersom Ruff, and a Collar of SS; From His Holiness, and Their Holinesses,

Libera nos Domine.

From Plot upon Plot, which no Herald admirs, Nor any Man else that is well in his Wits; From Conscience that comes like an Ague, by Fits,

Libera nos Domine.

From the Pope in One Stick, or the Pope in a Faggot; From the Catholick Worm, and Schismatical Maggot; From such as swear round to keep what they ha' got,

Libera nos Domine.

From Penance reformed to a Stool of Repentance; From a new Inquisition to aid the Tridentines, And the Savager Courts where the Godly give Sentence Libera nos Domine.

From fetting Christ's Vicar to teaze his Vicegerent: From the Saints in whom the same Sin is inherent, The best Friends he has, though they seldom appear in't, Libera nos Domine.

From St. Omers Confult, and a Leyden Cabal, Inveterate Foes both to Pauls and Whitehal; From a Plot pro and con, like a Tennis-ball,

Libera nos Domine.

From the Roman Difease, and Geneva Physician; From admitting Prophaneness to purge Superstition: From Raviliack's or Bradshaw's Commission,

Libera nos Domine.

From taking the Covenant, or baulking the Test; From both the Renouncers when th'are but in jest; From the Pope's hatching Eggs in a Presbyter's Nest,

Libera nos Domine.

From the Godly Difguiles of Cropping and Shaving, The different Ear-marks of Fooling and Knaving, Though both can do both for the take of Soul-faving,

Libera nos Domine.

From a Jefuit transformed to a Sanctified Elder, And curing Romes Church to her dear Hans-en-Kelder; From hugging her Brats, and yet hope w' ave expell'd her, Libera nos Domine.

From the Mass and the Directory bound in one Volumn; From the Trent Conventiele, and the Dort What d'e call 'um; From the Votaries of Saints, and those that Peter 'um and Paul'un Libera nos Domine.

From transforming a Cowl to an a-la-mode Jump; From the Jefuit's Bucket in the Minister's Pump; From a Representative Monster, that's all over Rump, Libera nos Domene.

FINIS.

ANELEGY

On the Famous Czolo

THOMAS THIN Efq;

Who was Barbaroully Murthered.

Hat Arrogance dost Thou, Malicious Fate, On Us in this Brave 'Squire impetrate? Or does the Upper Orb his Patience hold, To fuffer Drofs to intermingle Gold No longer? Snatching up the Soul of THIN's, From our Light Drofs, and from all Weighty Sins, Sublimity extols Him with her Wing, Contemning Knighthood here, there to be King: Then what can we condole us of a Fate, That gives Him Joy in her extream of hate? His Six-days Labour, in the last of Seven, GOD's Providence call'd Him to rest in Heaven. Can all the Muses of the three times three, Give a due Merit in His Elegie? Fame forely weeps, to lose a Favourite; And Honour mourns, to be eclips'd in Night: Obscure must all things be, and Light has done On Earth, when Earth cannot obtain its Sun. Me thinks I fee as have my thoughts elpi'd, The Grains of Mustard seed (fown in His Side) Growing beyond th'extent of Envics Pride. Me thoughts I heard the Pistols in their stunning, Give a report in Heav'n, Brave THIN's a coming. Me thoughts I faw the Heav'ns make Preparation To Welcom Him with Joy, post Castigation: Me thoughts I faw Him Crown'd, and plac'd on high, This World His Foot-stool, bidding Fate Good-by. But why do I confist in thoughts, (remaining In fuch dim fights?) He's really obtaining All Meritorious Glory can be found Above this World in the Cœlestial Round. Death bitter in His Mouth, b'ing swallow'd up, His Belly found the sweetness of the Cup: Death coming in such Gall, and bitter'd Ore, He swallow'd it, to taste it never more. Who has the Loss? Not Him by this Confuser? 'Tis we in Him, and all the World's a Loser. Brave THIN h's lost nothing save a heap of Nought; We have lost all, in losing Him we fought. What can THIN lose in this Terrestrial Life? He loses Sorrow, we Joy, and he all Strife. Did we not see at that Outragious Blow, The Powdry-Smoke into thick Vapours grow, Mixt with the Clouds, their obscure Shadows hurl'd Their Mourning-Mantle, muffled up the World; Ev'ry Ear fill'd with Clamours, and the Sky Seem'd to lament this Bloody Tragedy? The middle Element was fill'd with Groans, And Mother-Earth quak'd at her Peoples Moans:

All Women wept, all Mankind grieved fore, Salt Tears ran trickling like the Common-Shore, And Children with their Infant-Voices rore. The Heavens rejoyced at this Murders Birth; Joy was in Heaven, Sorrow here on Earth: The dull thick Clouds (as Mourning Scenes of Troy) Did part this forrowful World, and Heavens new Joy; Joy in the Heavens receiving fuch a Soul, Losing his Person here we all condole. Heaven that has Prescience over all, And knowing how THIN's accident would fall, Cali'd Him in haste to take His Heavenly Lot; We find THIN's answer thus, * Th'n I am Shot. But in this Life what was this famous 'Squire, Servant to GOD in low things, now of higher: He had a courteous Mansuet Behaviour, And never out of Fickle Fortunes Favour; Lovely in Looks, Gracious in all his Ways, Whilst he was living we had happy Days: Riches dwelt with him, and in fuch a store, That Liberality smil'd on the Poor: So Wise, so Literate, so Valiant He, That now the World has nothing of those three: Belov'd of KING and Court for Worthy Fame, And all the Vulgars did adore his Name: He was a Faithful Subject to the KING, Till Death came in this Woful Suffering.
So are we lost of all; MONMOUTH and GRAT, Held up the Shadows of a Dying Day.

Thus is the World extinguish'd of a Light; They that see Day must also look for Night.

* The Anagram on his Name.

An Epitaph Acrostick.

T read gently (Reader) on this Ground, for bark! H ere's Immortality's Divine Land-Mark.
O pen the Scripture, and you'll find it read,
M an's subject unto Death till all are dead:
A nd here is One has past that Thorny-Gate,
S o blesses Tou, and blest his Timely Fate.

'T is here his Ashes lie, his part Divine, H eaven receives above in pure refine. I mmortal Life he ever shall inherit, N othing unquiet to his Holy Spirit.

AN

E I E G

C20/2

Upon the Most Illustrious and High Born PRINCE

RUPERT Duke of Cumberland, &c.

One of His Majesties Most Honourable Privy-Council, and one of the Most Honourable Order of the Garter, Son of the Most Illustrious Prince Frederick the 5th, Prince Elector Palatine of the Rhine, and the High-Born Princess the Lady Elizabeth, Sister to our late Soveraign of Blessed Memory, King Charles the first, and Queen of Bohemia, who Deceased on the 29th of this Instant November, 1682. to the great grief of all His Majesties Loyal Subjects.

A N a great Hero's Soul and Body part, And not foreshown by Nature, nor by Art! Can the Great Princely RVPERT leave the World, And no part of't into disorder hurl'd! No Blazing-Star! Eclipse of Moon nor Sun To usher his depart, or's Death forerun! Methinks it should not be! A Soul fo Great, A Soul fo Noble, every way compleat, Should leave us thus in filence, and depart, And Nature show us that she felt no smart! In what parts busied were our Merlin's Eyes? Had our Great Prince no Star within the Skies, That could before hand the effect relate, To have prepar'd us for fo fad a fate? From all his Warlike toyls he now doth cease, He's gone, alas! and left us all in Peace: Like other Men he filently doth fleep, And left Three Kingdoms the fad lofs to weep. From Earth below, to Heaven above he's gon, For the Reward of his Great Actions done, For our Two Kings, the Father and the Son. He gains by Death, the World alone hath loft, Europe will miss him, but sad England most. A Mighty Pillar of the State is broke, Three Kingdoms feem to tremble at the stroke: And all who love the King and Kingdom, now, For fuch a lofs no fmall concern will thow. With a fad Heart the King doth entertain The heavy news, and can't from tears refrain; For RUPERT lay nigh to His Royal Heart, And of His Love deferv'd no little part: But this Great Prince, what is obtain'd by few, Had both the Love of King and People too. Of others his great merits got the start, Compelling to adore him every Heart; All forts of Men, tho' different in their ways, Agreed the Name of RUPERT still to praise: His worth they all admired with confent, And now his Death as generally lament. The King has loft a Councellor of State, Who knew as well to Act, as to Debate;

One who had Wifdom, Courage, Prudence, Wit, Things that together one Soul feldome fit. The Church in him has loft no fmall support, For he there shin'd as bright as at the Court. All Protestants have lost a sure desence, He to their Cause was true, as to his Prince, In him the Kingdom too has loft a Shield, Still ready to defend it in the Field: For in the Gap, in danger he did stand, Freely exposing Life by Sea and Land. His Noble Acts with Cazars may compare; Like him, as bold, fuccessful still in War: For Victory still seem'd to be his Friend, And him where e're he Fought the did attend. England his Courage and great Acts have known, When in his Youth he did defend the Throne Of his most gracious Uncle, then, even then He did furpass the Acts of Famous men; Where e're he did his Loyal Force display, He made the Conquering Rebel still give way; And tho' his fide to Cruel Fate did yield, He was himself Victorious still in Field: For Victory her felf to him gave way, Whilst like a Lion still he seiz'd his prey; The French have feen what this great Prince could do,7 The Dutch have felt his dreadful Valour too, His very Name at last a Terror grew. Nor did he rashly fight the Foe, for still His forward Courage mixed was with skill; So very Dextrous he grew, that He Beat them in their own Element, the Sea. Among the Hero's of the British Land, The glorious Name of our great Prince-shall stand; His Valiant deeds shall never be forgot, Nor shall among the Common Rubbish rot; Whilst Histories live, whilst there's a Mouth for Fame, The World will hear of Mighty Ruperts Name, Whilst the World lasts, whilst Time about doth role, Here he shall live in Fame from Pole to Pole, And in the Heavens Eternally his Soul. FINIS.

ANELEGY

On the truly Honoured and greatly Beloved

Sir VVILLIAM JONES,

Who Deceased May the 2d. 1682.

Hen the great Hales, who was both Wise and Just,
Laid down his Earthly Body in the Dust,
And that his Soul sled from this Mortal Stage,

The Gowns great Glory, Honour of our Age; Our Country, tho of such a Man bereft, Mourn'd not, whilst that the Learned Jones was left. But now alas! what Tears will England shed, Now Jones a Patriot of his Country's dead! Bewail'd thou art by all that understood Thy Worth, by all the Loyal and the Good; By all who in the Loyal Sphear do move, By all who truly King and Country Love, By all who stand up for the Protestant Cause, By all who love Religion and our Laws: By all who hate an Arbitrary Sway, And scorn like Slaves hard Papal Laws t' obey. Some men there are, but wicked men they be, Who weep not, but rejoyce this loss to fee: These for the Ruine of their Country strive, Hopeless to effect it whilst you were alive: They knew your worth, and did your Learning dread, Triumphing Tories now that you are dead. Papists will now their wicked Hopes renew, And their deligns of Ruine fresh pursue; Now Jones is gone, who like a folid Rock, Their furious Tydes and raging Billows broke; For with his Learned Knowledg in the Law, He th' undermining Tories kept in awe. These men who never from reproach refrain, Will try in vain this great Mans Fameto stain; And now he's gon against him durt will fling, And with devouring Mouthes Te Denm fing. In spite of these our Muse her voice shall raise, In midst of Tears shall sing his juster Praise ; And whilst they envy his immortal Fame, She shall repeat his never dying Name; A name in which an hidden charm doth lye, And which, tho he is gone, shall never dye. Here needs no daubing Flattery to paint A Vicious Mortal for a very Saint 3 No Poets Art to praise him now he's gone, Who had so many virtues of his own. And to the Laws, which he well understood, He us'd his Knowledg still in doing good. Conscience he joyn'd with Law, that made him Just, And all, his Honesty and Skill might Trust. True to his Client, spar'd no Pains nor Care, A modelt and good Pleader at the Bar: He nee'r with wicked Arts wire-draw'd the Laws, With querks gain'd Credit by an unjust Cause. He could from Fees in an ill Cause abstain, Conscience he had, nor greedy was of gain: When from the Bar he to the Bench was brought, Still the same man, he acted as he ought;

An eye to Honesty and Justice bore, The same in Scarlet, what he was before, Unshaken, uncorrupted there he sate, Honour alone and a good Name he got. Zealous for Justice he was always seen, His hands from tempting Bribery were clean; Nor for ten Thousand Guinies giv'n would he Condemn the Guiltless, or the Guilty free, Such was his Justice and Integrity: But quietly he left that higher Stage, Not fit for it in this corrupted Age, He saw th' Intreagues, was honest, had no itch By unjust means to become Great or Rich. He Honour, Law, and Justice made his Rule, And knew not how to be a Knave or Fool: Rather with Honour chose obscure to dwell, Than Great, and fend his Conscience down to Hell When in the Noble Senat of the Land He did a Pillar of his Country stand; He boldly always spake, and with applause, In favour of Religion and the Laws. To bad defigning men a checque he gave, Spar'd no man who his Country would enslave. To th' English Liberties was still a Friend, Peace, Unity, and Justice, was his End: None could his Zeal or Courage there abate, He Papists and Idolatry did Hate, Saw the defigns of the whole wicked brood, And stoutly all their wicked Arts withstood. To a vast bulk would swell my slender verse, Should I this great mans Virtues all rehearse: But he is gone, and Death has cut his Thread, And to our Grief the Learned Jones is Dead. But tho we are of this great man bereft, Behind him Fame and Honour he has left, Which to his Name Eternal Life shall give, And's Memory shall in spite of Tories Live.

An EPITAPH.

THE Good, the Just, the Learned Jones lyes bere, Whom all good men did Love, all bad men Fear. In quiet may his Sacred Asses lye, Since 'tis ordain'd the best of men must dye:
But his immortal Mind did here o'recome
All mortal things, and lies not in this Tomb.
That now's inlarg'd, boundless, unconfin'd,
And left the jarring factions World behind.
Approach his Grave, the Loyal, Good, and Just,
And let no Popish Tory touch his dust.
Rich, Good, Besov'd he dy'd; and what is more,
A Lawyer, and left largely to the Poor.
Here full of Fanne and Worth his Asses rest,
Whilst his great Joul's in Triumph with the Blest.

AN

EIEG,

On the Right Honourable (1)

Anthony Earl of Shaftsbury.

Who died on the 21st of January, 1683.

The Busie Statesmen who by Toyls unblest,
Torment themselves to give their Country Rest,
Those publick Great First-Movers of the State,
Who almost turn the Mighty Wheels of Fate,
Roul the vast Stone like Sysyphus in vain;
Whilst Deaths last Callends a whole Ages Pain.
The Graves long Rubicon must All pass o'er,
Whence launching Casars can return no more.

Farewel, Great Shaftsbury! Times Sythe can stretch Where Malice, Sword, and Axes ne'er could reach. Thy Life, great Statesman, stood in Fate so high, That thou by Nought but Heav'ns own Hand couldst Yes, Heaven alone compiles thy Funeral-Urn: [die. Less than the Sun the Phoens shall not burn.

What did wise Solon, or Lycurgus do? Lycurgus did like thee, an Exile too. And whilst proud Belgia thy Bones Entombs, And triumphs at the Glory it assumes, Belgia, who in thy Fate has now done more Than all her Trumps or Optims could before. Belgia has vanquilht more in thy one Grave, Than all the Wounds her Thunder ever gave. Sleep then thou Activ'st of Mankind: Oh make Thy last low Bed, and Deaths long Requiem take; Thou who whilst living kept'st the World awake. Oh, may thy Funeral-Rites walk that large round, Till to thy Western-shore thy Lois relound; Till Carolina shall in Mourning stand, With all the Cypress of a Widow'd Land. Let Fools and Knaves through their false Opticks find Thy Spots, and be to all thy Brightness blind. Let Envy all her monstrous Forms suggest, And lodge the Raven in the Eagles Nest. Let 'em Rail on, and vent their hurtless Gall, Whilst Shaftsbury's Renown surmounts 'em all. From his clear Fame the dissolv'd Clouds shall throw, And leave the Earthy Vapours all below. Yes, Mighty Man, lay thy great Reliques down, Thou Idol of the Croud, Dread of the Crown; Shaftsbury in popular Arts and Hearts so learn'd As with his Weight the Scale of Nations turn'd: To Him the Kingdoms Genius bended low; The Thrones best Friend, or formidablest Foe.

If the best Gifts which the kind Stars dispense,

The highest Prodigies of Wit and Sense,

For Immortality Foundations lay;
No Greater Soul e're lodg'd in Walls of Clay.
Swiftly his restless Orb of Fire went round,
And Light and Warmth we from his Influence found.
His kindest Rays and temperater Heat
The Protestant still-favour'd Climates met:
There his best Aspect smil'd; whilst Rome alone
Felt all the Fury of his Torrid Zone.

This was the Cause did such great Foes engage
With such keen Malice, and such Mortal Rage.
For this so high the Roman Vengeance boyls
With Fires more hot than their old Smithsield-piles.
But Heaven's kind Call has all their Engines crost,
Heav'n that has lodged thee on that safer Coast,
Whence thou lookst down and seest thy mighty
Thunters lost.

EPITAPH.

Nder this Stone does Sleeping lye All that was Earth of Shaftsbury. But funeral-Tears and weeping Eyes Infallibility denies. Whilst his wish'd Death's enough to be The Subject of a Jubilee. A more fworn Foe to Roman Pride Not Hannibal himself e'er did. For which his Deathless Fame below, His Soul above--- His Soul-- Ah, no ! From Heavn's lockt out too fure, if they Who fucceed Peter keep the Key. Doom'd to Hells hottest burning Seat, If the Popes Curse can do the Feat. If Papal Rage and Roman Spight For any but themselves Hell-fire can light.

FINIS.

Entred according to Order.

LONDON: Printed for Langley Curtis at the Sign of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, neer Fleet-bridge. 1683.

His Empire henceforth har become my Care th' Fledors Tots my Rolla ends your S Our Foes divided, on each oil Re fold d Te de with as riends d istians to a gain Chile

ets the lons prondefar,

holike, may in Confectione Confes

Ottoman Forces at Belgrade, who are now at Wars with the CHRISTIANS, 1683

That Knot, thendelyes already have unity di I need not question to fecure my Throne Nor can I doubt a Force for often try di Which Christian Fields, with Christian Blood has dy'd Go on then boldly to dispose the Fates, and first in H Of crazy Europe's ill supported States Thomas I di N Untill the trembling Princes of the West Bow to that Hand, which has fubder of the East: Let the deluded World be taught by you walleily What to our Prophet and our Army is due. So Fight, as may our finemies perswade, A Pow'r, not humane does their States Invad Instruct the Christians in each Loss to read How we of old, against Them did succeed. In ev'ry Breach and Batt ry, still relate, The Story of our Honour, and there Fate. In springing Moynes, or taking Bastions, te Thus Candy, thus defenceless Rhodes, once fell, A 100 Recounting thele, the better to inflame Your Courage, no less than provoke their shame.

By our great Propher, and his Law, I vow

(No stronger Ties our Turkish Faith does know That petty Trifle call'd the Lasar of the West.

Emp'rour in Name, in Truth, but Fortunes Jest.

Mock't with the Imperial Scepter, and a Grown, Hector'd by Laws, by overy Prince run down in military in the prince run down in military in the prince run down in military of state in the prince of the p While tectous Diets low Debate These Mischeis now do longer that depend. His Vassalage in pire ought to en a ou wou

His Empire henceforth Mall become my Care, Th' Electors Lots my Balla's be your Share Already for bly Downer to this only Our Foes divided, on each other Prey; Revolted Teckle, with his Friends does work And Christians join gainst Christians for the Tur Their Diets Factions promise fair, that we The like, may in Confed rate Armies fee. What hope appears, that they who can't Unite In peaceful Councits, should agree in Fight! With how great Ease may then our Swords divide, That Knot, themselves already have unty'd? My only Grief it is alass!) to fees a warman Our Foes will coft too cheap a Victory boon ! Mistake not then, that you for Fight prepares You go to Trumph, ev'n without a War. Hast then, away, to all your Charges flie, mail With Honour Conquer, or with Honour Die

The Grand Vifiers Answer

Mighty Sultan,

Whose Will to Understand, Is to Obey; whose Words all claim Command: Whose Pow rful Nod, or Sign, without the Noise Of Words, to us sufficient are for Laws, Which, in like Silence, each flave executes. As if he were the humblest of your Mutes. Such is your Powr; you fail not to Infpire Your Vallals to perform, what you Require : Your Army now no other strife does know, But who shou'd greatest Sense of Duty show. Your Just Resolves approving with one Voice, They speak their glad Obedience in Applause: Which as an hopeful Omen does prefage, They all as one Man, will your Poes engage, While they represent to their minds in half The glorious Figures of Successes past. Then paint those Scenes to Christian Eyes as plain, As they had former Batrels fought again, Till fired with this Contemplative Review, LAC Exceded be by New Our Old Con

Missing a selection of the selection of

LONDON Stinted for John Smith

ANELEGY

Upon that Renowned

Hero and Cavalier,

THE

Lord C A P E L,

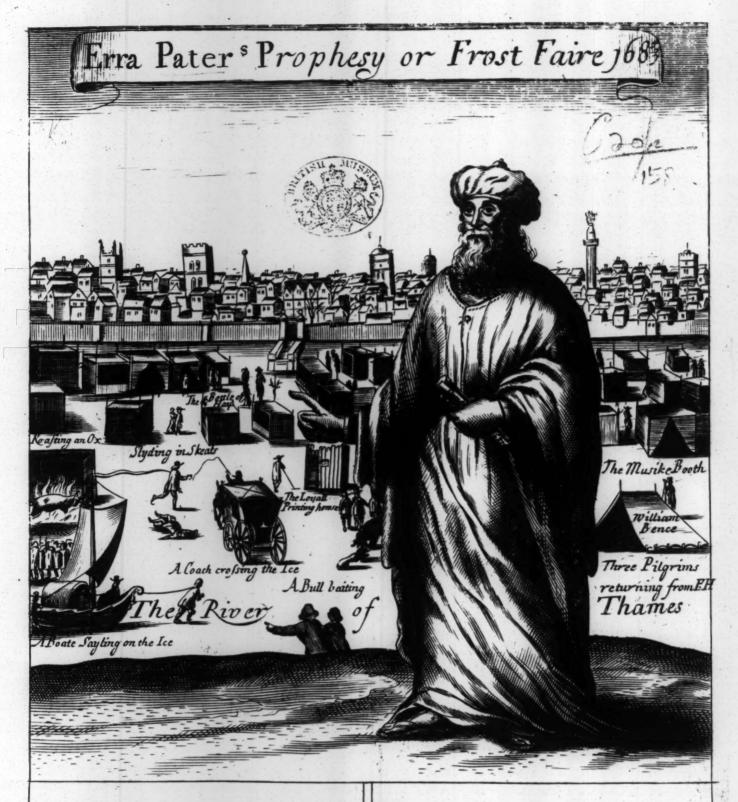
Who (for his Loyalty) was Barbarously Murther'd in the Palace-Tard at Westminster, on the day of 16

Preserved by a Loyal Person; And never before Printed.

O have I seen a frolick Bridegroom come, And guild with smiles the gaudy Wedding-Joy dancing on his Face, whilst in his Eye The young Bride's Blushes kept true Harmony: Just with that look the Romans Victors all In Triumph rid unto the Capital; But not the Deecij to their Death, their Eyes Beheld but Fame, Thine bleft Eternity; Most like the Fire-prooft Martyr, that proclaims His Conquest crown'd in Pyramids of Flames, In ravishment of Soul; and leaves the Toy Of Life, not with excess of Pain, but Joy. I, so brave CAPEL fell; the Scaffold bore No look of life, but he Dying wore, Death lookt like Death, and all the standers by, As if that he had come, to fee them dye; Envy her felf Great CAPEL's Triumph fung; Earth groan'd his Exit; whilft all Heaven rung With a loud Plaudit, extasi'd to see This last Great Act, of his red Tragedy.

Treason combin'd, call'd Law established; Immediate Death by Tyrants menaced, Could not his Rock-built Constancy abate; But his Just Soul stood still Resolv'd like Fate. And had the Machine of the whole World broke, The Ruins still had him undaunted took: To view his Life, would but redrown'd the Eye Of his and Virtue's Friends; Truth's History Shall write it to the Age unborn, and they Peruse it with that Zeal good Vestals pray; And that fad Page which tells his Death, appears The Winding-sheet of many Sighs and Tears; His Life, Why? 'tis a Theme for Angels meet; But this I'le fay, Of all the Heav'n-bound Fleet, Of Crimson Martyrs, through the red Sea gon, Of England's Treason and Rebellion, Except their matchless Royal Admiral, CAPEL came richest home in the Ark Loyal; Where all the Stars shot Volleys, and was giv'n Eternal Welcome to his Haven, Heaven.

London: Printed by H. Hills, Jun. for W. Davis, 1683.



Old Erra Pater, or his rambling Ghost,
Prognosticating of this long strong frost,
Some Ages past, Said, y y Ice-bound Thames
Shou'd prove a Theatre for Sports and Games,
Her Watry Green be turn'd into a Bare,
For Men a Citty seem for Boothua Faire;

And now this Stragling Sprite is once more come
To Vifit Mortalls and foretel their doom:
When Maids grow modestry Dissenting (rew
Become all Loyal, the Falsehearted true.
Then you may probably, and not til then
Expect in England such a Trost a agen.

Printed for Lames Norris at the Kings armes wo out Temple Barr

Great BRITAINS LONDONS

Being a True Representation of a Prodigious FROST, which began about Day of February following. And held on with such violence, that Men and Beasts, Coaches and

There was also a Street of Booths built from the Temple to Southwark, where were Sold all forts of Goods imaging forts of other Commodities not here inserted. It being the Wonder of this presented

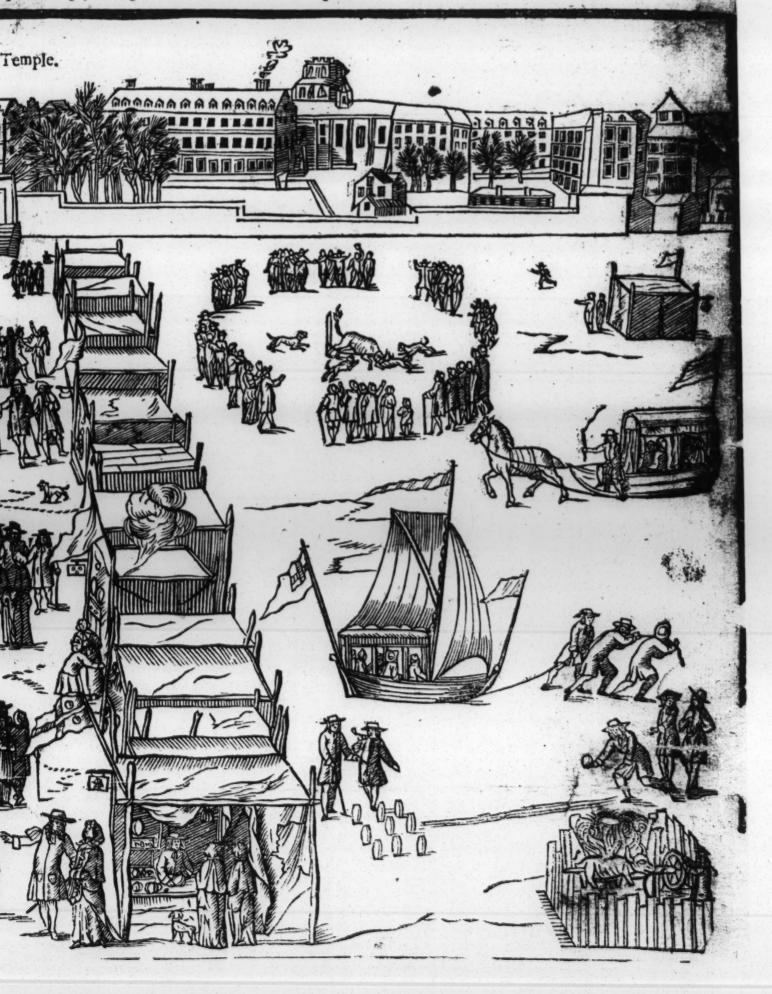


WONDER:

Admiration.

about the beginning of Decemb. 1683. and continued till the Fourthes and Carts, went as frequently thereon, as Boats were wont to pass before.

raginable, namely, Cloaths, Plate, Earthen Ware; Meat, Drink, Brandy, Tobacco, and a Hundred present Age, and a great consternation to all the Spectators.



Ehold the Wonder of this prefent Ap A Famous RIVER now become a Stage. Question not what I now declare to you, The Thames is now both Fair and Market too. And many Thousands dayly do refort, There to behold the Pastime and the Sport Early and late, used by young and old, And valu'd not the fierceness of the Cold And did not think of that Almighty Hand Who made the Waters bare, like to the Land: Thousands and Thousands to the River flocks, Where mighty flakes of Ice do lye like Rocks. There may you fee the Coather [wiftly run, As if beneath the Ice were Waters none; And sholes of People every where there be, Just like to Herrings in the brackish Sea; And there the quaking Water-men will stand ye, Kind Master, drink you Beer, or Ale, or Brandy: Walk in, kind Sir, this Booth it is the chief, We'l entertain you with a flice of Beef, And what you please to Eat or Driak, 'tis'here, No Booth, like mine, affords such dainty cheer. Another crys, Here Master, they but scoff ye, Here is a Dish of famous new-made Coffee. And some do say, a giddy senseless Ass May on the THAMES be furnished with a Lass. But to beshort, such Wondersthere are seen, That in this Age before hath never been. Before the Temple there a Street is made, And there is one almost of every Trade: There may you also this hard Frosty Winter, See on the Rocky Ice a Working-PRINTER, Who hopes by his own Art to reap some gain, Which he perchance does think he may obtair. Here is also a Lottery and Musick too, Yea, a cheating, drunken, leud, and debauch'd crem. Hot Codlins, Pancakes, Duck, Goose, and Sack, Rabit, Capon, Hen, Turkey, and a wooden Jack. In this fame Street before the Temple made, 834.6.9 There feems to be a brisk and lively Trade: Where e'ry Booth hath fuch a cunging Sign, As feldome hath been feen in former time The Flying Pis-pot is one of the fame, The Whip and Egg-fhell, and the Brown by name: And there if you have Money for to fpend, Each cunning Snap will feem to be your Friend. There may you fee small Vessels under Sail, All's one to them, with or against the Gale. And as they pass they little Guns do fire, Which feedeth some, and puffs them with defire To fail therein, and when their Money's gone, 'Tis right, they cry, the Thames to come upon. There on a Sign you may most plainly fee's, Here's the first Tavern built in Freezeland-street: There is Bull-baiting and Bear-baiting too, That no Man living yet e're found fo true; And Foot-Ball play is there to common grown, That on the Thames before was never known; Coals being dear, are carry'd on Mens backs, And some on Sledges there are drawn in Sacks 3 Men do on Herse-back ride from shore to shore, Which formerly in Boats were wafted o're: Poor people hard shifts make for livelihoods, And happy are if they can fell their Goods ; What you can buy for Three-pence on the shore, Will cost you Four-pence on the Thames, or more. Now let me come to things more strange, yet true, And question not what I declare to you, There Roafted was a great and well-fed Oxe, And there, with Dogs, Hunted the cunning Fox; Dancing o'th' Ropes, and Puppit-plays likewife, The like before ue'r feen beneath the Skies 3 All stand admir'd, and very well they may, To see such pastimes, and such forts of play. Besides the things I nam'd to you before, There other Toys and Baubles are great store;

There may you feast your wandring eyes There you may buy a Box to hold your Saus No Fair nor Market underneath the Skies That can afford you more Varieties; There may you fee some hundreds slide in Skeets, And beaten paths like to the City Streets. There were Dutch Whimfies turned swiftly round. Faster then Horses run on level Ground: The like to this Law to you do tell, No former Age could ever parallel; There's all that can supply most curious mind With fuch Varieties of cunning Signs, That I do think no Man doth understand, Such merry Fancies ne'r were on the Land; There is such Whimsies on the Frozen Ice, Makes some believe the Thames a Paradice. And though these fights be to our admiration, Yet our fins, our fins, do call for lamentation. Though such unusual Frosts to us are strange, Perhaps it may predict some greater Change; And some do fear may a fore-runner be Of an approaching fad Mortality: But why should we to such belief incline? There's none that knows but the bleft pow'r divine And whatfoe're is from Tehovah fent, Poor Sinners ought therewith to be content; If dreadful, then to fall upon the knee, And beg remission of the DEITY: But if beyond our thoughts he fends us frore, With all our hearts let's thankful be therefore. Now let us all in Great Jehovab truft, Who doth preserve the Righteous and the Just; And eke conclude Sin is the canfe of all The heavy Judgements that on us do fall: And call to mind; fond Man, thy time mispent, Fall on thy knees, and heartily Repent, Then will thy Saviour pitty take on thee, And thou shalt live to all Eternity. Finis

Figure 1 . The Temple-Stairs. 2. The Duk: of York's Ciffe-House. 3. The Tory-Broth. 4. The Booth with the Phanix Insur'd. 5 The Roaft-Beef-House. 6. The Half-way-House. 7. The Bare-Garden Booth. 8. The Musick-House Booth. 9. The PRINTER'S Booth. 10. The Raffling-Booth. 11. The Horn-Tavern. 12. The Temple-Garden, where people looks on Frost-Fair. 13. The Barge drawn with a Horse. 14. The Drum-Boat. 15. The Boat drawn on Wheelsby Men. 16. The Bull Bated. 17. The Dutch Chear Sliding round. 18. The Brys Slid no. 19. Playing at Nine-pins. 20. Men Sliding with Schates 21. The Sledges of Coles. 22. The Booth with the Sign of the Flying-Chamber-por. 23. Boys Climing the Trees in the Temple to fee the Bull-Bating. 24. The Toy-S'rops. 25. Lond m-Bridge, with the feweral Prospects of the Monument, the Tower, Bow-Steeple, St. Mary-Overs, &c. 26. The fix Tinkers, beating their Kettles upon Temple-Street. 27. The Foot-ball Play. 28. The Coach with three Wheels, mou'd by Clock-work. 29. The common Hackney Coaches. 30. The th'owing at the Cock. 31. The Ox-Roafting over-against White-hall, whereof some of the Meat was presented to the King, Queen, and the rest of the Nobility.32. The Man Riding on the The unes a Ho-se-back, to see the Horse-Race. 33. Hot Ginger-bread, three-half-penny-worth for a penny. 34. The Hunting of the Fix.

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The Hoop, the Rose, the three-Tuns, and the Bellows:

The Whip and Egg-shell Entertains Good-Fellows.

Ehold the Wonders of Almighty God. (Flood: Whose Looks dry up, or chain the swelling See how his Breath lock'd up the Wavy Thames, And under Rocks of Ice confin'd her Streams. In fpight of Phabus Heat-contracting Beams: Whilst reftless Neptune murmuring underneath, His strange Captivity durst scarcely breath. A Trading Mart the harden'd Waves become, And Marble like the Watery World Intomb. Whilst on its Glass-glib-face strange Buildings Stand In Spight of Throbing Waves, as on the Land : Furnisht with Trades, that there most things are sold, As Vessels of Silver, Copper, Wood, Brass, Gold: Pewter, Tinn, Glass, and what could trade Create, Wine, Beer, A'e, Brandy, Cho k let. Yea, Toys, Confictions, Roalt-meat Ginger-bread, Were there produc'd, on whom some Thousands fed. These were not all, Books and Varieties, Strange to be seen, were there to please Mens Eyes: Ne're known before, Street Crouded upon Street, Signs upon Signs, Mens Admiration meet. PRINTING, an Art before ne're publick shown Upon the Frazen-Fil od, to Thousands known. Rulls and Banes Bated, pleasant Monky-Shows, Fire-Eating, Swoll ming Knives, Trod-Iron that Clows; Walk'd on with Naked Feet, Dutch Flying-Boats, Coaches swiftly Runing, Ships as if a Float, Drove upon Wheels; Dutch Whirling-Whimfie-Chairs, Turning more swift then unrestrained Air. A Freez- I and Chariot, a Self-moving Coach, Whose swiftness rais'd Mens Admiration much. Nine-pins were play'd at, and Cock-fighting found, Sliding on Scales, Fox-Haveing, as the' o'th Ground. Ox Roafted Whole, Harfe-Racing, Pigin-Holes, areat For-ball Matches, and a Game at Powls; Whilft featter'd to strong he there every where, Blanketed, Boarded, Matted Boeth, appear.

And from the Temple to the Barge-House o're, A Wonderous Street, the Ice long Floating bore, Making throughout but one continu'd Shore. Shrove-Tuesday with Cock-throwing Usher'd in, Was on the Flood made hard by Cold Wind feen. Corn, Celes, and Wood, o're it dayly convey'd, And on the Starlings kept the Brandy Trade. Thrugh Bridge Men walk'd, whilft the ftrong Ice below As that above, could numerous Buildings show. Not Ships, but Sail-Cloath Mansions, Tent-wife fram'd, In which great Fires with Roast-meat at them fram'd. And fome their pomper'd Steeds durst proudly prance, Whilst Musick play'd, Drums beat, and Men did Dance, Streamers wav'd with the Wind, and all was bent To give the kind Spectators due content: Who came in Crouds to fee the Wonderous Sight. Where people on the Thames dwelt Day and Night; Whilst strong North-W.n.k. with unrelenting cold, Imprison'd Nature did in Fetters hold. But Heaven was kind at last, the South-Wind blew, And weeping Clouds o're Earths hard bosom threw, Resolving all Things with a subtile Dew.

Nno. 1068. Being the Second Year of William The Conquerour's Reign, a terrible Frost began on the 9th. of Uctober, which continuing till the middle of February, without Intermission, Froze up most Rivers, especially the Tweed, Thames, and Humber, and burning up the Green Things of the Earth, caused a Dearth the ensuing Year.

Anno. 1137. Being the Second Year of King Stephon's Reign, the Thames and Midway were Frozen over so, that divers people passed on foot from Shore to Shore upon the Ice; As likewife did they over divers other Rivers, and some Armes of the Sea: when the frost continuing from the 10th, of Nevember,

fmall Rivers were Frozen to Death: and by reason of the fuddain and unufual Snow that fell, some Hundreds of small Cattel were overwhealmed, and smothered.

Anno. 1199. Being the First Year of King John's Reign, a great and terrible Frost begun on the 10th. of December, and continued till the middle of March, fo that people were forced to make Fires in divers Streets, to abate the keenness of the Ayr, which notwithflanding numbed divers people to Death, and was the appoint of a great Dearth and Mortality the enfuing Year.

Anno. 1380. Being the Third Year of Richard the Second, the Channel between France and England was half Frozen over, and most Rivers lock'd up; when after about a Months continuance fuch abundance of Snow fell, that a fuddain Thaw enfuing, divers Bridges were broken down by the Torrent of Water, and many Houses overwhealmed in the low Villages of England, and Suburbs

Anno. 1484. Being the Second Year of King Richard's Usurping the Crown, a Frost began in September, and from thence, withour much intermission, continued till the latter end of February, so that no Grass being to be had, Hay was & 1. the Load, and Coles at a 1. the Chaldern.

In the 19th. Year of Henry the Eighth's Reign, a Frost began on the 3d. of November, and held to the 7th. of March, with fuch extreamity, that many people were found Dead in the Streets.

Anno. 1612. Being the 10th. Year of King James's Reign, a Frost happened, which continued 7 Weeks, during which time, the Thames at Lambeth and White-hall, were Frozen over, and Men paffed thereon.

In the 11th, Year of King Charles the First, a terrible Frost happened, which continuing a Months without Intermission, canfed great fearcier to enfue, and did greatly indammage most Bridges upon its fuddain Thaw.

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Anno. 1676. A terrible Frost begin about the Thames, as they were crossing the Water in Rouss.

Anno. 1676. A terrible Frost begin about the Thames was Prozen over in divers places, except the terrible Channel, over which people passed up Pandis they and these the first rime in our Age that

to the 19th. of January, most of the Fish in Ponds and | such a number of Booths, and all manner of Provision, was found upon the congealed Flood; which Frost endured till the teth. of February, and then by its fuddain Thaw broke down many Bridges. and raifed Floods that Drowned many Sheep, Goats, and other small Cattel. But above all most Remarkable, and almost Intellerable, was the Frost of this present Year, 1684. which began, the Wind being North-West, about the 16th of November, and thence by small Thaws, continued to the 19th of December, at what time the Wind shifting the Compass to North North-East, the Sun Sining, and the Weather very clear, till fuch time, as notwithflanding the refistance of the strongest Tides, it so incumbered the Thomes with Ice, that divers attempting to cross in Boats, were Frozen in, and there endured much mi sery. And amongst the rest, one person as he was Shooting Sea-Pyes, was drove off at Black-Wall, and not being able to get off, was flarved to Death with cold. But foon after, the Ice closing even from the Mouth of the River, as is to London-Bridge. people began to build Booths, which by degrees they continued furnishing them with ware as aforesaid. But then a small Thaw made them defift for two days, but after the Wind shifting again, it Froze more terrible than before: upon which, not only a numerous fight of Booths were erected, but all the Disports and Things before-mentioned to be feen, as well below, as above Bridge, the North and South Channels were Frozen a League or more into the Sea; as likewife were all the Northern and Eaftern Ports of England, Scotland, Ireland, Hilland, Denmark, Sweeden, France, and other Countries, to that no Commerce could be had Nation for Naother Controles, to that no Commerce could be had Nation for Nation; but Fires were kept in the City of Paris in the open Streets: Nor was the hot Coast of Join exempted, and many people dyed of the extream cold, and Coles in England were raised from 20 a, to 3 l. the Chaldern. So that had not their Majesties bounty been in a liberal manner, and by their great examples, the bounty of their Royal Highresses, and many of the Nobility and Gartery, many poor people had unavoidably perished. But so is pleased Gos. That when many despaired of living to see an end of the Weather, the Wind suddenly, and beyond expectation, turned to South-by-West. On the 28th. of James; the Thaw begun, and so it happened, That the next day, and for some time after, the Ice in the Thames, that most feared would be the Ruine of London Bridge, sunk intirely to the bottom, and the Ice drove to Sea out of all the Ports, so that the River in a Weeks time was open, which sew expected in a Month: yet divers Vessio, and a great many Men were lost, in has stilly endeavouring to put in Status-Bridge, and divers other Bridges, abundance of Fond and Fish sound dead. Yet wine can we say more, but that it was the Lord's Doings, and ought to be accounted to in our Eyes. Wonders on the Deep; OR, The most Exact Description of the Frozen RIV &

Also to what was Remarkably Observed thereon in the last great Frost, which began about the middle of December, 1683. and ended on the 8th. of February following. Together with a brief Chromology of all the Memorable (strong) Frosts, for almost 600 Years. And what happened in them to the Northern Kingdoms.

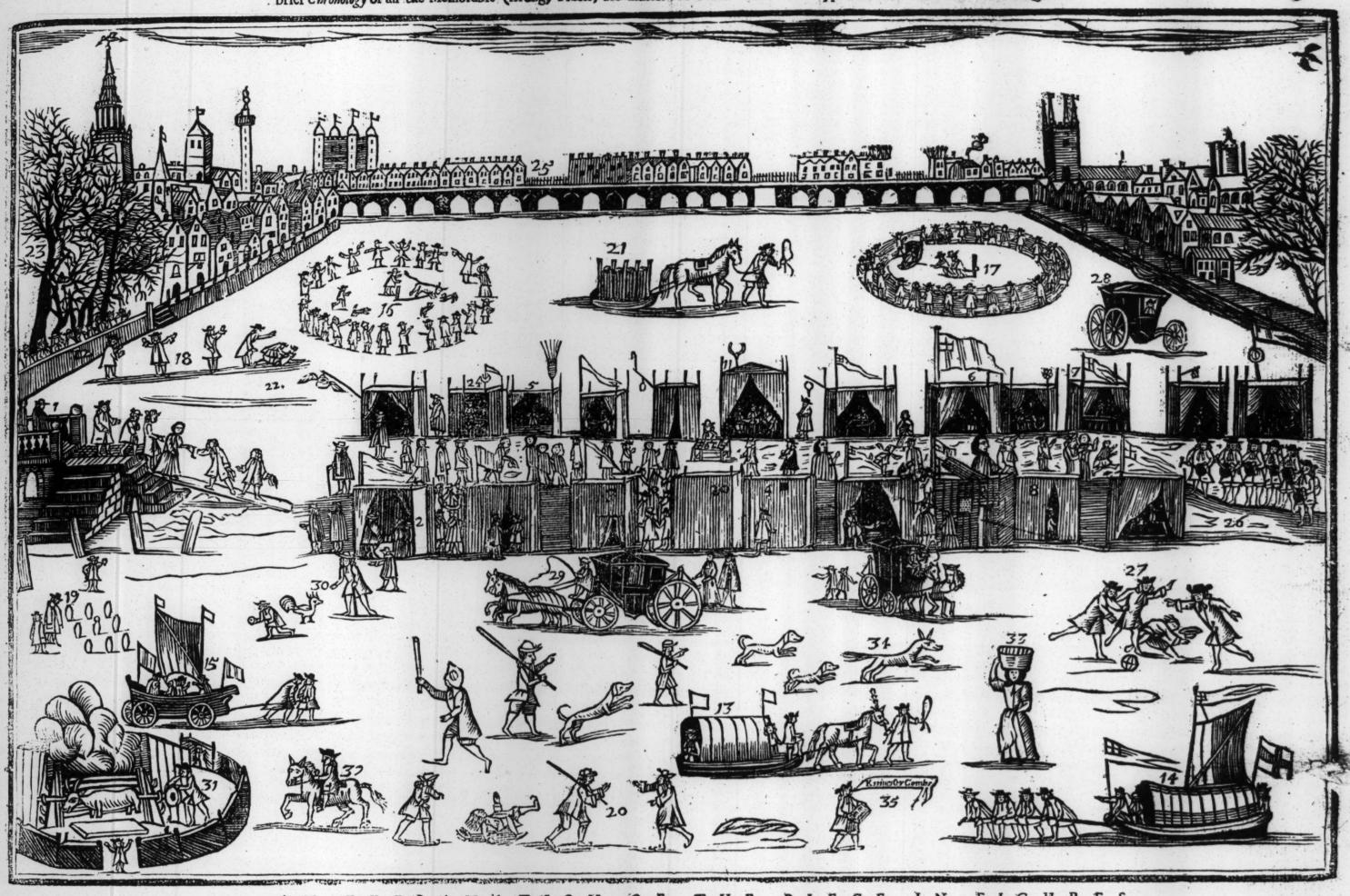


FIG URES. EXP ANATI

Figure 1. The Temple-Stairs. 2. The Duke of York's Coffe-House. 3. The Tory-Booth. 4. The Booth with the Phanix Insur'd. 5 The Roast-Beef-House. 6. The Half-way-House. 7. The Bare-Garden Booth. 8. The Musick-House Booth. 9. The PRINTER'S Booth. 10. The Raffling-Booth. 11. The Horn-Tavern. 12. The Temple-Garden, where people looks on Frost-Fair. 13. The Barre drawn with a Horse. 14. The Drum-Boat. 15. The Boat drawn on Wheelsby Men. 16. The Bull Bated. 17. The Dutch Chear Sliding round. 18. The Boys Sliding. 19. Playing at Nine-pins. 20. Men Sliding with Schates. 21. The Stedges of Coles. 22. The Booth with the Sign of the Flying-Chamber-pot. 23. Boys Climing the Trees in the Temple to see the Bull-Bating. 24. The Toy-Shops. 25. London-Bridge, with the several Prospects of the Monument, the Tower, Bow-Steeple, St. Mary-Overs, &c. 26. The six Tinkers, bearing their Kettles upon Temple-Street. 27. The Foot-ball Play. 28. The Coach with three Wheels, mov'd by Clock-work. 29. The common Hackney Coaches. 30. The throwing at the Cock, 31. The Ox-Roafting over-against White-ball, whereof some of the Meat was presented to the King, Queen, and the rest of the Nobility. 32. The Man Riding on the Thames a Horse-back, to see the Horse-Race. 33. Hot Ginger-bread, three-half-penny-worth for a penny. 34. The Hunting of the Fox. 35. Knives or Combs, with many Booths for Entertainment not Figured, as viz.

The Hoop, the Rose, the three-Tuns, and the Bellows:

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Ehold the Wonders of Almighty God, (Flood; Whose Looks dry up, or chain the swelling See how his Breath lock'd up the Wavy Thames, And under Rocks of Ice confin'd her Streams, In spight of Phabus Heat-contracting Beams: Whilst restless Neptune murmuring underneath, His strange Captivity durst scarcely breath.

A Trading Mart the harden'd Waves become,

And Marble like the Watery World Intomb.

Whilst on its Glass-glib-face strange Buildings stand
In spight of Throbing Waves, as on the Land;

Furnish with Trade that there were falled. Furnisht with Trades, that there most things are fold, As Vessels of Silver, Copper, Wood, Brass, Gold: Pewter, Tinn, Glass, and what could trade Create, Wine, Beer, Ale, Brandy, Chockelet. Yea, Toys, Confections, Roast-meat. Ginger-bread, Were there produc'd, on whom some Thousands fed. These were not all, Books and Varieties, Strange to be seen, were there to please Mens Eyes: Ne're known before, Street Crouded upon Street, Sions upon Signs, Mens Admiration meet.

PRINTING, an Art before ne're publick shown Upon the Frozen-Flood, to Thousands known.
Bulls and Bares Bated, pleasant Monky-Shows, Fire-Eating, Swollowing Knives, Trod-Iron that Glows; Walk'd on with Naked Feet, Dutch Flying-Boats, Coaches swiftly Runing, Ships as if a Float, Drove upon Wheels; Dutch Whirling-Whimste-Chairs, Turning more swift then unrestrained Air. A Freez-Land Chariot, a Self-moving Coach, Whose swiftness rais'd Mens Admiration much. Nine-pins were play'd at, and Cock-fighting found, Sliding on Scates, Fox-Hunting, as tho' o'th Ground. Ox Roasted whole, Horse-Racing, Pigin-Holes, Great Foot-ball Matches, and a Game at Powls; Whilft fcatter'd on ftrong Ice there every where, Blanketed, Boarded, Matted Booths appear.

And from the Temple to the Barge-House o're, A Wonderous Street, the Ice long Floating bore, Making throughout but one continu'd Shore. Shrove-Tuesday with Cock-throwing Usher'd in, Was on the Flood made hard by Cold Wind seen. Corn, Celes, and Word, o're it dayly convey'd, And on the Starlings kept the Brandy Trade.
Thrugh Bridge Men walk'd, whilft the strong Ice below As that above, could numerous Buildings show. Not Ships, but Sail-Cloath Mansions, Tent-wife fram'd In which great Fires with Roast-meat at them fram'd And some their pomper'd Steeds durst proudly prance, Whilst Musick play'd, Drums beat, and Men did Dance, Streamers wav'd with the Wind, and all was bent To give the kind Spectators due content : Who came in Crouds to fee the Wonderous Sight, Where people on the Thames dwelt Day and Night; Whilst strong North-W.nds, with unrelenting cold, Imprison'd Nature did in Fetters hold. But Heaven was kind at last, the South-Windblew, And weeping Clouds o're Earths hard bosom threw, Refolving all Things with a fubtile Dew.

A Nno. 1068. Being the Second Year of William the Conquerour's Reign, a terrible Frost began on the 9th. of October, which continuing till the middle. of February, without Intermission, Froze up most Rivers, especially the Tweed, Thames, and Humber, and burning up the Green Things of the Earth, caused a Dearth the ensuing Year.

Anno. 1137. Being the Second Year of King Stephen's Reign, the Thames and Midway were Frozen over so, that divers people passed on foot from Shore to Shore upon the Ice; As likewise did they over divers other Rivers, and some Armes of the Sea : when the frost continuing from the 1 och. of November,

fmall Rivers were Frozen to Death: and by reason of the fuddain and unufual Snow that fell, some Hundreds of small Cattel were overwhealmed, and smothered.

Anno. 1199. Being the First Year of King John's Reign, a great and terrible Frost began on the 10th. of December, and continued till the middle of March, fo that people were forced to make Fires in divers Streets, to abate the keenness of the Ayr, which notwithstanding numbed divers people to Death, and was the supposing of Anno. 1380. Being the Third Year of Richard the Second, the

Channel between France and England was half Frozen over, and most Rivers lock'd up; when after about a Months continuance such abundance of Snow sell, that a suddain Thaw ensuing, divers Bridges were broken down by the Torrent of Water, and many Houses overwhealmed in the low Villages of England, and Suburbs

Anno. 1484. Being the Second Year of King Richard's Usurping the Crown, a Frost began in September, and from thence, without much intermission, continued till the latter end of February, so that no Grass being to be had, Hay was 5 1. the Load, and Coles at

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In the 11th. Year of King Charles the First, a terrible Frost happened, which continuing 3 Months without Intermission, caused great scarcity to ensue, and did greatly indammage most Bridges upon its suddain Thaw.

Anno. 1664, A terrible Frost happened, which continued from the 10th of November, to the middle of March, infomuch that the Snow lying on the Ground, and Rhine on the Trees, the Wild-Foul in great abundance were found Dead in the Fields, and many people suffered great misery, by being Frozen into the Thames, at they were crossing the Water in Boats.

Anno. 1676. A terrible Frost began about the 16th of December, which continued with such violence, that the Thames was Fro-

ber, which continued with such violence, that the Thames was Frozen over in divers places, except a narrow Channel, over which people passed on Planks then, and that the first time in our Age, that lous in our Eyes.

to the 19th. of January, most of the Fish in Ponds and | such a number of Booths, and all manner of Provision, was found upon the congealed Flood; which Frost endured till the 15th. of February, and then by its fuddain Thaw broke down many Bridges, and raifed Floods that Drowned many Sheep, Goats, and other small Cattel. But above all most Remarkable, and almost Intollerable, was the Frost of this present Year, 1684. which began, the Wind being North-West, about the 16th of November, and thence by small Thanks, continued to the 16th of November, and thence by small Thaws, continued to the 19th. of December, at what time the Wind shifting the Compass to North North-East, the Sun shining, and the Weather very clear, till such time, as notwithstanding the refistance of the strongest Tides, it so incumbered the Thames with Ice, that divers attempting to cross in Boats, were Frozen in, and there endured much misery. And amongst the rest, one person as he was Shooting Sea-Pyes, was drove off at Black-Wall, and not being able to get off, was starved to Death with cold. But soon aster, the Ice closing even from the Mouth of the River, as is to London-Bridge, people began to build Booths, which by degrees they continued furnishing them with ware as aforesaid. But then a small Thaw made them defift for two days, but after the Wind shifting again, it Froze more terrible than before: upon which, not only a numerous fight of Booths were erected, but all the Disports and Things before-mentioned to be seen, as well below, as above Bridge, the North and South Channels were Frozen a League or more into the Sea; as likewise were all the Northern and Eastern Ports of the Sea; as likewise were all the Northern and Lattern Ports of England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, Denmark, Sweeden, France, and other Countries, so that no Commerce could be had Nation for Nation; but Fires were kept in the City of Paris in the open Streets. Nor was the hot Coast of Spain exempted, and many people dyed of the extream cold, and Coles in England were raised from 20. 10.

3 l. the Chaldern. So that had not their Majesties bounted been in a liberal manufacture and hy their great great less bounted by liberal manner, and by their great example, the bounty been in a liberal manner, and by their great example, the bounty of their Royal Highnesses, and many of the Nobility and Gentery, many poor people had unavoidably perished. But so it pleased God, That when many despaired of living to see an end of the Weather, the Wind suddenly, and beyond expectation, turned to South-by-West. On the 28th. of January the Thaw begun, and so it happened, That the next day, and for some time after, the Ice in the Thames, that most feared would be the Ruine of Lindon-Bridge, sunk intirely to the bottom, and the Ice drove to Sea out of all the Ports, so that the River in a Weeks time was open, which sew expecteding Month: yet divers Vessels, and a great many Men were lost, in hastily endeavouring to put in Stams-Bridge, and divers other Bridges, abundance of Foul and Fish found dead. Yet what can we say more, but that it was the Lord's Doings, and ought to be marvelious in our Eyes.

FREEZLAND-FAI

ORTHE

Icey Bear-Garden.

A new Ballad: To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

I'LE tell ye a Tale (tho' before 'twas in Print)
If ye make nothing on't, than the Devil is in't.
Tis no tale of a Tub, nor the Flotting of Treason,
But of very strange things have bin done this strange
Ye know there's a Brook,

[Season.

No, no, I miltook,
For I cou'd not find it, tho' long I did look:
Yet I do not question, for all these odd freaks,
We shall find it agen when e're the Frost breaks.

If ye do believe what was told us by Oates, Yenever agen will have use of your Boats; Without ye do now imploy th' Wheelers to do't, Ye ne're will be able to bring all about.

He talkt of a Flot,
Believe it, or not,
To blow up the Thames, and to do't on the Spot;
Then either the Docter must now be believ'd,
Or else both the Docter and we are deceiv'd.

No Water I fee which does rairly incline
To make me believe that he has Sprung his Mine;
Tho' that did not do what the Docter intended,
Yet he may for one thing he faid be commended:

He said that the Pope,
Pray mind, 'tis a Trope,
Wou'd send us his Bulls, by the way of the Hope;
And tho' for the Sight we all long have bin waiting,
I t'other day saw on the Ice a Bull-baiting.

I hope you'll believe me, 'twas as fine a Sight, As ever I faw on a Queen Beffes Night; Tho' Imust confess I saw no such Dogs there, As us'd to attend on th' Infallible Chair.

Yet there were some Men.
Whom Iknew agen,
Who bawl'd as they did, when they chose Aldermen.
And Faith it had bin a most excellent Show,
Had there bin but some Crackers and Serpents to throw.

Another thing pleas'd me, as I hope for Life, Isaw of a Man that had gotten a Wise To see the rare Whimsies, the Woman was sick, So never suspected a slippery Trick:

But when she came there,
The Ice wou'd not bear,
But whether 'twas his fault or hers, I can't swear;
Yet thus far is true, had he so lost his Wite,
He then might have pray'd for a Frost all his life.

There's very fine Tricks, & new subject for Laughter, For there you may take a Coach and go by Water, So get a Tarpauling too, as you are Jogging, Tho' a Nymph t'other day for it got a good Flogging.

There was an old Teast,

Of Beef had a Roaft,
Which fell into th' Sellar, and fairly was loft.
O see in old Froverbs sometimes there is truth,
A Man is not sure of his Meat till in's Mouth.

But I had forgot my chief busness I swear,
To give an Account of new Timple-Street Fair;
Where most of the Students do daily resort,
To shew the great love they had always for Sport.

Who oft give a Token,
I hope't may be spoken,
To Whorein a Mask, who squeak's like a Fig a Poke In.
To see such crak't Vessels sail is a new matter,
Who have bin so shatter'd between Wind and Water.

Like Babel this Fair's not built with Brick or Stone,
Though here I believe is as great Confusion;
Now Blankets are forc'd double Duty to pay,
On Beds all the night, and for Houses all day;
But there's something more,

Some people deplore,
Their carelessy leaving open Sellar Door,
Which puts me in mind of fack Presbyter's trick,
Who from Pulpit descends the like way to Old Nick.

Come all ye young Dam'fels both swarthy and fair, This is the best place to put off your Crakt Ware; Here's Chapmen good store who too't stiffly will stand, And scorn to put Coin that is false in your Hand:

While you're there abiding,
And on the Ice Gliding,
Let 'em say what they will, 'tis but a back-sliding:
But if ye shou'd Prove, then say I am a Propher, y
Tho't's a Slippery trick there shall come no more of it

There's many more Tricks, but too long to be told, Which are not all new, tho' there's none of 'em old. There's the Fellow that Printeth the Old Bailey Trial, Who to all the dull Printers does give a Denyal; Hee'll Print for a Sice,

(For that is his price) [Ice.
Your Name (that you brag may 'twas done) on the
And Faith I do think it a very fine thing,
So my Tale's aran end: but first, God Jave the KING.

Printed for Charles Corbet, at the Oxford Arms in Warwick Lane. 1684



Merekt hoe den dorren tyt her elek comt Bliscap Genen '
de sucht is uijtgestort de Grise lien her leuen '
een sder Brant in Vruought : om dat de SCHEIDE leyt
Beurosen door de Kou met tenten ge plaejt.
Waer dat den graegen, Buijek aen spysjen dranek can Racken:
Den Vrerpyl marronet de twoen die gins Blacken:

Hier thangen opde koort daer Vanden langen man Betoonen dat Jigh't oogh maer Wensch wer lusten can: brompet vivool. en Bas. die comen toor hier strelen: daet Aelmen met de cloe met caturten spelen hier Werekt den kupper den Barbir en ketelaer in placts nan schip woert nu een sledt de Coopman Waer;

ther rent een gulde Vloot nan sledden en Calusen:
dien heeft een riet geplickt tot een gedachterissen,
dat so weel Vonders hu geschidert opde. SCHELT,
when overtrotschen drift heeft menich schip gewelt
maer mit den tyt het al) wat werelsch 15.) comt schenden
nam ooch de Vrucht nam kon door Vreught war dop een ende
m Vinsse te cop interven to agre British poor hook warde pansfract.

BLANKET-FAIR

History of Temple Street.

Being a Relation of the merry Pranks plaid on the River, Thames during the great Frost.

To the Tune of Rackington's Pound.

Ome liften a while (though the Weather be cold) The Rotterdam Dutchman with fleet cutting Scares In your Pockets & Plackets your Hands you may I'll tell you a Story as true as 'tis rare, Of a River turn'd into a Bartholmew Fair. hold.

Since old Christmas last There has bin fich a frost, Croft. That the Thames has by half the whole Nation bin O Scullers I pity your fate of Extreams, Each Land-man is now become free of the Thames.

Tis fome Lapland Acquaintance of Conjurer Oates, That has ty'd up your Hands & imprison'd your Boats. You know he was ever a friend to the Crew Of all that to Admiral James has bin true. Where Skulls once did Row

Men walk to and fro, But e're four months are ended 'twill hardly be fo. Should your hopes of a thaw by this weather be croft, Your Fortunes would foon be as hard as the Frost.

In Roaft Beef and Brandy much money is spent In Booths made of Blankets that pay no Ground-rent, With old fashion'd Chimneys the Rooms are secur'd, And the Houses from danger of Fire ensur'd.

The chief place you meet Is call'd Temple Street, If you do not believe me, then you may go feet: From the Temple the Students do thither refort, Who were always great Patrons of Revelsand sport.

The Citizen comes with his Daughter or Wife, And fwears he ne'er faw fuch a fight in his life: The Prentices stary'd at home for want of Coals To catch them a heat do flock thither in shoals; While the Country Squire

Does stand and admire At the wondrous conjunction of Water and Fire. Strait comes an arch Wag, a young Son of a Whore, And lays the Squires head where his heels were before.

To pleasure the crowd thews his tricks and his feats, Who like a Rope-dancer (for all his sharp Sreels) His Brains and activity lie in his Heels. Here all things like fate

Are in slippery state,
From the Sole of the Foot to the Crown of the Pare. While the Rabble in Sledges run giddily round, And nought but a circle of folly is found,

Here Damiels are handed like Nymphs in the Bath, By Gentlemen-Ushers with Legs like a Lath; They slide to a Tune, and cry give me your Hand, When the tottering Pops are scarce able to stand. Then with fear and with care

They arrive at the Fair, Where Wenches fell Glaffes and crackt Earthen ware:

To shew that the World, and the pleasures it brings, Are made up of brittle and flippery things.

A Spark of the Bar with his Cane and his Muff. One day went to treat his new rigg'd Kitchinstuff, Let slip from her Gallant, the gay Damsel try'd (As oft she had done in the Countrey) to slide, In the way lay a flump,

That with a dam'd thump, She broke both her Shooftrings and crippl'd herRump. The hear of her Buttocks made fuch a great thaw, She had like to have drowned the man of the Law.

All you that are warm both in Body and Purse, I give you this warning for better of worfe, Be not there in the Moonshine, pray take my advice. For slippery things have been done on the Ice.

Maids there have bin said

To lose Maiden-head,

And Sparks from full Pockers gone empry to Bed. If their Brains and their Bodies had not bin too warm, 'Tis forty to one they had come to less harm.

C20/2

Mainter Monder,

Or. The

THAMES Frozenses

VVith Remarks in the Refort there.

Whis Silver Thames, that reach d from shore to shore.
He shook his Trident, and than a weful Frown,
Swore, twas Presumption in the Haughry Town. Now Laughs to fee it flast, ng utelels o're ... Whilft Ice has made it out continued Shore: Under whose spreading Root at hiere Glides,
And Lbbs, and slows, Usb and Inseen his Tides.
Greenland, Muscom, surer and Cold have lent.
And all their Frigid Blasts have bother sent, Whilit Boreas wich his keenest Breath has blown, To make our Winter cold, as is their own: That if my lak was not congeal'd as it, I'de on the subject, shew a Poets Wit. The Fish lye closely in their watry Bed, And find an Icy Ceiling o're their Head. They fear no Anglers, that do lye in wait, Nor are deceiv'd by the allurging Bait. The Watermen with folded arms do stand, And grieve to see the Water firm as Land; Their Boats hal'd up, their Oars laid Useless by, Nor Oars, Nor Sculler, Master, do they cry, Wishing kind Zepby rus with a warmer Gale, Would once more Launch their Boat, and fill their Sail; Or that the Sun, would with his gentler Flames, Again set Free, their best of Friends, the Thames, The Shoars no longer found with Westward-hoe, Nor need Men Boats, where they can firmly goe. See how the Noble River in a Trice, Is turn'd as it were one spacious street of Ice. And who'ld believe to see revived there, In fanuary, Bartholome b-Fair.

Where all the Mobile in Crowds refort, As on firm Land, to Walk, and Trade, and Sport, Now Booths do stand, where Boats did lately row And on its Surface up and down Men goe, And Thames become a kind of Raree-Show. Its upper Roomes are let to Mortal Dweller, And underneath it is God Neptunes Cellar: Now Vulcan makes his Fires on Neptunes Bed, And Sawcy Cooks roaft Beef upon his Head As many Tuns of Ale and Brandy flows Above the Ice, as Waters do below: And Folk do Tipple, without fear to Sink More Liquors then the Fish beneath do drink: Here you may see a crowd of People Flock, One's Heel's fly up, and down he's on his Dock, Another steps, 'tis strange, but true, no matter, And in he Flounces, up to th' Neck in Water; A Third more fure his slipp'ry Foot-steps guides, And fafely o're the Ice away he Slides; Another upon Skeats does swiftly pals, Cutting the Ice like Di'monds upon Glass. Women, beware you come not here at all; You are most like to slip and catch a Fall: This you may do, tho' in your Gallants Hand, And if you fall, he has no Power to stand. Tis ten to one, you tumble in a Trice; For you are apt to fall, where there's no Ice; Oft on your back, but seldome on your Face, How can you stand then on a slippery place? Yet you will venture brilquely to a Booth, To take a Glass or two with Youngster Smooth, Then back again as brisquely to the shore, As Wife and Honest as you were before. Here (like the great) on slip'ry place you stand, They can nor Fate, nor you your Feet command. My Muse to Scribble further has no Maw, But for your good, do with a speedy Thaw. And let it ne'r be said 'twixt you and I, The Winter's cold, but more your Charity, Then let the Poor, mean while your Bounty find, And Heav'n to you, as you to them prove kind.

The THAMES Uncased:

OR,

The Watermans Song upon the Thaw.

To the Tune of Hey Boys up go we.

Ome, ye merry men all
Of Watermans-hall,
Let's hoitt out our Boats and careen;
The Thames it does melt,
And the Cold is scarce felt,

Not an Ilicle's now to be scen. Let's pull down each Skull That hung up in Hall,

Like Weapon fo rufty, and row: Let's cheerly fall to't, If we've not forgot;

For the Frost is over now.

Let's fet up our Masts
That stood like Posts,
As Props to our Tents on the Thames,
Or Signe-posts made,
With an Antient disslaid

With an Antient displai'd,
While our Oars were the great Cross-beams.
Let's hoise up our Sail

That was a lide-Vail
To hide Doll when with Brandy she'd glow;
Or a Roof compos'd,

You might else have been froz'd, Though the Frost be over now.

We'll no longer stand With a Tapsters hand,

With the Spigot in hand for an Oar, Crying out, Our Trade is cold, Here's four gallons in hold,

Here's four gallons in hold, I have drawn out but half my store. Prithee Lads stand to't,

And help pump it out,
That the Vessel once more may slow:

Then come again
With a thirsty Train;
But the Frost is over now.

Let's tune our Throats
To our usual Notes
Of Twitnam, Richmond, hey;
Sir, Skuller, Sir? Oars, Sir?

Loudly roar, Sir,
Here's Dick, Sir, you won't pass him by?
Instead of good Ale.

Instead of good Ale, And Brandy-wine stale, Let's cry out, Westward hoe. Shall we Moreclack make, Or for Brandford tack.

Or for Brandford tack, For the Frost is over now?

We'll take no Boat
That once did float,
And fervice good had done,
And on his Keel

Clap Sledge for heel,
And inforce him like Traytor to run:
So to make him appear

Like a China Carr,
With a tawdry painted Prow,
And a tire or more
Of Potguns four:

Of Potguns four: For the Frost is over now.

Let's call in our men,
Left forty to ten,
From such a long Vacation,
And converse oft
With the loose and soft
Landlopers of the Nation.
They resty prove,

Or fall in love

With Jenny's cole-black Brow;
And then no more
On the Seas will roar:
Though the Frost be over now.

For some were led Odde Paths to tread, And bear the Waters on Their brawny backs, Who with flying Jacks

Have triumph'd thereupon; Or to get Chink,

To carry Link,
Though 'twas out of their Element O;
And in the night

Cry, Have a Light, Though the Frost is over now.

Others there were
On Icy Sphere,
Wheel'd Mortals in a Round
That us'd to tack,
And Angles make,
That Port it might be found:

Or on the Main
A Voyage gain
By Equinoctial Bow,
And Haven got,
Drink off their Pot;

But the Frost is over now.

9.
They us'd to stare
On Northern Bear;

But now on Earthly Bull They turn their looks Quite off the hooks,

And on the Cause look dull. Us'd to survey The Dog-Star, they

No other Whelps allow
To bark and ball
Within Keno'th' Hall;
Put the Front is over now

But the Frost is over now.

Had Thames been thaw'd, And Whale had tow'd

Himself up by his Fin,
They all had then,
E'en as one man,
Have hoop'd and hoop'd agen.

Their Anchors shook,
And spread with Hook,
And made him stoop full low 3

Tother rural sport
They care not for't;
But the Frost is over now.

The Dutch that in great
Large shoals us'd to meet,
And clapt their crook'd Scates on their foot,
Now no more dare appear

To make folken stare.
While on the smooth Surface they float.
They betaken each man

To their Butter and Kan,
And by their fide have their Ufroe;
Their Cabbadge they boil,
And eat Herring with Oil:

For the Frost is over now.

The Sledges load
Shall no more defraud
The Boat of its Cargo large s
From Southwark-Strand,
We again may land
Coals, fo may the Western Barge.
Shall we that have gone
To Newcastle each one,

No, no, my Boys,
We'll renew our Joys,

For the Frost is over now.

Nor shall Hackney-Coach, Where Whores do debauch, Upon our Thames now run;

They have plow'd her Face, And nigh spoil'd her Grace, Where the Frost-nail'd Horse has gone.

Nor shall they ball,
To Westminster-hall
Will your gowned Worship go?

We wept in despite
While the Rogues went tight;
But the Frost is over now.

The Town too's gone
That they waited on,
And the People flock'd to fee:
It fled in one night
Onite out of our fight

Quite out of our fight,
As the Castles enchanted that be;
While Country Squire
Whom Journey might tire,

With watry eyes cannot view
The Street a long way
That he came to survey;
For the Frost is over now.

Not a Horn can he buy, Nor an Earthen-ware-toy, His Wife or his Children to cheer:

Since Is does turn
Her watry Urn,

All the Pitchers are march'd off here.
Nay, on the Thames wide
There remains not a Slide

On which he may whisk to and fro:
He returns as he came,
To his Country Dame,

For the Frost is over now.

We're freed now each Mate From the Care and Debate That attended us all fo long,

To determine Affairs
Betwixt the two Stairs,
Down which all the People throng.
If you come once again,

Take fome other men,

For the weight of it makes us to bow:

E'en determine't your felves.

For your're quarrelfom Elves,
And the Frost is over now.

What a Pox made you meet
To come here to cheat
We Watermen of our Gain?
Had ye kept in your Furs,

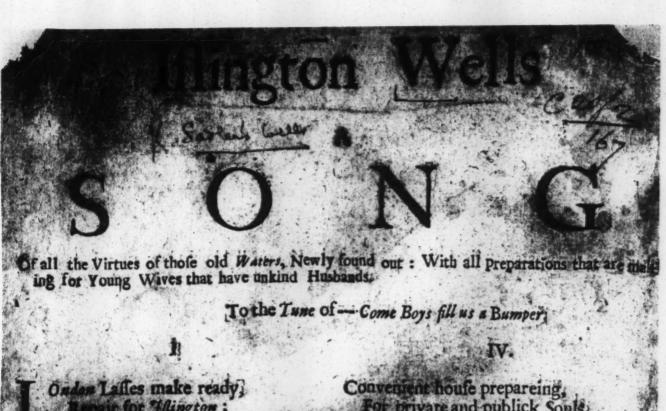
Me had voided these Stirs,
And you of cold the pain.
But to get your Coin
You'd up to the Loin,
Though your Ars though your A

Though your Arfe should never thaw:
Go get to your homes,
And make whole your Bums,
Since the Frost is over now.

Mean time, if ought
Of Honour you've got,
Let the Printers have their due,
Who printed your Names
On the River Thames,
While their hands with the cold look'd blue:

There's mine, there's thine,
Will for Ages shine,
Now the Thamer aloft does flow a
Then let's gang fience
To our Boats commence,

For the Frost is over now.



Onder Laffes make ready,

Repair for Hington;

Young Vandows, young Wives or Lady,
Whilst all your Husbands are gon;

For Eplam, Tunbridge or Daledge;

For Water, Wenches or Wine;

To make them return all with full head;

You was had to happy a time;

Although Maddam Fickle doth scorn it;
Because t'is so near the Town,
And forty brisk Dames forewarned,
Their husbands all being at home;
Yet these are the Waters approved,
By Docters kind to the croud;
They swore to the Sisters beloved,
'Twill make your giggs frisk it about.

III.

The Taylors are now in the Country,

Cucumbers are plentiful there;
To make their Wives a fair Entry,
These Waters are wholsome and clear;
Expelling all dregs of obstruction,
Til blood flows fresh in their veins;
They freely will spend their production,
On such as will take little pains.

Convenient house prepareing,
For private and publick Souls,
For Mone Ador ers to share in,
Inspired with luftful Bowles;
Where Despots are daily attending,
For each Complexion takes care,
Kind looks your kind hearts recomending.
Prefers your commodities there.

You need not to fear betraying,
Your Gallants come most in disguise
In Ladys apparrel for staying,
Till they have obtained the prize;
Sweet gardens and arbours of pleasure,
For Amorous souls and delights,
Wherein you may reap all the Treasure
For which you have languisht some nights?

VI.

These Waters are always in season,
As well at the Spring as the Fall;
To Crown akind husband's no Treason,
Guilt Antlars well grafted and tall;
May setch you a Coach and six horses,
As gay as some at the Court,
Where pleasure and profit inforces,
You needs must be proud of the sports

LONDON

Printed for f. Dean, Bookleller in Cranborn Street near Newport-bouse in Leicester Fields, 1684

The Kings-Bench Cabal,

S O N

G.

To the Tune, hark, hark, I hear the Cannons rore

ť.

Ternal Whigs that still depends
On Old Sham-Plots & perjured ends,
Toth' Kings-Bench amongst your friends
Repair to make new Orders:
Make haste, contrive some better way,
Or by the Gods you'll loose the day,
Great Tork is now above half way,
To Revenge all Rape and Murthers.

II.

We're the best House of Commons now,
That once have made three Kingdoms bow
Put in, spew out, as you know how,
(fear Popery the old Notion:
Let's purge the House of all that's good,
That have our Cause so long withstood,
And dares not thirst for guiltless blood,
E'r Tork's upon the Ocean.

III.

Great Hamden, Rouse, thy wonted strain, Bring Trenchard into play again; Vote down the guards and ev'ry swain, That dares oppose our pleasure:
For to submit they would be loath, Thy Father and thy Grand-Sire both, To have ones hands ty'd up by Oath, That may be loose at leisure.

IV:

Let's Vote the Duke out of the Town, The King out of both Life and Crown, Vote Death to all that keeps us down, To leave the Cause a bleeding, Shall we here ty'd up like Dogs, Only Croaking our minds like Frogs, While here the Doctor swears and flogs, And leaves offall proceeding.

V

Come Speak and Bradon, Arnold too, Colt, and Caldron what shall's do, Shall's lie like Oysters here in stew?

And ne'r look out for help for't;
Let's send for Oxford Parliament,
With all their Guards for murther bent,
Come let's attempt e'r Coin be spont,
Tho' each one Damn himself for't.

VI.

Shall we who were so great before,
Have neither power to plot nor whore,
Come let's resolve, break down the dore,
And joyn the Kent-street Rable.
Then Wapping and the Rump will rise,
The Tower and Westminster surprise,
While Charles and Tork at Windsor lies,
We'll make this Town like Babel.

LONDON

Printed for J. Dean, Bookseller in Cranborn Arcet near NewportHouse in Leicester Fields, 1684.

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TYBURN's Courteous Invitation

TITUS OATES. K

H! name it once again; will Titus come? My dearest, hopeful, that long-wish'd for One, For whom my Triple Arms extended were, (To hug with close Embraces) many a year. Hast! hast! my choicest Darling, whom I love, And thy long-promis'd kindness let me prove. That Right Thou plead'ft for, which indeed's thy due, Though Others I've deny'd, I'll grant it You: The World shall find I willingly will bear, And dance thy Carcals'twixt the Earth and Air. In Hemp'n-string I'll lull thee fast asleep, And prevent all the Dangers of the Deep. Oh, how I love thee! 'cause I've heard thou'st been So well acquainted with all kinds of Sin, And, with a falle and strange Religious Guise, Destroy'd the Innocent, abus'd the Wife. What crafty Lessons didst thou teach to men! How to Rebell, and told the time best when; Urg'd to Exclude a Right and Lawful Heir, Unthrone a King, and swore away a Peer. Thy Zeal through two-inch-Boards was plainly seen, When Satan prompt thee t Iwear against the QUEEN: Besides those many guiltless Souls that dy'd A Sacrifice to thy Lucif rian Pride. Yer, yet, beloved Titus, my dear Son, (Reputed SAVIOUR, for thy Mercies shewn,) There's something still does add to make thee Great, Thy Blasphemy, thy Perjury; and yet With Buggery methinks I am well pleas'd, Though done by force, for then thy Pocket's eas'd. By many other Favours Thou hast shewn, And well maift claim my Palace as thine own: Thou'lt find me kinder far than Courtiers; I will never turn thee out until thou die: And, fince White hall has left thee, I'll provide That Lodging for Thee, where old Noll was ty'd.

PORTSMOUTH OBSERVED and DESCRIBED.

Ortsmouth, a place by Nature, and by Art, That need not care for any Foe a fart: Well Garison'd, well Gunn'd, well Fortifi'd; Seas wait on her every flowing Tide: Stretching their Arms for to embrace the Waste Of Portsmouth, (kind as Seas, and just as chaste). Its Harbour's large, Convenient and Safe; Brave Lakes and Roads, as any Town can have. Royal Wood Castles here, and dayly seen, And here King Charles, God bless Him, woo'd the Queen. Thus far all's good you hear; but yet, because Sweet meats oft-times do meet with fowr Sawce; The turn it infide out, and you shall view It like a Pilgrim scarcely worth a q: Do not believe me (for perhaps I lye;) Seeing's believing, come your felves and try. An Egg a penny, that is cheap and good,

Respecting rates here paid for Country food. Here take a tast, and by this Bill of fare, Judg how Tarpallings entertained are; Two filly Widgins, that a Shilling coft, Are reckoned to us half a Crown when Rost. A pair of Brand-Geese (big as Mallards just) Shall cost four Shilling, when on Spit they'r trust. And a poor Country Calves head cannot be Boil'd, Dish'd, and Garnish'd, under three-times three: A little Crows nest (which they Fagots name,) Shall one poor Reckining above a Crown inflame. These (and the like) are causes that I swear, Flesh, Fish, and every thing we eat is dear, Besides the Sawce (and there's the Devil and all: Beer's puddle thick, and Wine is woful fmall. What the Women be (in faith I tell no lye) I cannot tell, because I ne'r did try.

The Airs unwholfome, Barren as the Sand; The People flothful, nothing understand, But facred thirst of Gold, and that they love Better than Life, or Soul, or God above. For I must tell you, Their Religion is Of Argentora, that's their only bliss.

Of Flesh here's plenty, and Friends if you please, I will describe them, they are such as these:
Of Rationals, here's Cheats, Bawds, and a trade
Of men call'd Cuckolds (such as God ne're made).
Pardon me Masters, if my Muse be sharp,
Gall'd Jades will kick, and none but Momes will carp.
Of Bruits here's Foxes, Wolfs, and Asses store,
Fat Oxen, Calfs, why not a Bull and Boar?

Of Fowl here's also choice, the Gripe, the Gull, The Cormorant that would Humber and Hull, Swallow at once; the Woodcock and the Owl, The Goose, the Buzzard, and of lesser Fowl: The fay, the Parrot, and the Nightingale, That fings full fweetly (but they often quail,) With hundreds more; but if you ask what Fish Is here; draw near I pray, and chuse your Dish. Here's a Monstrous great Voracious Whale, That lives on Money, fwallows the Devil and all. A shole of Sharks, great Cod, poor Fack, Old-Ling, Maids, (but they'r fmall) and Syrens fometimes fing. If Portsmonth for its Plenty reck'ned be A Heaven to any, 'tis a Hell to me. God bless me hence, and keep hence every Friend: Then as I did begin, I'le fweetly end; Portsmouth is strong, so nature first did make it; Art made it stronger; But the Devil take it.

Printed for Randall Taylor, near Stationers Hall, 1684.

And let Gods Servants all, who on Earth dwell, To these things say, Amen. And so Farewel.

Englands Sorrow

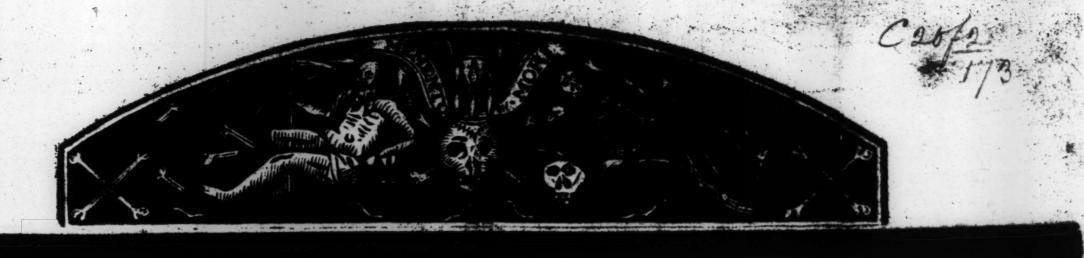
For the Death of his late Majesty

King CHARLES the II.

Of Bleffed Memory.

Niluce your Tears for Shame: what can you keep Your Eyes within their Sockets, and not Weep? Have we a Jewel loft, more worth by far Than Affrica and both the Indies are? And can you stop the Currant of your Tears, And not Beflood your felves o're Head and Ears? O Fie! fall down before his holy Shrine, And Weep as fast as ever it did Raine, Stamp, and with Tears inundate all your Cheeks, And split his very Marble-stone with Streeks; For we have loft that lovely Silver Dove, Which was a Pledge of God Almighty's Love: 'Tis Flown away; and left its Corporal Arke, (Until the Refurrection) in the Dark: Our splended Sun is Set, and gone away, And ne'er will Rife again till Judgment Day: The Meekest, Sweetest, and the Best of Kings, Is mounted on a pair of Angels Wings; And by a Summon fent from God) is gone To fet upon the Everlasting Throne: O! that I might (if it but Lawful were) Whisper with Reverence at his Sacred Eare, And ask if he in earnest had his Breath Stop'd by the Handkerchief of Sawcy Death; I can't believe it was; sure 'tis a Lye. The Elect shall only Changed be, not Die: And he I'm confident was one of those Who being almost free from Sin was Chose: And so he did not Die as some Report, But went a Live to the Coelestial Court; There to recieve (stead of a fading Crown) One that I'm fure will never Tumble Down. Therefore (when we perpend his Happiness, If we do Mourn) we ought to Mourn the less: For (tho fond Nature bids us Weep a while, When we consider that) we ought to Smile. Truly (to Mourn no more) I hold it Best; Come draw his Curtains close, and let him Rest: Tho he is gone, yet he has left in's stead The Bravest Prince that ever wore a Head: Long may he Live to wear the Crown and Flourish, Till all his Enemies Fret, Pine and Perish.

by J. Knap, Mc. Dr.



E E G Y

On the Most Lamented of Princes

King CHARLES the Second,

Our Late Sovereign of ever Blessed Memory.

IF Sorrow's all we pay a Heaven-Crown'd Head, The only Offering to the Royal Dead: To Gracious CHARLES, for all our Vast Arrears, For almost Twenty Pardon'd Stiffneck't Years; Oh! What does England owe in Sighs and Tears. Nor bound our Griefs to Albion's narrow Shore: All Europe thy Great Arbiter Deplore; Whose Hand, the World's Great Scale of Empire bore. Nor the Impoverish'd World alone shall weep At CHARLES's Obsequies; the Mighty Deep For Dying CHARLES, shall Solemn Mournings keep.) The Wailing Tritons on the Ecchoing Main, Who in Returning C HARLES's Glorious Train, Once with Shril Trumps did his Loud Triumphs play, At His Miraculous Restauration Day; All Shouting as the Glittering Monarch Rode, Neptunes more Young, but Greater Rival God; Now throw their useless Untun'd Shells away; And with those Tears, that Funeral Duty pay, Shall add New Brine to the o reflowing Sea. And the Proud Waves which the Great Heroe bore, Rowl Heavily along the Albien Shore, And bear the Mournful Sound the Travel'd Ocean o're.

Bright Saint Farewell, in whom all Virtues shone
So God-like Great, that Thou Blest C H A R L E S alone,
Hast for lost Britain more from Heaven obtain'd,
Then Pious Lot for the Curst Sodom gain'd.
Midst all the hovering Plagues our Crimes persue
For thy Great Sire's still Crying Murder due;
Thou C H A R L E S our kind Propitiator stood,
A Prince so Gracious, so Divinely Good,
Thy Mercy even Aton'd thy Fathers Blood.

Thy Death were too Severe a Stroke of Fate,
Did not Surviving JAMES the Edge rebate:
Thy Darling JAMES, thy Dearest Half before,
Now thy Great ALL: For though thy Courser Oare
In Dust must Sleep; Thy Brighter Virtues still
In our New CAESAR their Old Orbe shall fill:

Whilst a Bright Spark of thy Celestial Fire, Full of thy Mighty Self shall His Great Soul inspire:

When Future Times Great CHARLES shall take Review, Of thy Bright Fames Immortal Volumes through; Thy Birth, thy Fate, thy Life, thy Acts, thy Reign, All wond rous Links of one continued Chain. Are Truths succeeding Ages shall receive, Amaz'd to hear, and staggering to believe:
To see the Changing Revolutions move:
By the Almighty Guiding Hand above:
Here to behold the Royal FATHER Bleed!
Oh Execrable Wound! Infernal Deed.
Of which all Story shall a Paralel want,
And Hell a Pencil black enough to Paint:

Like Old Jerusalems Prodigious Day,
See Darkness spread, and scatter'd Lightnings Play;
Hell Yawning, and Religion, Government,
Church, Crown, all like the unveyl'd Temple Rent:
Whilst the Graves ope'd and all the Loyal Dead,
In CHARLES His Cause, in Honours Noblest Bed,
Rouz'd up to see that Stroke of Honour given.
That Rob'd a Rebel World, to enrich Heaven.

Here change the Scene and see the SON Restor'd:

A thousand bended Necks to mount their Lord.

Hear the loud Joys and Hallelujahs Sound,

And view the Post of Glittering Guards all round.

Ten Thousand Angels in the Van appear,

And three Adoring Kingdoms fill the Reer.

Where such strange Turns the wondrous Machins Play,

There such black Night, and here such dazling Day:

Heaven Mighty CHARLES, did in thy Race Decree

To draw the Portrait of the Deity.

The Fathers Fall with the Sons Glory joyn'd,

Sure even in Thee, the Mystick Shille Shin'd;

His Cross thy Sires, His Resurrection Thine:

Original None more Bright, No Copy more Divine.

FINIS

FPITAPH Upon His Late MAFESTY, King CHARLES the II.

HE Statue, which the Rhodians say, The Sun Descends on every Day; Is also here in ENGLAND set Within this Royal Cabinet; To whole Eternal Hallowed Urn, Dilgrims from Far, shall come and Mourn: Their Snowy-heads shall Profrate here, And Drop a Dearly Aged Tear. TIME, that does make of All his Game, And over all our Bours does Reign; With this Great Treature now Possest, May set Him down in Beace, and Rest; While We (through Sozrows: Tale) go on, As CESAR past Great-Rubicon. Thy Actions cannot be Inrol'd, Nor can upon the Brais be told, Nor can be fet in Amell'd Bold, Like wonders that the Poets tell Of HERO'S that in Marble Dwell; Which like to Rocks that Tempelts Scorn, And oft are Angry with the Storm; Must 250to, and yield at TIMES Great Call. And into flinty pieces fall: While thy Bleft Pame shall still Out-live (All the Decay that Age can give) More Tweet then those Hydaspes Lends, · And the Fam'd-Phonix e're The Ends: Thy Spirit did (like Elijah) Fall To Bless us at thy FUNERAL.

ERRER.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball, in Pye-Corner: 1685.



SUSPIRIA, or SIGHS

On the DEATH of the

Late Most Illustrious MONARCH CHARLES the II. KING

OF

Great Britain, France and Ireland, &c. who Changed his Earthly for a Heavenly Crown, on Fryday the 6th. of February 1684. in the 37th year of his Reign, and 55th of his Age.

An Great, Illustrious Britains Monarch, Dye, Without a Sacrifice of Tears! what Eye, Forbears to Drill whole Hecatombs! when we Haveloft the Atlas of our Monarchy! Ah! sharpest Grief put out thy Keenest Stings, Bemoan the best of Men, the best of Kings. Can an Inrag'd, Distracted Muse forbear, To Rail at Death, that must so rudely tear Our [Pater Patria] Countries Father, hence! Unruly Grief, Rail not at Providence. How dar'st thou Murmur at thy Kings Remove? The King of Kings, would have him mount above An Earthly Crown, to a more Glorious one. --Bright Rays of Majesty, about him Shone, When here! -- he now in greater Glory Dwells; A Glory that allows no Paralells! Then spiteful Grief be still, and Envy not Thy Prince, the great Advancement he has got. Ah! Words where are ye! Ah! what must I borrow Language from Tears to Represent my Sorrow! Drop then ye friendly Streams, till like a Flood, [More Elegant than Words] be Understood, Our Universal Grief; to Mourn thus, you, Better than Groans, or Elegies, can do. Dull stupid Pen, away! give place to Sighs, The Fittest Mourners for such Obsequies. Presume not then to draw his Character, His Royal Name is Blazon'dev'ry where; The Sun in its Orbicular furround Scarce lees a Place, but where his Fame does found. Ah! but I will! And tell the World that he Was Great, and Good, and full of Clemency,

A Prince of so much Majesty, that none Couldwith moresplendid virtues grace a Throne That lent (not borrow'd) Lustre to his Crown. Away, away; thou Blunt Poetick Art; On meaner Subjects, Act thy little Part. No Rhapsodies of Verse, no Prose can Rise To Accents fit for such great Obsequies: Oh! Great but Dismal Subject! could my Quill Instead of Ink; with other Drops Distill, I'de Represent to ev'ry Readers view, Lines (not of Sable, but) of Crimson hiew. There's nothing of Idolarry in the, Right Application of Apostrophe! Then Great, (now then before more Glorious) Since our Supremest King, has call'd thee hence, May Heav'ns o're-ruling, Bright, Illustrious Rays, Give thy surviving Subjects Haleyon Days. May this August Celebrious Kingdom see, No Inter-Regnum of that Clemency, Which sav'd three Kingdoms from a Fatal Yoke, The Dire Results of an Intended Stroke! Dismiss thy fear, His Royal Brother; who Succeeds him in his Throne, and Virtues too, Has so Majestick, so subline a Soul, That what he promif'd, none shall dare Controul. Away Suspicion! here's the Royal Word; What greater furety can Mankind afford? That Publick-Sacred-Obligation binds The Royal Breast to leave things as he finds, The Constitution of our Laws to be, Fust to the Subjects; just to Monarchy.

LONDON, Printed for L. C. near Fleet-bridge. 168. 167.

On that Reverend and Learned Minister of the Gospel,

Mr. WILLIAM JENKINS

Who Finish'd his Testimony the 19th of January, 168; in the Goal of NEWGATE, where there are above Fourscore Dissenters still remaining. In a Dialogue between SENSE and FAITH.

Provoke my Sorrow to Employ my Quill In Mournful Notes! Thou cruel place, forbear To drein mine Eyes, till there's not left a Tear:

Bampfield and Ralphfon's not enough for you
To pack from hence! You must have JENKINS too!

faith. Come, leave thy Murmurs; his bright Soul has foar'd From Two Confinements, to the God h' ador'd: He staid but till his Glorious Captain call'd; Would'st have him still in Flesh and Jarl Enthrall'd? Weep for thy self, He is to Bliss arriv'd; He is not Dead, he is but Re-reviv'd.

Sense. Lament I must, and will; — when such Dear Saints Expire in Prisons, I'll sling out Complaints. In spight of all your Modest words, I'll Roar As high as where his happy Soul did Soar; I will Implore a Divine NEMESIS On such as Shortned that Dear Life of his.

Faith. Weep not, for though he drew his latest Breath Within those Bars and Bolts, his happy Death Brings no Dishonour to his pious Name; 'Tis as Celebrious as a Smithsfield Flame. Then peevish Sense, be still; let me prevail That thou no more what Heav'n Decreed, Bewail.

A Well of Tears to weep his Obsequies!
His Dear Remembrance calls for some Arrears,
Which must be paid him in a Flood of Tears.
Where Love is Mutual, and of equal Force,
Tis cutting Grief to feel a quick Divorce.

Faith. Forbear, Mistaken Sense; thy fruitless Cries Bespeak Impatience; 'tis but Fless that Dies. His Active Spirit is advanc'd, you know; He is but gone where thou must quickly go: Pale Death's the Portal that let's in to Glory, Our Writ of Ease from all things Transitory.

Begets more Terror then the sharpest Sword!

He's gone, who almost six and forty years

Preach'd to poor Sinners both with Sighs and Tears.

No Frowns nor Flatt'ries could with him prevail,

From following his Great Master to a Jayl.

faith. Cease Exclamations: He his work has done, With Faith and Patience his blest Race has run; Still constant in Adhering to his LORD, Who now has given him his full Reward: His Death in Prison does more loudly Preach, Then when his Voicedid th' Ears of Thousands Reach.

Sense. If Gasping SION must endure such Rubs, When Cedars fall, what will become of Shrubs? Or if successive blows our strength must break, How shall our Walls be guarded by the Weak? If men of Pray'r must Donkly Silenc'a be, SION will lose its best Arthury.

faith, Can SION fear, or Overthrow or Harm, When Great febouah's strong Out stretched Arm

Becomes its Bulwark? Can we fear a Want
Of Leaders, when God's so by Covenant?
Altho' our Lord doth home some Servants call,
He still supplies us, and is All in All.

The Lord in Judgment to Repeat his Stroak!
Who can but shake in Storms? Can it be hop'd
The Church can stand, when it is thus unprop'd?
Ah! how my troubled Soul's amaz'd to think
That fainting Sion, will like Peter sink!

faith. All once must Die; the Prophets have, you see, No Patent for their Immortality; When they've done that for which they hither Came, God can of Stones raise Sons for Abraham: When Peter sinks, Christ is at hand to heave him, And by his Promise, he will never leave him.

His Frowns are Deadly, and his Stroaks much more: Such Mortal Visitations have a Voice, To make Friends Mourn, and Enemies Rejoyce. What Temper's so well set, but will be soon (As Broken Strings make Musick) out of Tune?

Faith. As Tender Parents Exercise the Rod, Not to Destroy, but to Reform; so God Is pleas'd to manage his Rebukes; he hath Full Show'rs of Love, as well as Drops of Wrath. Gracious Effects he gives of seeming Crosses, A Future Purchase by our present Losses.

And weep in Earnest, though I weep in Verse:
When fonathan was slain, a Royal Eye
In Doleful Accents wept his Elegy:
So must I take like Priviledge to Mourn
In Ink, as well as Tears, upon his Urn.

Faith. Dry up thy Tears; for whom thou mourn'st, is Blest; He's Enter'd into Everlasting Rest.
Jcy 'twas to him to do his Master's Will,
Now of his Masters Joy he hath his fill.
In Faith and Patience wait; On God attend,
He'll plead thy Cause, and will thy Right defend.

An ACROSTICK.

Well done, Good Servant (now thy God does say)
I nto that foy that never will decay,
L o thou shalt Enter; and abide for Aye!
L ove to thy Lord, on Earth was thy Delight;
I n Heav'n thou ever shalt enjoy his Sight;
A nd now may'st say, (such Grace to thee is giv'n)
My Cross on Earth, does prove my Crown in Heav'n.
I t is the Father's Will that now is done!
B njoyments here below, are quickly game!
N me can from Death's dire strake Exempted be;
K nowledge nor Grase, could blessed Jenkins free.
L n Sion's Peace be plac'd his chiefest Stay,
N or could be Live, when he saw that Decay
S o near his Heart the Charebes Wellen lay.

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AN

EPITHALAMIUM

4.N.A.

WELL-WISHINGS

FOR THE

MARRIAGE

O.B

Mr. Henry Sheilel

Apothecary of LONDON

marst in alignor of

Mrs. Mary Peade,

Eldest Daughter to

Mr. THOMAS PEADE,

Late Merchant and Citizen of London.

क्षिक्षक्षक्षक्षक्ष क्षिक्षक्षक्षक्षक्षक्ष

Sent by a True Friend of the BRIDEGROOMs from beyond the Seas, Anno Dom. 1686.

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Ouse up, my German Muse, rouse up, and pay Thy Tribute, due to Sheibel's Nuptial day. Fame tells thee, Hymen courts him to the Bed Of a fair Virgin. Hail! thou lovely Maid! No longer Maid. A German soon makes fly Such little Bawbles, as Virginity. Be thou a Wife, discreet, chast, wise and true, Kind to thine Husband, as he'l prove to you. Center his Thoughts, his Passions, and Desires, Let both enflame, but burn with equal Fires. 'Till old Age, banish Youthful Thoughts away, Be still the same, in Youth, in Strength, Decay, Be thou a Mother fruitful; let thy Brood Bespeak us Germans active, of warm Blood. Let English passive, active Germans prove, So hast the Bride must, to the Bed of Love. The Bride's a bed; the German Bridegroom comes, He needs no Trumpets, nor the noise of Drums, To raile his Courage: The German-Vigour can Attack such Forts, and at the Active Man. The English Bride lies couchant, and her Charms Invite the Roman Eagle to her Arms. Soar, spread thy Wings, and when thou find'st thy Prey, Treat her with Pleasures, she wish't might last for ay. Let English Ladies know, that Germans can, Without dispute, attack both Rear and Van. Prove a kind Husband, cherish still thy Wife, As the support, and comfort of thy Life. I wish you both, your Marry'd-State may prove, The Harmony of all the Parts of Love: Long Life, good Health, much Plenty, Sympathy, Free from Cross Humours, Jans, and Jealousie; A numerous Offspring, and every thing that can Be thought, to make, The Happiness of Man.

A True Character of Mr. Henry Sheibel, and good Wishes to his intended Marriage; Sent by a Well-wisher and Friend of his.

S Bees, by rambling over Hills and Dales, A From Vegetables, their Wax and Honey steals For Food and Lodging: So my worthy Friend, By Travels, Studies, did enrich his Mind. The Pharmaceutick Art, he did acquire To that great height, that all must him admire. Galenick, Chymick, its two long jarring Parts He made good friends, and from the other Arts Extracted what was for his Noble Trade, Which must erect him Trophies, when he's dead. Those great Compleatments of his Noble Mind, Are not to busic-idle-Thoughts confin'd. He makes them useful to the Commonwealth, Dispensing Drugs, which soon procures the Health Of Sickly Patients; if the End miscarries, The Fault's the Doctor's, not th' Apothecary's Few are his Equals, in the Practick Part, Of his most useful Trade, which gains the Heart, And Love, of all who know him, and the Kind, Obliging Female Sex, are not behind In paying their Respects; being now at Strife Who'l have the Pleasure, to become his Wife. He ends the Contest, chooses one that's Fair. Rich, Young, and Wise, yea Meek beyond compare. Enjoy your Bride! May happy Days attend (From the first Minute, to its Journey's end) Your Marry'd State, 'till Old Age quench those Fires, Excite to Pleasures, and Marriage-bed Desires.

Je ich aus seinem beieff, deer Beuder, hab vernommen, so ist es endlich auch mit Ihme so weit gecommen:

Dass Mary's Schoener glantz ein rechter ingend schein Ihn hab erleuchtet gantz, und woll' sein eigen sein.

Es hat mich warlich diss vou hertzen recht erkrewet,

Dass Ihm aust seinen sleiss, der nie arbeit geschewet,

Ein solche schoene gab von Gott selbst wird geschenst;

And aust so manches leid, sein hertz mit frend umschrenst.

Dun solt ich jetzo whol mit Ihm die lust beküssen,

Sein gluck besingen auch, muss aber nur begrüßen

Hit kurtz und wenig zeilen, des Julii ersten tag,

Aleil der entferndte weg; mirs nicht vergönnen mag.

Diss wunsch ich nur, das Ihr, D wehrtes paar anfanget

Die She in froligkeit viel segen auch erlanget, Das Ihz stets geunet wohl, gleichkalls in blüte shehet, Die fruchte letzlich bzing't, noch eh'r ein jahz vergeht.

Zu ehren dem Herren Bruder seket dieses

Jacob Willms.

CI fas indomitos pharetrati Numinis ausus, Lataque non culto ludere sacra modo: O qui Castalidum, Titan, modulamina docto Dirigis imperio, tangis & ipse chelyo: Da faveant opera castarum turba sororum, Fac placeant rauca mollia fila lyra. Dic lascive puer Paphia generosa parentis Progenies, alis mobilis atque citis: Quis te compositis docuit solerte Magister Insignis studio, fallere sape dolis? Dicitur exiles formasse Cupidinis artus Natura virtus, nec tegit umbra genas; Attamen audaces valide contundere cunctos Nil est, barbigeros puber & ipse domat. Candida stat pariter constrictus tempora denso Tegmine, perpetud luce carere volunt; Attamen abstrusas fatorum lege cavernas Hic reperire docet. Nudus & algentes volitare per aëris aras Fertur, & exutus temporis aspra pati; Is vero immitem Divorum eludere morem Volvens quid valeat spreta juventa, probat: E pæna ludum fecit, docuitque sequaces, Quam magè sit posito pulchra puella peplo. Tantum ut jucundo recreare indagine fessa Aerio cursu. membra subinde detur, Hinc humeris pueri visum est ut pendeas arens, Ast fugerat jaculo ladere posse levi; Verum observarat fabricantem tela rubentem Mulciberem juvenis, virus & arma subit. Grandia spicato sic infert vulnera ferro, Et medicas ictus negligit, Ecce, manus. Define fallaces pharetrati numinis ausus Ludere, subtiles define Musa modos. Et tu parce mihi, fulmenque & tela reconde Penniger, accitus prapes adesse potes. Nunc age, pelle moras, sunt sacra jugalia prasto Heic, blandam subito parrige dexter opem. Necte indiviso retinacula fartia nexu, Qua stringant nodo nobile par facilis Vivite felices, exundet copia rerum Cunctarum, sileat fama nefanda mali. Augustum si vis , generosa prole beatum SHEIBELI primum, te nova nupta dabit.

In honorem honoratissimi sponsi,

gratamque conversationis memoriam cecinit,

Laurentius Odhelius.

GOD Almightys... CALL To the Healthy and to the Sick.

To which are added, The Authors and a Renowned Bishops Verses upon the Holy Bible.

GOD Almighty's CALL to the Healthy.

O ye, whose Benefits from me are not Narrow, Whose Brests are full of Milk, and Bones of Marrow. Quest. 1. Oth Sloth become you, Sirs? Or don't

The wicked flothful Servants doom to bear?

C.2. Doth luxury of Sleep become? Othen
Of Life-time's shortness ne'er complain agen.

Q.3. Doth Body-pampering you become? Alas!

Deny then if you can, your Flesh is Grass!

Q.4. Doth Worldly Pomp become you? If it do, Then Grace and Glory cann't become you too!

Q.5. Doth Gluttony become you? Sirs, if so, Say plainly you no GOD but Belly know!

Q 6. Doth Idle Chat become you? VVon't your Lord Require account, for every Idle Word?

Q.7. Doth Company level become? Of such is Hell; And would you chuse indeed, with such to dwell?

Q.8. Doth Gaming you become? O don't mistake, Though Games make Sports, yet Sports do Torments make.

Q.9. Doth Worldly Care become you? Sirs'tis true,
That GOD and Mammon cann't be ferved too.

O to Doth use of Thoughts unbridled you become?

Is't nothing to be Divelish, so you are dumb?

O.11. Doth Reading paltry Books become? Your Eyes
Were made to Read the Books that make you
Wise.

Q.12. O what becomes you! But to seek your Peace, And Holiness, and Vertues true Encrease.

Answer, O ye, whose Benefits are not Narrow; Whose Breasts are full of Milk, and Bones of Marrow.

GOD Almighty's Call to the Sick.

O ye, whose strings of Eyes and very Heart, Are, to your feeling, ready break apart.

Quest. 1. What say ye now? Is there a God or no? Atheists, in dying hours, Believers grow.

2. What fay ye now? Are God and You now Friends? For now the Reconciling Season ends.

3. What say ye now? Is time a Price or not?
The truest Knowledge, is on Sick-beds got.

4. What fay now? Do not your Hopes now Shrink? For Sick Men fee, though Healthy use to wink.

Sin's least in Thought, when Death is least in Sight.

6. What say you now? Is World Pearl in your Eye?
All dying Lips call world a deadly Lye.

7. V What say ye now? Now's Godliness great Gain? No dying Saint, e're thought his Labour vain.

8. VVhat say ye now? Now will ye shape to dye?
O where's your Plea! for Lo your Judge draws
nigh!

VVhat say ye now? Now will ye Elders call?

VVhen too much can't be done; who'd not do all?

Q10. VVhat say ye now? Now list ye to Convert?
Repentance late, need be with all the Heart.

Q.11. VV hat fay ye now? Vons holy will ye make? Sin most renounce; but very few for sake.

Q 12. This therefore fay: Shall not these Vows be Vain?
If I shall Heal, and Raise you up again.

Answer O ye, whose strings of Eye and Heart, Be, to your feeling, ready break apart.

Upon the HOLY BIBLE.

Ethinks 'twas witty that Minerva's Fowls,
The Greeks would make to be the very Owls;
Sure 'twas to shew, that Natural Learning's blind,
Till Light from Revelation, it did find

Let other Merchants, into Toads-Heads look, For Pearls of Wisdom: But give me God's Book. Mens Books, the best, shall never fit my Head; VVith God's, I'll Rise; with God's, I'll go to Bed.

Ah empty Bodley! Emptyer Vatican!
Bible makes Saint; your Books scarce make a Man;
God's Book's more Bright then Sun, more loud then
Thunder;

'Tis Light and Law from Heaven, to all that's under.

Gaze on Astronomers, on your splended Trains; In Starry-Houses, Stable all your Brains! My Bible's Sun and Moon and Stars to me; The Star that Leads, to all I care to see!

Away, ye Sons of Physick! True, your Steel
Opens my disaffected Spleen, I feel!
Castoreum relieves my Brain when't akes,
And Sulphur from my Lungs their Loading takes.
But Bible's Food, and Feast, and Physick too;
Feeds, Chears, and Cures, as nought of yours can do!
Bible makes Light som still, and never Light;
Still Merry, never Vain; Down, and Upright!

Verses found written in the BIBLE of the Right Reverend Bishop Prideaux.

His is the Volumn, in whose precious Leaves,
Mysterys of Heavenly Treasure, God bequeathes;
Objects and Subjects, of each Christian Eye:
By these who Lives, by Death shall never Dye!
Here Shines the Sun of Grace, disfusing wide
His Quickning Beams on all, from side to side!

Here God and Man do both Embrace each other; Met in one Person, Heaven and Earth do Kiss: Here a Pure-Virgin doth become a Mother; And bear a Son, that the World's Father is.

Here comes True Blifs of the Hying from on high; To hale us out of Hells darin Milery.

LONDON, Printed by George Larkin, at the Two Swans without Bishopfgate, 1687. With Allowante.

APOEM

OCCASIONED BY James I king K.

His Majesties most Gracious Resolution

Declar'd in His Most Honourable Privy Council, March 18. 168%. For

Liberty of Conscience,

WHat Heavn'ly Beam thus Antidates Let Mahomet prescribe his Alchoran the Spring, To be advanc'd by Arms, fast as i

And Summers Warmth with Autumns Fruits doth bring?

That spreads New Life throughout Great

Britains Isle,
And making the most Sullen Tempers smile,
Does all the Jarring Factions Reconcile?
Tis an Indulgence from the Royal Brest,
More Fragrant than the Spices of the East,
More Welcome, than to greedy Misers, Wealth,
To Rebels, Pardon; or to Sick Men, Health.
Sudden, yet Calm as the Blest Angels fly,

His Resolution comes for Liberty:
Liberty in Things Sacred, that Each tread
That Path which Safest him to Bliss may lead;

That Elephants may swim, that Lambs may wade, And none each other worry or invade.

In Heav'n are many Mansions: And why then Not several Tracts (tho' but One Road) for Men?

Keep the Foundations sure, joyn Holy Life, And what need Circumstantials cause such strife?

So a kind Father does with equal Care
Cherish his Children, tho perhaps, they wear
Each, diverse Features; each, a different Hair.

Religion is GOD's Work upon the Soul, Which Penal Laws may startle, not Controul. Even Truth's-Profession, when enjoyn'd by Force, Does rarely make Men Better; often, Worse. For once compell'd unto Hypocrisies, The Sence of Vertue and Religion dyes; And then, on next fair Opportunity, With greater Heats they to wild Furies sly. For True Religion never Faction breeds, Nor the Support of Impious Weapons needs.

To be advanc'd by Arms, fast as it can: Christ's Gospel is a Law of Peace and Love, And by Conviction on the Heart doth move. When Solomon of Old, God's Temple Rear'd, No noise of Axes was, nor Hammers heard: Hard upon Hard no lasting Work will make, Nor can one Flint another kindly break; But Moderation is a Cement sure, 'Tis that which makes the Universe endure: 'Tis that which makes these Realms a Temperate Zone,

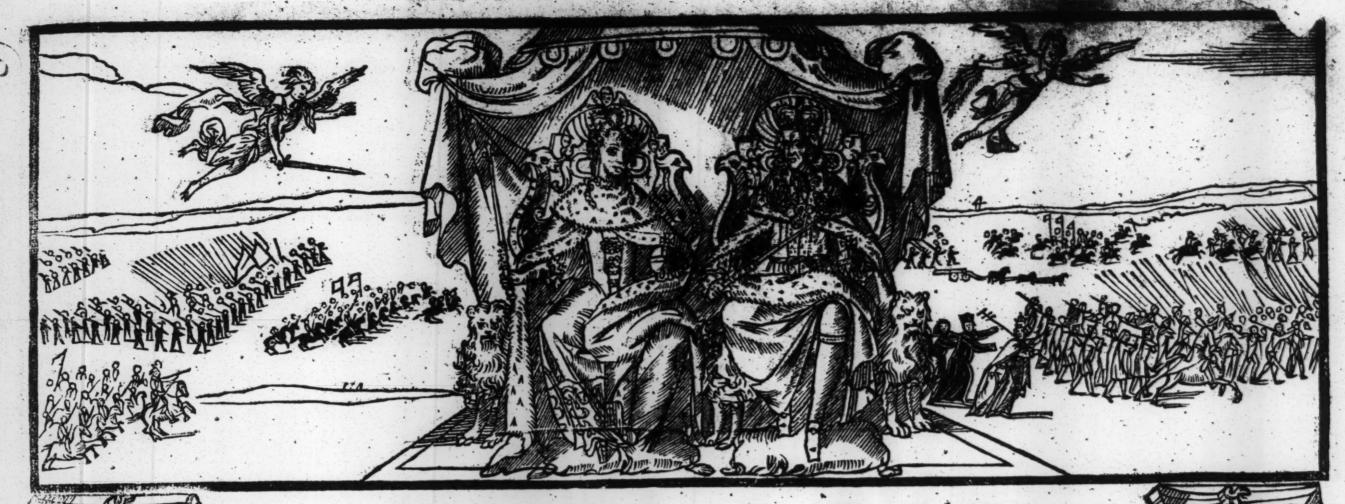
Betwixt the Torrid, and the Frozen One.

More than One hundred years the State had Try'd

To Uniform those Sects that wou'd Divide, But still the Teeming Hydra Multiply'd Whilst one Resolve of Mighty JAMES, allays The Tempests of the Past and Following Days; Unites his Subjects, makes 'em Friends, and so All Seeds of Faction wholly does o'erthrow. Holland no longer shall Our People drain; No more our Wealthy Manusactures gain: Henceforth Rebellion can have no Pretence, To Arm the Rabble for their Faiths Defence. Since Each Mode of Religion now is Free, They'll All, I hope, conspire in Loyalty.

Let no Bold Peevish Man (prone to Excess)
Abuse this Favour to Licentiousness;
Refine too much on Soveraign Decrees
Of's God, or's King; but with true humbled knees
Thank Both, for all the Freedom they enjoy,
And Chearfully Each follow his Employ:
No Rivalship be found in any Sect,
But who most Souls to Heaven thall Direct.
This may be Printed, March 22, 1686. R. P.





ENGLANDS Great DELIVERANCE,

Great Britains Fears and Tears in Joy Compleated, The Popes great Hopes, Priests, Monks, and all Deseated. Our Noble King and Queen God's Agents were, Then God preserve Them, as he sent Them here.

Hen this most Noble Kingdom, Britain Great Lay Languining, in a deplored State.

When Popery had almost got the Day,

And Petter's bore, so great a Sovereign Sway.

When Rooms black Locusts, (sent by Pope and Devil;)

Were Plotting, Hatching and Contriving Evil.

When Pope and Devil, so united were,

With the most Hellish, Cruel; Cut-Throats here.

When their design'd Curs'd Massacre drew nigh,

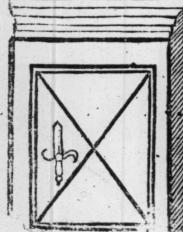
The very Time, for our Mortality: The very Time, for our Mortality; When all their Traps were Set, all put in Order, As if no Arm of Flesh could stop the Murder. When Hundreds dreided, every Night their last,
I hough Guards for safety, up and down were place.
When on the very Brink we Tottering stood, Then, Then, the God of Mercy (for our good, Beholding their Dark, Hellish Murtherous Ends,) His Holy Angel, straight to Holland sends, To stir the Heart up, of that Nob'e PRINCE, To Land an Army here, for our Detence, And to, Incite our Noble Protestants, To joyn with them, to Help in all their Wasts. Then to Defend us, and put them to Shame, This brave Heroick PRINCE of Orange came He and his Men prevail'd, 'cause God had sent them; Rome's Darlings fail'd, because God did prevent them. God fent this Hero, to Defend our Cause; The Pope feat them for to pervert our Lawes. God stood for us, when they were batching Evil: God sent the Prince, they sent by Pore and Devil. They could not Fight, but fled, 'cause God did scare them, Just like the Syrians, when no Army near them. They fled for Fear, not hurt at all ; and why, Because from Heaven, God view'd their Villainy. Smiting their Murtherous Hearts, with Dread and Terrour, Which may convince all Cut-Throats of that Errour. Then Judge you Papifts, had your Cause been good, God would have Help't you, and you would have stood. But God abhor's your Whore, and for that Thing, He fent that Noble Prince, now Britains King. To stop your Treacherous Plots from going further, Your Missacres; or your Religious Murther.

We also Hope, God will put from his Throne, That Antichrist, that Where of Babylon. His wickedness, for Holiness he hath none, For Holiness belongs to God alone. How dare's then, that Seven Headed Scarlet Beaft, Presume that Title, to be God-like grac't, Doth he not dread Heavens Vengeance to begin, First on himself, pretending Pardons for Sin. Can he Pardon others, for a little Pelf, Whose Power is too weak to pardon Himfelf. Can he pardon Sins, past, present, and to come, To Rogue or Whore, that Bribes him with a Sum, .-But to the Poor, who nothing have to give, They in their Sins, must Dye as well as Live. So then, by this the Rich are only Blest, 'And of the Poor this Monster makes a Jost. Yet to declare his Charity and Glory, He grants them time to flay in Purgatory. Until some of that Crew, (being met together) Pray's them from thence, to go, they know not whether. Blind Block-Heads, is your Ignorance fo great, That you can't fee this Grand Religious Cheat. Come, Come, we've now, a Noble King and Queen, both Protestants, seldom in England feen. Whom God hath lent, to be our Faith's Defenders, In spite of Pope and all his false Pretenders. They will not fuffer Babels Whore to Reign, They hate your Rubbidge, and your Priefts difdain, They hate your false Religious Murtherous Zeal, Your Plots and Treasons, God will still reveal. Then ope' your Eyes, and fee your Horrid Cheat, And be converted, er'e it be too Late. Be of our Faith, then we shall all affect You, Then will our Noble King and Queen protect You. For to protect us, God hath fent them hither, Both to preserve our Faith and Chu ch together, Then God preferve our Noble King and Queen From Plots and Treasons, and from Romish Spleen. And Grant that we may our Lives Amend,

And serve the Lord our God unto the End.

April the 6th. 1689. This May be Printed R. MIDGLEY

LONDON, Printed for John Newton, near the Sugar Toaf in Bell-Alley, Coleman freet, 1699.



An Heroic POEM

UPON HIS

MAJESTIES

Most GRATIOUS RELEASING the

CHIMNEY-MONEY.

Bove the Waves, so Neptune shew'd his Face, To chide the Winds and fave the Trojan Race; As our Great MONARCH has our Fears releas't, And threatning Storms of Tyranny suppres't. our drooping Nation, almost quite become, The Prey of Lawless Power, and Cruel Rome; Shatter'd by Popish Plots, and Jesuites Hate, Is now restor'd and made a Glorious State. The Seat of Empire, where must shortly come, The Rebel- Irish to receive their Doom; And now proud Rome by His Atchievements scar'd, (Although another Cafar were her Guard) fould trembling with behind more Alps to stand, Vhile His fresh Lawels Her swift fall portend. The Sei's our own, and now all Nations greet, With loering Sails each Veffel of our Fleet; Pur Mmarchs Power extends as far as Winds do blow,

fwelling Sails around the Globe may go.

Heaven that has plac'd this Island to give Law,
o ballance Europe, and her States to aw;
this conjuncture does on Britain smile,
he Greatest Leader, and the Greatest Ile.
Whether this Portion of the World were rent,
the rade Ocean from the Continent

to be the sacred of mankind.

Here the Oppressed shall henceforth resort, fflice to crave, and Succour at our Court; nd then our Soveraign, not for ours alone, But for the World's Great MO NARCH shall be known. Fame I wister than his winged Navy flies, To every Land that near the Ocean lies; Sounding his Name, and telling dreadful News, To all that Tyranny, and Rapine wfc. While his bleft Subjects, under their own Laws, here no unjust controle can interpose; ...joy in ample Liberty and Eafe, With Freedom Plenty, and with Plenty Peace. ords of the Worlds large wast, the Ocean, we 'hole Forrests send to Rule upon the Sea; d every Coast may trouble or relieve, t none can visit us, without His leave.

Our little World, the Image of the great, ke that amidst the boundless Ocean Set; her own growth has all that Nature craves, d all that's scarce, as Tribute from the Waves.

Agypt does not on the Clouds rely, at to her Nile ows more than to the Skie; so what our Earth, and what our Heaven denies, he taste of hot Arabia's Spice we know, e from the scorching heat that makes it grow; thout the Worm in Persian Silk we shine, I without Planting, Drink of every Vine.

's is the Harvest where the Indians mow,

Plough the deep, and Reap what others fow; mgs of the Nobles't kind our own Soyl breeds, at are our Men, and Warlike are our Steeds. The, tho' her Eagle through the World had flown, ald never make this Island all her own; re flourish'd Edward, and the Black Prince too, ctorious Henry, and now GREAT SIR, 20 M.

YOU we stay'd, once more to fill our Story in great Atchievments, and with Acts of Glory.

In for more Worlds the Macedonian cry'd,

ist not Thetys in her lap did hide

Another yet, a world referved for You,

To make more Great, than that he did subdue.

When Fate or Errour had our Age missed,

And on this Nation such Confusion spread,

The only Cure which could from Heaven come down

Was so much Power and Piety in One.

Was so much Power and Piety in One.
One, whose Extraction from an Ancient Line,
Gives Hope again that well-born Men may shine:
The meanest, in your Nature, mild and good,
The Noble rest secured in your Blood.

For when our Troubl'd Country call'd you forth, Your Noble Conrage and your Matchless Worth Dazling the Eyes of all that did pretend, To fierce Contention gave a prosperous End. No sooner You, GREAT SIR, the Throne ascend, But our Disorders cease, and all things mend. As if your Royal Touch were only sure The true King's-Evil of the Realm to Cure. 'Twas not Ambition spurr'd our Soveraign on To seize the Scepter, and assume the Crown; But like the Vestal Heat, his Martial Fire Was fuch as true Devotion did inspire; His Zeal for GOD, and Pity to Mankind Awak'd his Courage, and confirm'd his Mind. Religion 'twas, that putting on his shield, Brought him Victorious through a bloodle's Field; His Arms were such, as th' Ancient Heroes wore, Bequeath'd him by the God he does adore. And all to fave three Kingdoms from the Curse Of Lawless Rule, and Romes Tyrannick Force. A Prince-like Pious Ardour of Renown, To feek the Church's Triumph in his own: Which once accomplish'd under his Command, Th' August and Grateful Senate of the Land Gave up what they had left (who had done ill) To Him, that more deserv'd the Throne to fill. With equal Love the Generous King releas't The chiefest Impost, which the poor opprest; Which, tho' fo fair a Branch of publick Store, He valu'd not, because it wrong'd the Poor. One Landlord to the House, to Chimneys two, Seem'd more than was to equal Justice due; He that once lets his House, his Chimney lets, There the poor dreffes what his Labour gets; Hard, double - Pay for that from whence he eats. Or if through Poverty it be not paid, For Cruelty to tear away the fingle Bed, On which the poor Man rests his wearied Head, At once deprives him of his Rest and Bread. But such Injustice He would not Command, Who came by Justice to relieve the Land; Nor would he have an opulent Land supply

Th' Expence of State by grinding Cruelty.

Thus the vext World to find repose, at last Into Augustus Arms her self did cast.

As England now with equal Toyls opprest, Her wearied Head did on Your Bosome rest. Then let the Muses with such Notes as these, Instruct us what belongs unto our Peace. Here in low strains your milder Deeds we sing. Hereafter we will Bayes and Olive bring To Crown your Head, while you in Triumph ride On Vanquish'd Nations, and the Sea bestride; While all your Neighbouring Princes unto You, Like Joseph's Spheader, pay Reverence, and bow.

LONDON, Printed for R. Taylor near Stationers - Hall, in the Year, MDCLXXXIX.

CONGRATULATORY POEM

To His Highnels

THE

PRINCE of ORANGE,

Upon His ARRIVAL At

LONDON.

A I L happy Troy-novant's Triumphant Walls, Hark how thy Princely Guardian Genius calls. Fair Albion rowze thy Head, and mourn no more, Great NASSAW thy Palladium shall restore.

Yes, Mighty Prince, our Fear and Danger's fled,

Error and Ignorance by Thee struck dead,

No more th' old Chaos o're our World shall spread.

Thy Word bids there be Light, and strait a Ray

All Heavenly bright, calls forth a New-born Day.

By Thee our new Commanded Glories shine:

That great Creation Work is onely Thine.

So when on Man th'All smiling Pow'r looks down,

And do's, with unexpected Blessings, crown;

Delighted and amaz'd Mortality

With bended Knee, and with uplisted Eye,

Owns the bright Providence from whence they flow'd;

Each Smile a Bliss, and in each Bliss the God.

Methinks I heard the Belgick Lyon roar, Landed in Triumph on the British Shoar; Strength in his Paw, and Terror in his Brows, To bid his Three Dull Couching Brothers Rowze: Off from their Necks their Long-bourne Fetters shake, From their Lethargick Gallick Philters wake. Yes, Great Bohemian Race, thy Banner's spread, And th' English Arms by Mighty NASSAW led, Break the long Leagues with Mahomet and Hell; And the World's Ravager, Europe's Monster quell. Ambition's All-devouring Rapine crush, And into Peace his Dragoon Bonners hush: T'Eternal Night his conjur'd Devils hist, ORANGE the haunted World's great Exorcist. Great TRUTH's Foundation fet once more upright, And wash the Sanguin'd Fleur-de-Lisses white. Go on, Bold PRINCE, and in that Cause Divine, That Holy War, a brighter Heroe shine, Than Boloign's GODFRET crown'd at Palestine. Thus to Great BRITAIN her lost Right restore, Enstall'd proud Europe's Arbiter once more.

Now England's Champion to thy just Applause, To wreath Thee Chaplets worthy of thy Cause, Triumphal Arches, Pyramids, --- Alas!
Too mean Records are Monuments of Brass.
Thy Victory stands crown'd with such Success,
That ev'n our Unborn Heirs thy Name shall bless.
Temples themselves thy Monuments shall turn,
And thy rich Sweets even with our Incense burn:
So fragrant, so perfum'd, thy hallow'd Praise,
Ligh't by Heav'ns bright'st Altar Coal shall blaze.
The very Wind, that drove the World around
Cranmer and Ridley's Dust, thy Deeds shall sound.
Even the old Martyrs Blood shall Tribute bring,
And 'midst their Cryes to Heav'n, thy Trophies sing.
For thou'st the Channel damm'd, and that Rich Gore
Shall now bedew the sprinkled Globe no more.

That Conqueror, whose soaring Eagles slew
So high, that but to Look, was to Subdue,
Must Veil his Bays to thine. For Oh! Behold
The SACRED VOLUME on thy Crest Enroll'd.
And whil'st thy Standart do's those Arms supply,
No Wonder that thy Victories out-fly
The Roman Julius, or the Macedon Youth:
So weak is Mortal Pow'r, t'Immortal Truth.

But as Record makes the Renown more High,
Nobly to use, than gain a Victory:
There there's thy loudest Trump, whose Ecchoing Sound
Shall even to both the distant Poles rebound.
No sooty Spark of black Ambitions Fire,
Thou dost to Glory, not to Thrones aspire.
Safe the Great JAMES, Heav'ns dear Vicegerent, stands
In thy Victorious, but Protecting Hands.
No Forty Eights abhorred detested Shame:
But a bright Page of pure unfullied Fame.
Cosar may still live Blest: No ravisht Jem,
To riste or desace the Diadem.
And if a humane Step his erring Foot has trod,
Thou'dst but refine the Man, to reinstate the God.

Yet British Mother Church, 'tis now thy Day,
The Golden Hour that brings thy Game in Play.
Now show the Diff'rence, in their Veins there runs,
Betwixt thy True born, and thy Hagar Sons.

Yes, O yes, I want to know; Enquire I must of High are. Low;

And Hogen Mogen's strangely cross.

This Monster was so vig rous grown.
In Court, in City, and in Town,
Twas thought that Marriage might him.

If he could get a luscious Dame: After a Treaty 'twas agreed, That he flood wedded be with Speed Tho much against the Lady's Will, To swallow such a bitter Pill. But Parents told her that she must Obey their Dictates, or be curs'd: What fignifies your Husband's Slape, Whether like Monkey or an Ape; To marry him we think it fit. For tho' deform'd he is a Wit: We'll drefs him fine before he come And make a Noise with Guns and Dains. His Chain b'ing gone, with Ribbon ty'd. He shall come over to his Bride. But alas, my Neighbours, he's not found O'er all our native British Ground:

And that you only much now is north, it is that is trong, is there were the tree of the third is trong, is there were,

Mare long, and squints with Eve A Sparrow Mouth, a dumb fack's Chin. A crooked Snout which denteth in: His Back and Breaft do both combine To make his beaftly Parts more fine: For like a Dove he pouts his Breaft. His Back the same I do protest; his Body's round, if you regard, His A -- flicks but almost a Yard: 'Tis mighty handy for a Kick, But very limber is his ----Which will I doubt breed some Disgust With those who rearch the Monster hill. His Knees against each other smite, As if they ow'd each other Spire. His Legs bend out much like a Bow, His Shins are sharp, and rugged too. And now to make this Lift compleat, He has two delicate splace feet. If you don't find him, this all know, You'll spoil St. F--- glitt'ring Show.

LONDON: Princed for & Gardiner, in the Strand, 1733.

Libel on A. XX the Brof orange

NEWSONG

New WONDER

In the NORTH.

Rom the farthermost part of the North we have News Of a man of some Note that receiv'd an Abuse: For a Dog to be toss'd in a Blanket, 'tis known, But alas, what is that to the Maior of a Town?

For a great Magistrate
To be us'd at that rate,
All the World must allow
It is very hard Fate.

Ah! is it not strange? amongst Wonders we rank it, That the Maior of a Town shou'd be toss'd in a Blanket.

Had a drunken Tom Tinker the Pennance receiv'd, Or a Vintner for stumming his Wine, who'd have griev'd? Had they bolted a Baker for making light Bread, Or a Taylor for snipping a Yard for a Shred;

Had it been but a Tapster For Nicking and Frothing, Wee'd been contented To take it for nothing.

But as the case stands, who, alas! do'n't resent it, And wish, now 'tis done, that it might be prevented?

Diogenes was faid once to live in a Tub, But a Tenement of Blanket is fuch an odd Jobb For a man of his Rank, we must study the Fact, Unless 'twas to mind him of the late Woollen Act.

However, 'twas unkind In the midst of his State, So to trouble his thoughts With th' approaches of Fate.

For men when advanc'd to the height of their Glory, Have fomething to dream on besides Purgatory.

For a new Convert in Relick to be wrapt,
To Secure him from danger, it often has happ'd;
But had this been fuch, in no Story we find
A Maior to cut Capors like a Witch in the wind;

Sure there's fomething exceeding Must cause this extream; Yet if we dare take it, As Old Wifes do Dream,

Unadvis'dly mistaking between waking and sleep He pounded the Parson instead of his Sheep: So in that cross humour they were forc'd for to shake him, To shew him his Errour as soon as they wak'd him.

But now, to conclude, ah! Heaven be thank it, The Maior had no harm that was toss'd in a Blanket.

MEMORY

Mr. CALEB SKINNER, and Mr. HEZEKIAH MIDDLETON; Merchants.

Who were Drowned at BLACK-WALL, Coming from on Board a SHIP the 5th of May. 1688.

By a School-fellow of Mr. SKINNERS.

Must Weep, and you shall have your turns again.

—Come all you Artless Passions, Grief and Love, Frustrated Hopes, and Sickly wan Despair;

Beat all your Throbing Breasts, and rend your Hair;

Till every thing but Destiny you move:

Nor need you fear Disturbance from the rest;

All the white Passions now are flown away,

Each smiling Motion leaves the frighted Breast

Of our Unhappy Swains: Joy will not stay,

Nor Bliss, nor Pleasure sweet, nor calm Delight;

Deep, deep! They vanish into Endless Night:

Not one poor Hope we from the Wrack cou'd save,

All with the Shepherds sunk, beneath the Greedy Wave.

You Nymphs who rowl from far to Father Thames,
The Eternal Tribute of our Christal Streams;
Keep not one Drop behind! Wring out each Urn,
And our Unhappy Shepherds help to mourn.
Ask not their Names; In every Eye you'll read
'Tis Tityrus, and Celadon are dead.'
Ah Tityrus! How oft in Youthful Years,
As Merry as the Spring that bloom'd around,
Below the Tyranny of Hopes and Fears,

Below the Tyranny of Hopes and Fears,
We've worn the happy thoughtless Hours away,
With Rustick Garlands oft each other Crown'd;
Blithe as the Morn, and Jocund as the Day.
How often gaz'd upon the Dimpled Wave?
And smil'd like that which softly stole along,
As listning to a Shepherds humble Song!
In vain we boast of Gifts which Phabus gave,
Of Foresight deep, and Providence Divine.
How little dreamt I then the Fates Design,
That such must be th' Unhappy Shepherds Grave.

Thee Celadon, although to me unknown, Thee! Partner of my Tityrus's Fate; With him I wail, share thou in every Groan, Share thou with him in his Immortal State: Enter with him the Muses Golden Gate. Thee Celadon! Who though unknown to me; Where funk in th' Crowd my felf unknown I lie, Piping my Oaten Tunes, did'st mount more High; And Crowds, and Men, and Towns, and Cities fee, And all the Worlds mistaken Gaiety. Unmov'd thou saw'st 'em all, did'st all o'ercome, And with thee brought thy Ruffet Vertue Home. Thou dar'ft be still Unfashionably brave; No drop of Blood about thee, call'd the Slave. Ah! Was that Vertue made to fet so foon, Must such a Sun be Clouded e'er 'tis Noon :

And e'er he half the round of Life gets o'er, Be drench'd in that wide Sea that knows no shore; Thames was his Sea, and there he fets, to rise no more. He was too great for Clajus to commend, Just great enough for Tityrus his Friend. Close in each others Arms, see where they lie! Unminding, or Unfearing Hovering Fate; Or had they known 't, how could they better die? How could they be laid out in greater State? Both gently lean'd upon the others Breaft; Thus both together Glided foft to Enaless Rest: Bright Shades! For you who only fet to rife, To rife again, and shine in brighter Skies: To Pity you were almost Blasphemy, Than Death, could any greater Bleffing be; Sure Tityrus 't had been bestow'd on thee. Our selves let's Pity then, for they're above, Allbut our Imitation and our Love: Come then you Shepherds, come you fighing Swains! View on you Oozy Bank, their fad remains; Where's now that Honey which so oft has flown From their Dear Lips? where all that lively Grace?

From their Dear Lips? where all that lively Grace Livid and Black, and all Deform'd they're grown, And Death and Horror revel in their Face! Bloated and swoln their Eyes, and dull and dead, Mud in their Hands, and Weeds about their Head.

Away you common Griefs, here comes a Tide
That overwhelms the distant Fields, on either side:
Is any here so large a share can claim,
As can a Mothers or a Sisters Name:
See where across the crowded Strand they sly,
And through the opening Ring of Gazers come?
But only on his Face can Weeping lye,

Rigid as he, and Cold, and Pale, and Dumb: See where old Reverend Father Thames the while Sits sad and Pensive, on some Neighbouring Isle. His Reedy Garland from his Brows he throws;

He throws his Meadow-sweet, and Flowers away,
Dull and unguided, see his Chariot goes;
And where they please, he lets his Waters stray.
His cursed guilty Water's now as black
As Acheron, or Styx's Lazy Lake.
He does of them, and they of Fate complain,
And both rowl deeply Murmuring in the Main.

The Silver Medway greets them as they pass, And ask why they such dismal Pomp put on; But not a Word they Answer, save Alas! Alas! Poor Tierrus and Celadon.

May 25. 1688. This may be Printed. Robert Midgley.

£90

The PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE to the New COMEDY, called, The English Fryer, Or, The Town Sparks, 184 John Crowne

LICENSED, March 17. 1689. 7.F.

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The PROLOGUE.

Heafures attend on em, no Gold can buy. Our Poet even in Poetry is poor, Yet he so charming finds his little Store, All England seems to him, less rich than he; For he's content, — which England ne'er will be. All Sects and Parties lend him Stuff for Plays, And his Delight, though not his Fortune, raise. Goods borrowed thus, he does not long retain, But on the Stage, brings Fools and Knaves again To those that lent 'em, that they may have Use, Profit and Pleasure of their own produce. To Day, he does make bold, a Farce to show, Priests made, and acted here, some Months ago. They turn'd to Farce, the Court, the Church, the Laws; It met a while, some Fortune and Applause. Now fure the Wits, that did affift it then, And strive to have it acted o'er agen, Will like it on the Stage; 'tis cheapest here. Priests are good Actors, but they're cursed dear; And will, if they return, have greater Pay; With Reason! — Oh! They lost a hopeful Play. Truth is, if ever Priests return, they come With all the Hunger, Rage, Revenge of Rome: And therefore we had best no longer jar; VVe shall agree too late, when in the Snare. Nay, those who once serv'd Priests, and still promote France, Teague, and Jesuite, in their secret Vote: And are so mad, they'd give up England's Glory, Only to keep, the wretched Name of Tory; Had better quit their Plots, and cheaply sit, To see us act the Product o' their VVit.

To the Reverend Dr. BEVERIDGE, EUCHARISTICON;

Occasion'd by his scasonable and excellent Sermon * And Zacheus stood, and said unto the about Restitution, on * St. Luke 19. 8. preach'd at St. Lord, Behold, Lord, the half of my Goods
I give to the Poor, and if I have taken

Oming by Chance into St. Laurence-Kirk, Where Preachers did of Old Relistance Jerk, The prating Reader having made an End, l faw your Revirence on the Mount afcend, like Publican-Zacheus, who, to fee tefus pass by, climb'd up into the Tree.

My Thanks, good Sir, I must confess is due To penirent Zacheus, and to You. He by Example, You by Preaching, taught And therein feas nably revealed the Thought Of many Hearts) the Nature and Extent Of that great Duty of the Penitent, Call'd Restriction, which embalms his Tears, Sets him to kights, and pays off all Arrears: Procures his Pardon from th'offended God, Atones his Vengeance, and dors coarm his Rod. Pardon (a) th' Impenitent in vain implore, Impenient are they that don't (b Restore To this wronged Man what was his (c) Own before.

If this be true, Sir, then Your Flock is damn'd, And every swearing Priest that can be nam'd; Who, to detain unjustly, do not dread, The Crownthey flole from off their Monarch's Head: Whom by faile Accufation they dethron'd, And, as an Abdicating King, dilown'd. Tho' Vabdate by Force, feems, by the By, A Monstrous Riddle, and Vinlearned Lye: Which to (d) believe, a Judgment is on those, Who think't no Sin their Sovraign to Depofe, Renounce, Abjure, Transfer Allegiance too: And what cannot a debauched Conscience do?

W R. 7710710N, Su, mail needs be made, Why not to Scepters, as well as to the Spade? If to our Fellow-Sobjects we owe that Care, Much more to Kings who God's Vicegerents are. Or is it Lawful to defraud the King, While It we are just to every other Thing? Is it our Duty to do Right to All Except to Him, whom we our Father call? Must God's Laws be obey'd b'our partial Will, Th' apostle's sad (2) Prediction to fulfill? Render to all their Dues, the Golpel lays, Directs to strait, condemns all crooked Ways. Restore to the Wrong'd, and to all Justice do, The Voice of * Mojes is, and (f) Jesus too.

Go. preach this Gofpel-Doctrine through the Town, Bid em Restore who do Usurp the Crown. The Man's (g) alive, and too his injur'd Son, To whom Restore before the (h) Setting-Sun, Or elfe (fad Fate!) Three Kingdoms are undon. Fill City and Court-Pulpits with the Sound, Cry, (i) RESTITUTION, all the Kingdom round. Fear not, preach, pray (You Leader of the Blind!) Bewitched Subjects to a better Mind. By the Exercising Art conjure the Devil From Rebel-Hearts, stop the impending Evil. Bid 'ein transcribe Zacheus's (k) Honestie, Lest they ascend, not his, but Haman's Tree; (Tho, as Zacheus, so amply to Restore, Will make the Thieves, and frolick Leuders, poor.) Or else descend into the lowest Hell, Where Parricides, Robbers and Rebels dwell: For if the Publican we do contemn, The Publican the Christian will condemn. Bid 'em Repent, do Justice, and Restore, Call home the King, and then Rebel no more. FINIS.

any thing from any man by falle accusation, I restore him fourfold.

(a) No Yardon vicnout Repentance, and no Repentance without Restitution. Dr. Beveridge's Sermon on St. Luke 19. 8. before-mention'd.

(b) And as ye have hurt the Name of your Neighbour, or otherwise hindred him, so now intend to Restore it to him again. For without Restitution, God accepteth not your Confession, nor yet your Repen-tance. Book of Homilies, Fol. pag. 286. 120 pag. 465.

(c) And fo it is still, for Possession does not take away Right, and therefore Zachene emphatically tays, My Goods. Behold, Lord, the half of my Goods I give to the Poor-My Goods, i. e. what remains to me after I have reftor'd what I have unjust'y taken from another, who has the Right, and not I, though I have the Post fion. And what remains when I have made fuoh Restieu-. tion, I may truly call my own .-- Dr. Ber.

ut fitten.
To abdicate an Office, supposes a voluntary Act, and the content of him who quits it: according to Tully, Salust, Lier, &c.
(d) For this cause God shall send them ftrong delusion, that they should believe a Lye: That they all might be damned who believed not the Truth, but had pleafure in Unrighteousness, 2 Thos. 2.11, 12. (e) In the last days perilous times shall come, for Men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous---disobedient to Parents, unthankful, unholy, without Natural Affection, Truce-breakers, Falfe Accufers--- Fierce, Despisers of those that are Good, Traytors---2 Tim. 3. 1, 2, 3, 4. A Text, which 'tis to be wisht a certain Reverend Divine, [Dr. Sh-ock] who lately preach'd at Wostehall, had gone thorough with.

* Lev. 6. 2, 3. 4. 5.

(f) Remember the Golden Rule which our Saviour recommends, Wnatsoever ye would that Men, &c. Dr. Bev. ut supra. (g) If the Man is alive whom ye have wrong'd, make Restitution to him; or if he is dead, to his Son, or Executor, &c. (b) And I advise you to make no delay, make Restitution before the Sun is set. 1d. (i) Without Restitution to the wrong'd, never expect God's Bleffing upon you or yours, &c. Id. ibid.

(k) Be just, and act like honest Men, &c, follow the Example in the Text, &c Id. ib.

The EPILOGUE.

Riests have the Keys of Heaven and Hell they boast; No doubt to both, they let in many a Ghoft: But we, to Day, have Ranting Sparks display'd, Can Damn themselves, without the Churches Aid; VVho count it Glorious to Drink, VVhore and Swear, And rather would be catch'd at Rapes, than Prayer. But Hect'ring Heaven, they will not trust it far; Therefore our Play-House is their Seat of War. And they encounter without Wit, or Fear, Dang'rous French Forces in Lewd Vizards here. Our Hero's once in France great Fame did gain; Our Masques give France Revenge, and spoil the strain. The Masques, no doubt, are Pensioners of France; 'Tis Treason now, French Interest to advance; And French Commodities are all by Law Doom'd to be burnt: Then you, Bold Masques, withdraw, Or else the Custom-House will seize you all, And make our House to the Prize-Office fall. To revive English Virtue, drive away Folly and Vice, is aim'd at by this Play. To Friends of England this must well appear; And such, no doubt, is every Creature here.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A True and Impartial Account of the most Material Passages in Ireland since Decemb. 1688. With a particular Relation of the late Forces of London-Derry. Taken from the Notes of a Gentleman who was Eye-Witness to most of the Actions mentioned therein during his risiding there; and now, being in England, publish the same for the further Satisfaction of this Nation. To which is added, A Description, and an Exact Map of London-Derry, as he took it upon the place. Price 6 d. Licensed and Entred according to Order. Printed for John Amery at the Peacock against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleeistreet. Sold by Randal Taylor at Stationers-Hall.

A Copy of a Letter fent to the Reverend Dr. Beveridge, upon Occasion of the Second Edition of the Paper of Remarks upon his Sermon about Restitution.

Wells.

Have here fent You the Second Edition, with Additions, of the Paper with Remarks upon your late Sermon about Restitution, wherein, as in a Glass, you may see your abominable Hypocriss, in preaching up Restitution to the wronged, and that upon pain of Damnation, and yet you your felf can receive and enter upon the Right and Possession of another, an Innocent, Con-*Dr. Tho. Kon, scientious * Bishop of our Church, (yet in Being, and Uncanonically turned out Lord Bishop to beg his Bread) whose Bishoprick was settled on him for his Life, according of Bath and to the Laws of the Realm, (which settled St. Peter's in Cornhil upon you) which you have fworn to preserve and maintain to your power. not ignorant that a Bishop, according to the Rules and Practice of the Church in all Ages, cannot warrantably be deprived, or depos'd, but by a Synod of Bishops, either General, or Provincial. But was there any such Method of Proceeding in the Case of our deprived Bishops? It being never heard of old, that Bishops were deposed, or deprived by mere Lay-men (who might indeed as legally depose Bishops, as the People might an Hereditary King) no,

not in the Arian Persecution.

Reflect, I beseech You, on the dismal Fate (as a just Punishment of the * Two Arian Sin, much like that of Corab) of those Ecclehastical, Schismatical * Usurpers, Priests, who Gregory and George of Cappadocia, who unjustly invaded the See of Alexan-died miserably and which was wifely and honestly refused by Eusebius Emisenus, when proffer'd to him) upon the depoing of Athanafius, the Orthodox Bishop there, for no other Crime, than that of his Conscience, your deprived Bishop's Fault) refusing to comply with the Wickedness of the Time, and vigorously opposing the prevailing Arian Faction. But the Good, Conscientious Bishop was by the Providence of God, with Honour restor'd to his See, to the Joy of his Friends, (who faithfully stuck to him in Banishment) and the Shame and

Confusion of his Enemies.

To enter upon the Right and Possession of another, Is it, I pray, agreeable to the Golden Rule, which, you observ'd, our Saviour recommended-Whatsoever ye would that Men should do to you, even so do ye to them.—Read and apply the Apostle's earnest Expostulation, Rom. 2. 21, 22, &c. Thou therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not thy self? Thou that preachest a Man should not Iteal, dost won steal? I bon that abborrest Idols, dost thou commit Sacriledge? Thou that makest thy boast of the Law, through breaking the Law dishonourest thou God . For the Name of God is blasphemed, through you. O Sir! Confider what Occasion you give to the Enemies of our Religion, to blaspheme that worthy Mame by which we are called.————Is this worthy of the Pious Dr. Beveridge, the Humble, Mortified, Self-denying, Heavenly minded Dr. Beveridge? Whom we eltern'd a Second Chryfostom in our Antioch, the Ornament of our Protestant City, a Main Pillar in our Church, the Beauty of our Ifrael, a burning and fining Light, a bright Star in our English Firmament, and the great Reviver and Example of Primitive Piety, celebrating the blesfed Sacrament (the lively Memory of the Passion of our Lord, that heavenly Feast of Love, which thinks and does no Ill to its Neighbor) every Sunday. And is it not strange that so worthy a Druine, and so good a Christian, should be guilty of so fandalous, so shameful a Prevarication? But, O, how are the Mighty fallen?—How unaccountably prevalent and mischievous are the * 1 Sam. 15. Charms of that Sin, which the Spirit of God compares to the Sin of Witch-

> God Aimighty open your Eyes, and your Brethren's, that you may see your reors, and repent, and break of your Sins by Righteousness, and so avert his rath and Judgments, both from your Selves, and these trembling Nations.—
> Thicking the earnest Planter of Which is the earnest Preyer of,

REVEREND SIR!

Your Sincere and Faithful Monitor

To the or, E.

And Hearty Well-Wisher, &c.

SIR! You'll parton this plain Dealing for which I have a Warrant from Government Lev. 25.77. The fault not be the Bricke to have been the fault.

ACTION OF THE PERSON

621.9

IN

MEMORY

C 20/2

OF THE

Truly Loyall, and Valiant

Capt. John George.

Late Commander of Their Majesties Frigatt the Rose. Being a Full and True Relation of a Blood Fight betwixt the said Frigatt and a Frenchman of War to the Eastward of Cape Sables, Latitude 41 and 50. On Saturday the 24th, of May. 1690.

In a Voyage from New-England in Company with 2 Mast Ships, to whom the Rose-Frigat was Convoy.

By one of the Company.

A Re all Pens filent, is there none to tell

How the Brave George near Sables-Island fell?

Why such Ingratitude? his Merit's much

Better deserve, then thus a Verse to grutch

In memory of him, who for to save

His King's and Countries honour, sound a Grave

In deepest Seas, yet shall his Memory,

Not thus be buried in obscurity.

Nor shall base—Bostoners, curst Sons of Cham,

Who with sale lyes, and tales mankind would sham

E're blast thy Glory, though their black mouth's said,

Thy Ship and Men, were to the French betray'd.

Say then my Muse, and faithfully relate

The time, and cause that usher'd in his fate.

Near

Near twice Ten years, betrusted with Commands In Warlike Ships, in midft of Armed Bands On all occasions he his Country serv'd, And from the Post of danger never swerv'd; Always a Victor, and by Heaven's decree Preserv'd till this his finall destiny. 'Twas near th' Americ strand when twice 12 days The Glorious Sun had guilded with his Rays Fair Maia's bosome. In the Frigot Rose Ploughing the Ocean to feek out his foes, And fave his Convoy-Fleer, anon appears A Lufty French Ship, after her he ftears. Twenty odd Guns on either fide hawl'd out Seamen and Soldiers full four hundred flour The Rose a Fifth Rate, not full thirty Guns, Sixscore brave Lads, burthen 3 hundred Tuns And when in Call demands, whence your thip, hoy? The Frenchman cry'd, me tell you by and by Strike to the King of France then forthwith cry'd' No, no, Monsieur, we'l first well bang your hide, Cry'd Valiant George, nor shall it e're be told To England's King his Ship so cheap I sold. Scarce said, when thund'ring Eccho's pierce the sky From English Marriners, who French def. Shrill Trumpets, and loud Drums do now invite The dull and timorous to a bloody Fight Then thundring Cannons mixt with the and smoak Send pondrous balls, piercing well-featen'd Oak, Which in their passage to the briny deeps Numbers of fouls lull in Eternal fleeps. From the Main-topps and quarter-Decks like hail In showers of Lead, each other now affail: Now might you see the Rigging cut in twain And nimble fingers splicing it again. Ten thousand splinters from all quarters fly, The fayls hard Bullets pierce then pass toth' sky: Some foruge the Guns, others dire powder bear, Loading with chain-shot is anothers care: All bent to kill, or take, or burn, or both, No Room is left for Cowardice or floath.

The Coded Enlights now are cut in twain, Streight daring Vailers put them up again. And now th'affrighted fishes from the Deep Their Scaly heads advancing up, do peep, Above the waves, displeas'd at such diffresses. Amaz'd, return to their unknown recelles; Mean while the Combatants with clamours fill Heavens cieled Arch in crying out, kill, kill. Then dying groans, with shouts commix are heard. And from the scoopers flowing blood appear d. Thus for some time the success doubtfull was. When from the Main-top (oh! we and alas!) Some Common hand a Curfed ball did fend, Which brought the Noble George unto his end: Fixt in his Breaft, our goes his fleeting Soul, Whilft in his hearts-blood, his pale Corps doch Rowl ? Yet e're he went to the Elizium shade, To his next Friends breathing his laft he faid, God bless you all, I dye, I'moill all b're, You reman good Cause, play the Men therefore, Stout Majorer the Ships chart Master fell.
With landry more of whom in the decil.
Too large would be the Thomas at Kontent.
Ith But of honour, they their dear it is from Here Could I end, salt tears bids stay my Pen. But Common Justice prempts me on again To freak of Valiant Condon, and his Merits. Since he the Captains place duly Inherits. The fword ftrait he advancing, doth cry out, Brave Lads fight on, we have the other bout. Your late Commander s dead (brave George) tis true, My life against the Foe I'le spend with you; Do but your parts, we'le make the Monsieur run Or Rost his hide, e're it be set of Sun. Fresh Courage now revives in every break Scorning to think of life or Interest: Near one hour more they thump the Frenchman his Such fort of treatment he could not abide. His First, and Second in our view did fall. His Ports were made as wide as door in Hall ;

His Main-yard flot, his Men like Piegeons fell From the Main-top; In death's Embraces dwell Some hundreds more: for infour view we faw From bloudy decks they their dead Men did draw But that the Poet may not Merit blame, For he (as well as others) hath forme mame. It must not be forgothow Valiant & Clark With his ten Guns did prove a gallant spark, And though defined forthwith to fall aftern. And fafe from blowshimfelf no more concern In Bloudy Combaty form de be difmay de Hawl up the Mathefail to his Men he faids And from the quarter-Deck waving on high His glittering fword the Frenchman did dely : Come if you dare (he try'd) we're reidy for ye, We'le bang wond Jacket, or I should be forry. Stand by your Guns, it never shall be told To my disgrace in England-New-or old I fear'd a Frenchman, or would e te permit My Captain to be wrong'd I feeing it:
Fire on his quarter, you will seh him now Place that great Gun exact gaunt his Bough. Ply well your small thor, let s do all we can, What is the leaft, is morthe worst of man. Thus giving, and receiving on it goes, Till the poor Monfieur thresh'd with heavy blows Found he'de too much on't, strait about he wheels, Finding his hands not half so good as heels.

En O NO N,

Printed and fold by most Booksellers of London and Westminster.

On the Ever to be Lamented Death of the

Most MAGNANIMOUS and ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE,

CHARLES LEOPOLD DUKE of LORRAINE, General of the Imperial Army;

Who Died suddenly, April the Eighth 1690

Eark! heark! What dismal Noise is this I hear? What mournful Clangor is't doth pierce mine Ear? Fame, who had all her Trumpets taught to found Her General's Praise, with which the Air around The spacious Globe so often did rebound; Who'd learnt the Joyful Echo's to repeat The Mighty Victiries of Lorrain the Great, And had instructed every Charming Grove To fing his Conquests, 'stead of softer Love; Had gather'd all her Breath, loud to proclaim Th' approaching Triumphs of the next Campaine: 'S if Thunder-struck! at once her Pipes are mute, The merry Haut-boys, and shrill-throated Flute, The Stately Kettle, and Reviving Drum, Th' Harmonious Trumpet, All, at once, are Dumb! Dumb! 10 those Notes which Martial Heat did stir, And all their Levets chang'd to mournful Murr: Altonish't Hero's drop their sinking Arms, And Europe Staggers at the dread Alarms. The Glorious LORRAINE, Theme of all their Praise! The Glorious LORRAINE, who to Life could raise A Sinking Empire; To Fresh Youth restore The Roman Eagle, almost spent before;
The Glorious LORRAINE did her Strength renew, Warm'd with His Heat, She to fresh Vict'ries flew; Eclipst the Turkish Moon by Her high Flight, And with her Sable Plumes obscur'd her Borrow'd Light. Arm'd with His Courage, She whole Regions tore From the Proud Sultan; forc'd him to restore Her Ravag'd Cities to her Ancient Sway: Made trembling Bashaws her Great Chief obey, As if New Conquests grew with every Day. The Glorious LORRAINE taught th' Imperial Arms To battle Fate; Before him flew whole Swarms Of Haughty Infidels, who oppos'd in vain That Arm which fow'd whole Countries with their Slain. But who th' Immortal Laurel shall transfer From Buda's Walls, to grace His Sepulcher? Buda! That fingle Word sums all Renown; A Matchless Bashaw, and a Matchless Town; Rife, Mighty Waller, Right the Heroe here, The Theme's too Great for my poor Muse to bear. He that Great LORRAINE's Victiries would rehearse, Must fill vast Volumes, not confine t'a Verse; At's Cong'ring Feet the prostrate Visiers fall, Their Gasping Empire dreads the General. Vanquisht Seraskiers with their Legions run; Like Casar, where he came, the Day he mon.

Here we must rest, whilst thou, my Muse, dost tell His Swords Exploits 'gainst a greater Insides.

Leave the proud Banks of Danow's famous Stream,

Loaden with Trophies of the General's Fame;

And to the Fertile Rhine let's now advance,

And view the Pannick Fear he brought on France;

That worser Turk, Tyrannick Monster, who Confcious, of plotting Europe's Overthrow, 'Twas now high time, his Injur'd Neighbours call, To come t' Account with their Great General: Lorraine he stole gainst all pretence of Law, And Ravag'd Orange from the Brave Nassaw, Encroacht on Spain, endeavoured to tear Th' Imperial Lawrel, on his Brows to wear Augustus's Power, and with Sword and Fire Beyond his Bounds to stretch his Lewd Desire; Till he had Planted utter Desolation, And made his Neighbours like his Abject Nation: The Glorious LORRAIN's chose to Check his Pride, And force the Monster in his Cave to hide : His well-taught Troops disdain the Monsieur's Arms. Monsieur, who Trembles at the Great Alarms: Monsieur, who ne'er durst meet this Prince in Field, Porsons, and Pistols more than's Sword have kill'd; Inglorious Arts ! Scorn'd by the Great and Brave, They feek not Man's Destruction, but to Save. In three Months time Monsieur had felt so much The Courage of th' Allies, 'twas time to touch On some Design might spoil the Next Campaine, And lay the dreaded General of Almaine: The Fortune of his Sword he justly Fears, And the Large Reckoning for old Arrears:
Tis done! The Mighty HERO that had Broke The Insulting Power of the Turkish Yeake, Made the more Barbarous Frenchman Fear his Sword, Which daily Reapt more Lawrels for its Lord. The Empires Hope, the Dailing of the League, Is fallen; not by Arms, but by Intrigue! Where were ye all ye Powers that attend On Virtuous Men, and are the HERO's Friend? Could no Kind Genius Rescue from his Fate The mighty Conqueror, and prolong his Date? But as Great Allexander, fell before, Loaden with Triumphs! So, whom We deplore: Whose Fate, not th' Empire, but all Europe Mourn And shall on France the Treacherous Fact Return.

You most Illustrious Hero's which survive The Valiant LORRAINE, keep still alive His Unmatche Courage, Condust, Constancy, And bear his Name up to Posterity.

May th' August Emperour, a New General find,
Matching the Bravery of his Arm, and Mind:
And the Leagu'd Princes such success Acquire
As bears Proportion with their Just Desire.
May You French Lillies with Your Lawrels twine,
And Victory with all Your Armies Join,
'Till humbled Lewis find his Treasons Vain;
And LORRAIN's Fortune to outlive LORRAINE.



E I E GY

On the Death of

His Grace the Duke of Graston.

Hen first around our Isle the News was spread (Ah, difinal News!) the Noble Duke was dead. Such was the ludden Transport of our Fears, We were unwilling to believe our Ears; But when the Confirmation of it came, Ah, doleful News! Ah, difmal Word of Fame! Like Men intrane'd we stood, and in amaze, With ghaftly Eyes did on each other gaze. But he is gone-And he whose Eyes bedew his facred Urn, Each pious drop into a Pearl will turn To adorn his Hearfe: But he who nohe can vent Doth bring more Marble to his Monument. Him Heav'n a Pattern did for Heroes form, Quick in Advice and eager to perform. In Councel calm, fierce as a Storm in Fight; Danger his Sport, and Labour his Delight: To him the Fleet, and Camp, the Sea, and Field, Did equal Harvests of bright glory yield. Who can forget how Valliantly, how Free, He ded affert the Empire of the Sca-The Gallick Fleer endeavoured but in vain The Tempest of his Fury to sustain; Sharter'd and torn before his Flig they flow, Like Doves that the exalted Eagle view, Ready to floop and feize them from on high, With all the Wings of fear and hafte do fly, The glorious Feats this Valliant Duke hath done, Hath Englands highest Admiration won: And though in deepest Grief we mourn him gon, We may rejoy that he was ours fo long. And if the Immortal dead do fee, or know, The various Actions of Mankind below, Sure his bright Soul with kind concern looks down, And breaths auspicious Wishes to the Crown. How bleft were we, had we the Bleffing known, When we had Princely GRAFTON for our own; But Heaven, that we our mighty Happiness Might truly understand, did make it less, And did his Noble Soul from us remove To encrease the Number of the Bless'd above:

Ye partial Heavens must Princely Heroes thus, Though they have liv'd like Gods, yet die like us. Patience in smaller Evils may be shown, But oh! fuch Grief as this admits of none. In vain we Hope and Sigh, in vain we Pray, If wint we Love must thus be torn away: But we confess with Grief, that Princes Breath Is frail like ours, like us they stoop to Death. And we must own how fondly we began To fancy GRAFTON formewhat more than Man: 'Twas he whose flaming Courage did disdain The flow Advances of a vulgar Man. His early Years in bloody Wars did show What riper Age might for his Country do. 'Twas he who did in raging Fire and Storms Defend the Crown our gracious King Adorns. 'Twas he who made the Irish Rebels Quake, And trembling French their Trenches to forfake; But ah, he's gone! Excelling Prince, oh! once our Joy and Care, Now our eternal Grief and deep Dispair: Whether were all those careful Angels fled, That were intrufted with thy facred Head? Where were they then! how did they misemploy There Time, when thou didft on thy Death-bed ly, And bow'd thy Head to awful Destiny! Impartial Death, like Tarquin's Wand, The soonest reaches those that highest stand, Letting Ignoble, Useless, Shrubs alone, And strikes the stately full grown Poppy down. But when a Noble Heroe yields to Fate, Then Sorrow rifes in the greatest State. The fullen'st Mortal then will shed a Tear, And Death in all its grandure doth appear. But oh! I've done, for whill to mind I call His God-like Worth, the Tears like Rivers fall From my swell'd Eyes, half languish'd now with Cares, Shaded with Grief, and almost quench'd in Tears.

Lisensed, Octob. 27. 1690. J. F.

LONDON, Printed by Richard Cheefe, Jun. in the Year 1690.



AN

ON THE

DEATH of that Worthy PRELATE,

The Right Reverend Father in God, Dr. 70 HN LAKE, Late Lord Bishop of Chichester, (One of the Seven Bishops who were Prisoners in the Tower) who departed this Life on Friday the 30th. of August 1689.

Eace Mourning Friend! forbear to weep for him Who is faluted with the Angel's Hymn, Whom all the Saints Triumphant welcome Home From's Pilgrim-Voyage on the Briny Fome; Where like a Ship that's tost from Wave to Wave Which ev'ry moment threaten with a Grave, Frighted with furious Storms at last h'arrives At fairer Heavens and Serener Skies, Through blustring Seas unto that pleasant Shore He's fafely come, where he shall Weep no more. The Tears are wiped from his Reverend Face, Which here he shed in running of his Race, Which being finish'd and the Battle done, He Wears the Crown which by his Faith he Won. His Conquest now, not Pangs of the New-Birth, The Heav'nly Quire doth Celebrate with Mirth. Angels do Shout with Joy, to's Fathers Home, Not that a Sinner, but a Saint is come. And now Heav'n Rings with Joy, for th' Earth to Mourn, A Discord 'tis, not worthy of his Urn: Whilst they above Rejoyce, these Weep below, Faith and Hope's Conquest it will overthrow; Whilst they are fill'd with Joy, these with Complaints, Tis to deny Communion of the Saints. Weep for the Sinner, let Floods of Tears be shed For him, in Trespasses and Sinsthat's Dead. Weep for the harden'd Wretch, that can't Relent, That Lives in Sin, and Dies Impenitent; Who useless was on Earth, unfit for Heav'n, Of Grace and Goodness that was quite bereav'n. So, Useless too was that Great Man become, 2 * When Prisoner in Condemn'd to Silence, and to * Martyrdome, the Tower. use the Worldhe'd learnt to overcome, hat he wanted, but abounded more and Grace than all that went before: pat and Good, Pious and Learned too

ers Will to fuffer and todo. 'twas Heav'ns Decree, whom Earth Suspended, Jeav'n, having the Earth Offended; Mansion on him to bestow, lass!) there was no Room below; al in his Makers Praise Earth t' a Nobler Sphere to Raile: termitting, or the Hate Jonour he shall Celebrare,

And to Eternal Ages loudly Sing Anthems of Praise to Heav'ns Glorious King: Whose Holy Temple has an Open Door, Whose PRIESTS shall never be Suspended more. But though here's Cause of Joy, yet one thing may Challenge a Tear from those who come to pay Honour to th' Mem'ry of the Worthy Saint, (Complaint. Which may their Hearts with Grief, their Mouths fill with When Righteous Men do Perish, the Pious die, Ifa 57: 1. An Indication 'tis that Evil's nigh. So Husbandmen do House their Corn before The falling of the threatning sweeping Showr. The gath'ring of the Blacker Clouds do warn The Ripen'd Crop to hasten to the Barn. So God Methuselah the year before The Flood broke out suffer'd to Live no more. So good Josiah, that he might not feel The heavy Judgments threatning Ifrael, That he in them his Portion might not have, When yet but young, was hurried to the Grave. So great St. Austin went away to Heav'n Before Hippo was of her Peace bereav'n. So Valiant Luther, Prince o'th' Reformation Dy'd just before Germany's Desolation. Well may we fear the World will tumble down, When Righteous Men, its Pillars, fall to th' Ground. And when the Candlestick is taken from us, The Light goes too; then Lord have Mercy on us. Such the Deceased was, of whom I'm bold To say, He was a CANDLESTICK OF GOLD. Zech. 4.2. Whose Light like the bright Taper clearly burn'd; To Light from Darkness wandring Souls He turn'd. The Stubborn Lump to purge from the Old Leaven He Striv'd and Pray'd, and Praying went to Heaven. Of Patience, Meekness, Courage an Example gave, Submitting to God's Will descended to the Grave. This Light's remov'd by our Great Masters Will, And plac'd above on Ziens Glorious Hill; Where Light, and Love, and Joy do overflow, A Dark and Gloomy Church having left below. This none confider, few do lay to Heart, Till under Judgments they severely smart. Which Temper is to be Lamented more Than all the Instances of Grief before.

The page 1 100



AN

E L E G

On the Death of

His Grace the Duke of Grafton.

Hen first around our Isle the News was spread (Ah, dismal News!) the Noble Duke was dead. Such was the sudden Transport of our Fears, We were unwilling to believe our Ears: But when the Confirmation of it came, Ah, doleful News! Ah, difmal Word of Fame! Like Men intranc'd we stood, and in amaze, With ghaftly Eyes did on each other gaze. But he is gone-And he whose Eyes bedew his facred Urn, Each pious drop into a Pearl will turn To adorn his Hearse: But he who none can vent Doth bring more Marble to his Monument. Him Heav'n a Pattern did for Heroes form, Quick in Advice and eager to perform. In Councel calm, fierce as a Storm in Fight; Danger his Sport, and Labour his Delight: To him the Fleet, and Camp, the Sea, and Field, Did equal Harvests of bright glory yield. Who can forget how Valliantly, how Free, He did affert the Empire of the Sea. The Gallick Fleet endeavour'd but in vain The Tempest of his Fury to sustain; Shatter'd and torn before his Flag they flew, Like Doves that the exalted Eagle view, Ready to stoop and seize them from on high, With all the Wings of fear and hafte do fly. The glorious Feats this Valliant Duke hath done, Hath Englands highest Admiration won: And though in deepest Grief we mourn him gon, We may rejoyce that he was ours fo long. And if the Immortal dead do fee, or know, The various Actions of Mankind below, Sure his bright Soul with kind concern looks down, And breaths auspicious Wishes to the Crown. How bleft were we, had we the Bleffing known, When we had Princely GRAFTON for our own; But Heaven, that we our mighty Happiness Might truly understand, did make it less, And did his Noble Soul from us remove To encrease the Number of the Bless'd above:

Ye partial Heavens must Princely Heroes thus,? Though they have liv'd like Gods, yet die like us? Patience in fmaller Evils may be shown, But oh! fuch Grief as this admits of none. In vain we Hope and Sigh, in vain we Pray, If what we Love must thus be torn away: But we confess with Grief, that Princes Breath Is frail like ours, like us they stoop to Death. And we must own how fondly we began To fancy GRAFTON somewhat more than Man: 'Twas he whole flaming Courage did disdain The flow Advances of a vulgar Man. His early Years in bloody Wars did show What riper Age might for his Country do. 'Twas he who did in raging Fire and Storms Defend the Crown our gracious King Adorns. 'Twas he who made the Irish Rebels Quake, And trembling French their Trenches to forfake; But ah, he's gone!-Excelling Prince, oh! once our Joy and Care, Now our eternal Grief and deep Dispair: Whether were all those careful Angels fled, That were intrusted with thy sacred Head? Where were they then! how did they misemploy ? There Time, when thou didst on thy Death-bed ly, And bow'd thy Head to awful Destiny! Impartial Death, like Tarquin's Wand, The foonest reaches those that highest stand, Letting Ignoble, Useless, Shrubs alone, And strikes the stately full grown Poppy down. But when a Noble Heroe yields to Fate, Then Sorrow rifes in the greatest State. The fullen'st Mortal then will shed a Tear, And Death in all its grandure doth appear. But oh! I've done, for whilst to mind I call His God-like Worth, the Tears like Rivers fall From my swell'd Eyes, half languish'd now with Cares, Shaded with Grief, and almost quench'd in Tears.

Lisensed, Octob. 27. 1690. 7. F.

LONDON, Printed by Richard Cheese, Jun. in the Year 1690.



EEGY

AN

On the Death of that Learned, Pious, and Laborious Minister of Jesus Christ

MR RICHARD BAXTER,

Who departed this Mortal Life on the 8th Day of December, 1691.

OW hardly we fad doleful Truths believe! And though prepar'd, unwllingly we grieve. But here's a Subject calls for Floods of Tears, For who of Baxter's late Departure hears, But is prepar'd to Weep? Yet Tears are vain, Not us they profit, nor that happy Man Who from the Vale of Sorrows is remov'd, Baxter so much Esteem'd, Admir'd, Belov'd; Whose pious Words which from his Mouth did come, Distill'd with Sweetness like the Hony-Comb, Is filent-Yet that Word I must recal, Tho' Dead, bis Words yet speak unto us all. Who can attempt the Subject of his Praise? All we alas ! can fay, are faint Effays. But fill Repect to's pious Worth is due, We cannot flatter, but we must be true : Learn'd tho' he was with all that Human Skill, Which empty Heads with Wind too often fill, Yet humble without Pride—his Learning he, Still made the Handmaid to Divinity; Those Parts which other Men so much abuse, He still improv'd to a Religious use, Witness his Works in which tho' Learning shine, Yet serv'd as Foils to set off Thoughts Divine. But who his Heavenly Piety can paint? He did not seem, but surely was a Saint: His private Notions, though some Men condemn, Not Envy could his Life and Actions blame; So much of Heaven in his Talk was known, Atheists from him have with Convictions gone; To prove the Truth some Men much time have spent, He was Religiou's Living Argument: For whosoe're his pious Actions knew, He must believe Religion to be true. If as a private Man his Graces were So bright; What was he as a Minister? That Holy Function he his Pleasure made, Religion was his Bulinels, not his Trade: With empty Shews his God he did not mock, He neither car'd to fleece nor flarve his Flock; Painful in Preaching, constant still in Prayer, The good of Souls was his—his only care. His Doctrins he so well apply'd, that all Who came to him for help, did never fail: To Weak gave Strength, to Scrupulous gave eafe, And Balm apply'd to wounded Consciences;

The kind Physician of the fickly Soul, How many now in Grief his Lofs condole! Altho' we cannot reach his Graces height, Yet lawfully we all may limitate.
The Sweets of Sin how quickly are they past?
The Godly Life brings pleasure at the last.
This Truth full well the Reverend Baster knew, Who when he dyed, had nothing elfe to do: His Peace with God was made, how few alas! Of bright Professors are in such a Case? If for Degrees of Grace are here attain'd, Degrees of Glory are in Heaven gain'd. Sure Pious Baxter may be thought to be, A Star in Glory of the first Degree; Who after a long Life of Pains and Age, Death took him from this Frail, this Mortal Stage; Who now in Heaven undoubtedly is bleft, With what he in his Works fo well exprest, The Saints expeded Evertasting Rest.

EPITAPH

Onsider, Reader, who lies here,

And for thy Loss then Drop a Tear;

Tis BAXTER, whose unwearied Pen

Strove to Reform the Lives of Men:

Who Godliness and Learning joyn'd

To all the Beauties of his Mind;

Of God and of good Men belov'd;

None e're their Talents more improv'd;

Heav'n lengthmed out his Glass, that we

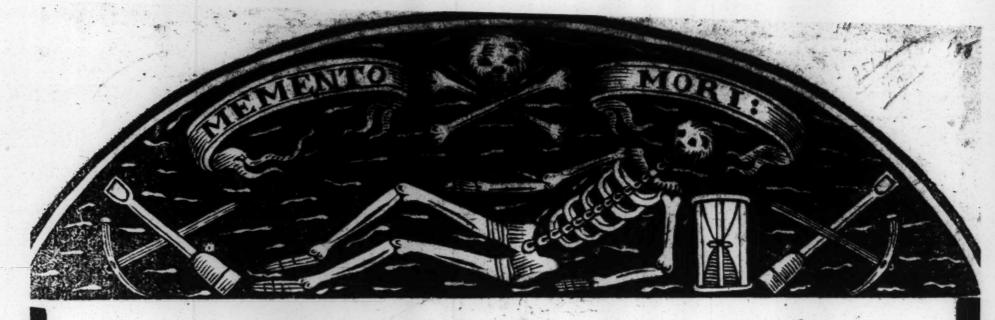
By him might learn true Piety:

His Soul is gone, true Bliss to find,

His Body here in lest behind,

And through the World the Product of his Mind.

LONDON, Printed for Richard Baldwin, MDCXCL.



ELEGY

On the DEATH of

Dr.THOMAS SAFFOLD,

Who Departed this LIFE May the 12th, 1691.

OM SAFFOLD Dead, that famous Operator, And did no Blazing Star foretel the Matter? No angry Comet with bright Flames her Arfe-on, Foretel the Death of so Renown'd a Person? Ye ill-bred Stars, ye know when he was Living, He was each Day from you some Skill receiving; And could ye not afford one Link Celestial, To Light him from Black-Fryers House Terrestrial ? For very well ye Flaming Lights did know, Twas a dark way the Doctor had to go: But we, alas! in vain his Absence mourn; For he is gone, thence never to Return Te's House again, who with his Bills alone, Did with Bumfodder furnish half the Town: So Skill'd in Drugs and Verle, 'twas hard to show it. Whether was best, the Doctor or the Poet. For if one Read his Rimes, a Stool would follow, As fure as it he did a Bolus fwa!low: So for a double use they serv'd for some, First give a Purge, and then to wipe the Bum. His Skill in Phylick did his Fame advance, Tho some accuse him of dull Ignorance: Powder of Post may sometimes do the Trick, As well as Rhainb. Senna, Agarick; For let the fad Disease be what it will, The Patients Faith helps more than Doctors Skill; Besides he had so quick, so short a way, No Patient under him long Grieving lay; for was it Fever, Pox, or Calenture, His Drugs could either quickly kill or Cure. Sometimes perhaps his Guilded Pill prevails; But if that fail, the Dead can tell no Tales. What if his Medicines thousands Lives should spill? Hangmen and Quacks are Authoriz'd to Kill.

Howl and Lament ye who have had th' mishap, we While ye for Pleasure sought, to find a Clap;

Who now in Sweating-Tubs devoutly Drivel; Faith Sparks, your Doctor's left you to the Devil; Throw Snot about and shed your briny Tears: Ye Shadwel Dames and Wapping Wast coteers. Who blushing with your Urinals of Water, Came to his House to understand the Matter, Lament ye Damsels of our London City; (Poor unprovided Girls) the Fair and Witty. Who maskt, would to his House in couples come, To understand your Matrimonial Doom; To know what kind of Men you were to Marry, And how long time, poor things, you were to Tarry: Your Oracle is Silent, none can tell On whom his Astrologick Mantle fell; For he when Sick refus'd all Doctor's Aid, And only to his Pills Devotion Paid; Yet it was furely a most sad Disaster, The Sawcy Pills at last should Kill their Master.

His EPITAPH.

Here Lyes the Corps of Thomas Saffold,
By Death, in spite of Physick, Baffl'd;
Who leaving off his working Loom,
Did Learned Doctor soon become.
To Poetry he made pretence,
Is plain to any man's own Sense:
But he when Living thought it Sin
To hide his Talent in Napkin;
Now Death does Poet Doctor crowd
Within the Limits of a Shrowa'.

London: Printed for A. Turner, 1691.



in the hands of others, and almost spoiled by them, the deubts not but (by God's Help) the shall Restore them again to their former Health. She also cares the most inverterate Clap, or virulent Running of the Reins, with Care and Safety in a very few days.

Nother thing the excellains is ther Colomists for the Face that bendy tiffys it to admiration; and makes Old People look young without the least prejudice to the Skin, to that if any Gendlewant and distrate, the will talte it her fell before her face a Timb that fingular Visatue that neither Water can was it off, nor First or Sweat make it perceptible. She also takes off a likedness on Pumples of the face a reckles, Morphow, and Tinus; and has an admirable for vite and Water that makes the Tauth, as whitens divine fallens toole Teach gives pretent Eale in the Facth at he divine the Scarcy. I want

In Antology the Resident Coefficient

As as left hopeywoundary a Dariel for fact that

Many less enforced the street of the Coefficient for the Co

The GOOD CHRISTIANS Complaint;

Poor CHARITY's Languishing Lamentation in a date long and tedious Winter; Caofa_

Seeing Pride, Envy, Hatred, Malice, with many other Vices, Nourish'd like Darlings in the Bosome of Mankind; whilst Love and Mercy, Truth and Chartity, did unregarded Wander like strange Pilgrims.

Concluding with a Scasonable Exhortation to a Christian Life.

Licensed according to Order.



A S Truth was passing through the open Street,
It was his chance poor Charity to meet,
Distressed in the bitte. Frost and Snow,
And fir Relief she knew not where to go.

Grief sate Enthron'd between her careful Brow; For there was few that wou'd her Cause espouse; Her Cheeks was nipp'd by tharp and freezing Wind, She sighing said, Is all the World unkind?

Where are those Ancients that were wont to be Such Benefactors to poor Charity? What, are they dead, and left none of their Race, That are right willing to supply their place?

I find the Widow and the Fatherless,
With Grief and Sorrow languish in distress,
While those that vaunt in rich Embroider'd Gold,
Will not look down their forrows to behold.

Those who their lives in wanton pleasures lead, If they behold a Man who stands in need Of present help, his Grief they will not mind; O this we do by sad experience find.

The Youthful Gallant ought to Honour Age, The hoary Head, with Vilage Grave and Sage: But yet instead of this, some swell with Pride, And poor decripid Age scorn and deride.

Instead of giving them a due Respect, On their gray Hairs Youth often will reslect; And commonly revising Language give, As if on Earth they were not sit to live.

Instead of Love, which ought to rule and reign, Just cause we have of Malice to complain: Amongst us here Revenge is sweet we find, To such as those who are to Wrath inclined.

One Neighbour hates to see another Thrive, Behold how carefull are they to contrive, By what slye means they may their Ruine prove; And this is all for want of Christian Love.

Some Men before they'll pardon an Offence, Will feek Revenge, tho' at a large Expence: But if the Lord of Love was so severe, What would become of sinful Mortals here?



If Charity amongst it e Sons of Men, Was freely entertain'd, how happy then Would Christians be, they'd readily forgive All Wrongs, and here in Love and Friendship live.

But Vice instead of Vertues Men receive, Which causes Charity to sigh and grieve; And while the urters forth her Mournful Cries. Distilled Tears drop from her melting Eyes.

To see how Folly like a Darling dear, Is hugg'd, embrac'd, and likewise cherishe here, Close in the very Bosome of Mankind, Whilst Verine can no Habitation find.

In Drunkenness some Persons take delight, With quasting Cups in Taverns day and night. Thus they their Wealth in lawless pleasures spend, While to the Poor they'll neither give nor lend.

Alas! we often hear the Drunkard boaft, Who can continue longest, swallow most; But it were better we could hear them say, That for their Sins they love to Fast and Pray.

For fear the Lord in wrath hou'd Vengeance take, For why, the best of Men may chance to break His just Commands, but how much more does he, Who drowns his Soul in floods of Infamy.

That very Sin fends there ands to the Grave,
Their Lives the Learned Doctors cannot fave;
Yet fure 1 am, fuch Desth's would never be,
If Men had for themselves but Charity.

Likewise the Sin of Pride does here bear sway, Who Peacock-like, does gaudy Plumes display; And at a Blush seems beautiful and fair, Yet to the World she groves a faral Snare.

Some Persons they to Pride are so inclin'd,
That night and day there's nothing else they mind;
That time that should be some in Rightsousness,
They here bestow to praise a Modish Dress.

Forgetting that they are the Dult and Clay, Who notwithstanding affichele Garments Gay, Must stoop to Death, and he a Consche laid. Where they shall soon a Seattifus Moran be not



Then what becomes of Grandieur, State and Pride, And all the Glories of the World beside? They lye within the limits of a Shroud, Then why should Man, poor Mortal Man, be Proud?

Yet some against the Rules of solid Sense, Will nourish Pride, there's none shall the n convince, And many bounds on it will spend, before They'd give one single Penny to the Poor.

The very painted Hulot which they meet, At ev'ry crick and corner of the Street, They will supply with Gold and Silver bright, Meerly for the leud pleasures of the Night.

But see, does not her Footsteps lead to Death? Is there not more than Poison in her breath? To traint thy Soul with the salse shows of Love, Until she does thy utter Ruin prove.

Those that has run this Toose perfidious Race, Has met with Death in shame and sad disgrace; And did with melting Dying Tears declare, That Harlots fond allurements brought them there.

Thus Varlets often bitterly complain,
That crying fins has provid their fatal bace;
But who is he that ever did sepent,
That he in Righteousness his days had spent.

Complaining he had led too strict a Life,
Too free from Malice, Envy, Spleen and Strife;
Too Sober, likewise roo Religious here,
Or that a Conscience had been kept too clear.

No, these are Comforts of a Dying Bed, VVhen we can call to mind how we have led A Life on Earth, season'd with C ristian Grace, VVhich will conduct us to a resting place.

For this vain World with grief flows like a flood, Here's little else but Wars and shedding Blood; Contending still for Superority. This is for want of Love and Charity.

If we would War and lafting Glory win, We must like Christian Souldiers Conquer Sin, The greatest Enemy so all Mankind, So shall we then Exercal Glory find.

On the DE ATH of that brave Sea-Commander,

Reer-Admiral C A R T E R.

Who was unfortunately Kill'd in the Famous Ingagement with the French Fleet, on the 20th of May, 1692.

Air.

Permit a Muse (all drench't in Tears) a while To interrupt the Universal Smile,

Since the most pleasing Passions in Excess, (pres, Will with their Weight the Noblest Minds op-Joy should with Grief, and Grief with Joy be mixt, Or either Passion fatally is fixt.

Carter the brave-through floods of fire and smoke Rusht on when heth' French Line of Battle broke; With pompous Titles, tho their Sails they swell, Of Thunder, Lightning, and th' Invincible, No terror in their empty Names appears, Nor their Broad-sides th' undaunted Carter fears: He saw the Goddess Vistory descend, And Winds and Seas the Noble Cause befriend. The fierce Dispute he did not long maintain, But Cries were heard—Our Admiral is slain; Thus in the Justest, and the Noblest Cause, Great Carter yeilded to Fates Rigid Laws.

He was---but, ah! the bold Attempt, forbear, Too weak's thy Skill to write his Character, That Task is for a Nobler Pen defign'd, Great as his Thoughts, and Daring as his Mind, Yet we in small his Portraiture may view, And by a little, shew, we more would do.

He was-by Nature made for that Command. To which, tho most pretend, few understand; His Vertue was not rugged, like the Waves, Nor did he treat his Sailers as his Slaves: But courreous, cafe of Access, and free, His Looks not tempered with Seventy:

Midst the Publick Joy, which every where, And those who did his Friehdship share confess, With Acclamations, fills the yeilding He was more cordial than they could express.

> These were the private Vertues of his Breast; But that which was the Crown of all the rest. Was his True Valour for his Countrey's Good, Which courage made him lavish of his Blood, Unlike to that, when Wine, Surprize, and Rage, Our bot-brain'd Sparks so oft in Blood engage: No, he its true intrinsick Value knew, And seem'd to catch the Bullets as they flew.

Unlucky Bullet, must thy Random shot, Only felect Great Carter for thy Lot? A thousand common Tars we could have spar'd, Had not the Admiral in thy Fury shard. But tho he's Gone, he cannot want a Tomb, Whose Praises do in every Breast find room. With Manly Sighs the Fleet his Loss lament, And the Brave * Duke will be his Monument.

* The Ship be was Killed in.

EPLTAPH

IF from Fates James could Vertue fave, Or Courage rescue from the Grave, Carter would ne're bave quit the Scene, But always bave Immortal been; But the Grim Tyrant all things smeeps, To Dark Oblivions filent Deeps. All Mortals must obey the call, When Death himself rides ADMIRAI



E E E G Y

Sir William Turner, Knight,

AND

Alderman of the City of LONDON, and President of Bridwell and Betblem Hospitals, WHO

Departed this Life on Thursday, the 9th. of February, about a Eleven of the Clock in the Forenoon, 1 6 9 3

Ome, come, prepare to Weep, our Sorrow's great, For we have lost our Worthiest Magistrate, Sir William Turner, Father of our Troy, The City's Darling and the Orphans Joy. Oh! who can Name him and forbear to Weep, Since he, Just Soul, does with his Fathers sleep. For thee, O LONDON, I am forry too; Methinks I hear thee Cry, Ab Joys Adieu, Adieu! Adieu! Ah Death what dost thou mean, To take the Pillar on which I did lean? I once from Ruins lifted up my Head, But now, Alas! Alas! Great TURNER's Dead. So Wife, so Just, and Equal too was He, He Punish'd Guilty, and set Guiltless Free; So Charitable, that though he is Dead, His Works of Charity Live in his stead. An Hospital he lately did Erect, The Hungry Christian to Feed and Protect; Besides a Chappel, wherein twice a Day A Minister is ordered to Bray; Wherein full Forty Poor he doth Maintain, Oh! that our Sighs could him recall again! So well Belov'd was he, that he was fent Our Grievance to Redress in Parliament, Where he behav'd himself so Just and Wise, His Death, draws Tears from ev'ry Readers Eyes. He's Dead alas! who strove with all his might To restore the Widows and Orphans to their Right.

Weep, weep, therefore, let outward Sorrows shew Your inward Griefs, with Tears your Cheeks bedew, For him who while he did with us remain, Wrong'd not his Conscience for lucre of Gain; From base Deceit and Guile was always free, And th' great Afferter o' th' City's Liberty. But ah, bold Death, spares neither Great nor Small, All fare alike, the Shrubs and Cedars Tall: What shall we say, he Mortal was, though Brave, And as all Mortals, Subject to the Grave. But why should we thus Grieve? when he, I'm sure, In Everlasting Mansions is secure; And with the Bless'd doth Halelujahs fing, To our Great Creator and Eternal King. But since he's dead and gone, we'll let him Rest, Until the Refurrection of the Just.

EPITAPH.

HERE Lies Interv'd, under this Stone,
A Worthy Magistrate, well known,
Lord-Mayor of LONDON, in Sixty Nine,
And one who led a Life Divine;
Sir William Turner was his Name,
Whom no one Living I hear blame;
A True Son of the English Church,
Whose Name to Harlots smells like Birch;
Whom while he lived on this Stage,
Made Bridewel their chiefest Cage.
Then rest, dear Ashes, in thy Urn,
Until the Earth Consume and Burn.

London, Printed for George Croom, at the Blow-Ball in Thamesfrees, over against Baymard's-Castle.

Religious La Tinker.

Licented actorning to Dian

To the Tone of Ligged Water

I'm Born of English Flesh and Blood;
And surely, for my Country's Good a
for the Good o'th' Cause, I take great Pain,

And Godliness is all my Gain.

II

Tis true, fome Sawcy Knaves do Bawl, Nick-naming me, Fanatick call:

But Godly Meghaels 1 profess;

A Pox confound their Wickedness!

H

So much as th' Organs in the Church.

I love all People, without Strike;

Nay, hate not even my Neighbour's Wife.

IV

hate Formalities and Rules,
Disputes and Canons of the Schools;
Set Times for Featting, with Minc'd Pyes,
There Plumb-Pudding, as my Eyes,

V

When in the State there is a Rent,
Deputes twist King and Parliament,
Len apply my Healing-Salve;
Let is, I make it worse by Half.

VI

I Preach up Godly Reformation, and love a Page Declaration; don't approve of Sabbarb Meaking, not a Weath in Corner Iqueaking.

VII

Viove Religious Convertation,
Where Godly Sighs are much in Fathious
I love the Whites of Ladies Eyes,
Then Lovely, Tender, Panting Cries.

VIII

I love to press my Doctrine home, And squeeze it in, as twere, to some. When Hearts do sail, I take their Hand, Which cannot my Warm Zeal withstand.

IX

I love not Those who will not Swear To be true to th King and Queen, that are; And if King James should come a Main, To Say and Swear as much again.

X

I have Disputes of Wrong and Right, Unless we get our Living by't; To Talk of Governments and States, Unless we gain by these Debates.

XI

The Surplice, Cope, and Mitre too, Are Things to me that will not do. But yet, linee Sisters are permitted. To come to us, they are all acquitted.

XII

All Men in Power I do profess, Are meerly Tools of Wickedness, Unless from us they take Direction By way of Godly Saints Perfection.

XIII

For Great King William I do Pray, That is, if he doth get the Day; The Great and Properties I Bloss, And who the Divel would do less?

XIV

Appropries to make my Application;
All things are is or all of Pathion.

See Things are tild, and fone are New,
and Tomes Change, to I will too.

London, Printed for Ralls Mall in West Smithadd, 1692

Good Sir Will— Knock.

(1)

THE.

WHORES

Lamentation

Fo2 the Death of Sir W.T.

Ongst the wet pious Eyes, shall we poor Harlots Be the only unrelenting graceles Varlots? What? not one Tributary Tearles falls 11) wind in the At the Deplor'd Sir W-Ms. Funeral Port to the Man Tho' White-Fryer's Cub, and Dorfet-Garden Matron, All quite forget your good old Back-fide Batron A Tear, alas I the least we owe see more with the least we owe see more Than we have paid him twenty times before, or the same in How often has he forced, in blubbering Eyes and The Briny Floods and Iwelling Tourents rife ? And is it now the fullen Fountain's dry land of the same No, we have one Pearl to Grace his Elegye Un A Duty never pay'd more willing; met well and another and Thou now no longer dreadful, Sir, farewel. work many Death ends at once our Terrour, and thy State, - 20 seem to ! That common Beadle at the proudest Gate, and and property of the High-commission of Leveller of Fate and doings to be Well, let thy Cavaleade of Maneners rally and suffer HIT From Cellar, Garret, Brothel, Bulk, and Alley of All the whole Sifterbood in Sable Dreis; 17 70 10 1009 From honest Posture-Woll, to Country-Bess. A Jolly Troop, and wondrous Tender-hearted, All with thy Favours Grac'd, fome Whip'd, Tome Canted, Too fad Remembrances of Friend departed.

Yes, mount great Soul, to the Esperial Throne, And Spur thy Steeds and Fiery-Chariot on: But when kind Heavin's welcom Grieft shall find thee, I hope thou'lt leave no Mantle drough behind thee; No Ferking Successor, born to Inherit A double Portion of thy Plaging Spirit -No, let this Praise in thy summ deworth be recken'd; Thou're Non-parel, too Great, to leave a Second. Knock Good Ste Walten, was our Tone, od Sir William's all our Moan.

Dead I and may we Crave may we Crave is Grave? Around While De Great Maer Constitution of the Consti These Gadbury, and great Parridge sell of this we dare pronounce for Oracle Born that dread Plague and Scotting to Amorous Function,

No, the Love-Placete then were in Eclips,

Whilst for a Dread Bresage of Thomas and Whips, Scorpions and Dragons Tards, a dreadful Gang,
Of Hemp and Flog did Dire Fore Ruuners Hang.
Here let one Tear of Indignation fall, Remembrance, how thou (well it the Woman's Galls of T Server which fuch full venetics (Overballow) esallow, re-1 Harry Ka Sh Mores are Whip'd,

and the Decoral for the Albania Color Color (1602).

A SHORT HISTORY of the

Succession of the Kings and Queens of England,

William the Conqueror, to His present Majesty King William, the III. to the Imperial Crowns of these Realms of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland; Is briefly Illustrated and Declared.

William the Condueror was by birtha Norman and the 7th Duke of Line, from Rollo his Pro. genitor:he having over-thrown King Harald in Battel, Conquered the Realm of England, Anno Don. 1066. Crown'd at Wesiminster on Christ-mas-day ensuing, by Al-dred the Archbishop of York. Married to Mand

Daughter of Baldwyn, fifth Earl of Flanders, by whom he had several Children, of which in order they Succeeded, Dyed in 1087. at Roan in Normandy, of an inward Rupture. Reign'd 20 Years and 10 Months. Buried at Gaen in Normandy. His Title, Willielmus Rex.

William the II. fir-named Rufus, Suc-ceeded his Father, tho his elder Brother Robert was then Living : The Conqueror having by Normandy to Robert, and bequearh'd England to this William. Crown-ed October 15th 1087. at Westminster, by Land-branck, Archbishop of Canterbury (NeverMar-

2d. 1099 in the 43d. Year of his Age, being ca-fually Slain by Sir Walter Tyrel, his Bow-bearer, as he was Hunting in New-Forest, after he had Reigned 12 Years and 10 Months. Buried in St. Swithins Church at Winchester. His Title, Willielmus Dei gracia Rex Anglorum.

Henry the I. Son of the Conqueror, and first of that Name, (tho Robert was still living) Succeeded; he was Crown'd August the 5th, 1100 at Westminster, by the Bishop of London: Married to Maud, Daughter unto Margaret Q. of Scotland who was Dough. land, who was Dough-

Moud his only Daughter. Dwed December the Mand his only Daughter. Dwed December the Me. 1 reach of the Same Line year of his Age of a Surgering of Lampry: Reigned 35 Years. Bulied, viz. his Bowels, Brains and Eyes at Roan, his Body at Reeding. His Title, Henricus Dei gratia Rest Anglorum.

man, Earl of Boleyn, Blois, by Addiela, Daugh ter of William the to the substantial Title of Maud, the only Daughter of K. Henry, and the colourable Ti tie of Theobald, his clder Brother. Crown'd on St. Stephen's-day,

1135. at Westminster, manda all by William Archbiby William Archbifhop of Canterbury. Married to Matild, Daughter and Heir of Eustinee, Earl of Boleyn, by whom he had no Isiue; who died at 18 without Issue at Dover, October 25. 1154 of an Isiac Passion, in the 45th year of his Age, after he had Reigned 18 Years and 10 Months. Buried in Feneral an Abby. His Title. Stephanus Dei gratia versbam Abby. His Title, Stephanus Dei gratia Rex cinglarum.

HEnry the II. a of Anjou, by his Fa-ther Jeoffery Planta-genet, (from whence the Name of Plantagenet arose) Succeeded Stephen, whom he pre-ceeded in Right, as being Son and Heir of Maud, fole Daughter and Heir of Henry the I. Crown'd December The 17. 1154. at West minster, by Theobald.

Archbishop of Canterbury. Married Eleanor Daughter to William Duke of Guien, by whom he had several Children, as follows. Dyed in Normandy, in 1189, in the 61 ft Year of his Age, of Grief, after he had Reigned 35 Years. Buried in Fount Everard in France. His Title, Henricus Secundus Rex Anglorum, Dux Normaniz & Aquitaniz, & Comes Andegaviz.

R Ichard the L firnamof King Henry the II. his two elder Brothers being dead, Succeeded his Fa ther: Crown'd the 3 d.
of September, 1189 at
Westiminster, by Baldwyn
Archbishop of Conterbury. Married to Berringania, Daughter to the King of Navar. He had no lifus. Dyed the 6th of April, 1199. in the 44th Year of his Age, by the Wound of an Arrow

John, the youngest Son of Henry the II. in wrong of his elder Brother Geoffrey's Son and Heir, Arthur, then living, Succeeded his Brothe Richard. Crown'd upon Ascension Day, 1199, by Hubert Archbishop of Canterbury, at bishop of Canterbury, at Westminster. March

HEnry the III. Son to King John, Succeeded his Father Crown'd the 28th of Octob. 1216. by Peter Bilhop of Winchester, and Joceline Bilhop of Bath, at Glocefter. Married to Eleaner the fecond of the five Daughters of Raymond, Earl of Pro-

which he had newly built. He Title the fame with his Father to his 44th Year, when he only writ, Rex Anglorum, Dominus Bernia, Dyx Aquirania

E mard the Lafter the death of his Father, was Proclaimed King of England, tho then at the Holy Land. Wife was Eleanor, Daughter to Ferdinana

the III. of Spain. And his fecond Wife was Margaret, eldest daughter of Philip King of France, by both he had lilie, as afterwards. Dyed the 7th of July. 1307. in the 68cb Year of his Age, of a Bloody-flux, af-ter he had Reigned 37 Years and 7 Months. Bu-ried at Westminster. His Title, Rex Anglorum, Donumus Hibernia, & Dominus Aquitania.

E Mard the II. was King Edward's Son by his first Wife, Succeeded his Father, Crown of the 24th of February, 1307, by the Bishop of Winchester, at Westminster. Married to Islabel Daughter of Philip the Fair, King of France, by whom he had Issue; Edward, who Succeeded him, and o-thers. Murdered in the Year 1327. in the 43 d.

Year of his Age, after he had Reigned about 19 years and 6 Months, and Deposed about half a year. Buried at Glace-fler. His Title, Edvardus Sesandus, Rex Anglorum, Dom. Hibernix, & Dux Aquitania.

E eft Son of King Edward the II. by Order of Parliament, on his Fathers Relig-nation, was Proclaim ed King the 2yeb of Jan. 1926. Crown'd the 1st Day of February following at Westerninster, by Walter Reginald, Archbishop of Canterbury: whereupon a General Pardon Walter Reginald.

upon a General Pardon was granted; whence the Custom fince. Married Philipporthe Datghter of William Earl of Hensult, by whom he had several Children, as afterwards. Dyed the alth of June 1377. in the 64th year of his Age, and partly through Grief, for the death of Kimora the Black Prince, his Son. Buried at Westminster His Title, Edwardus Tertino Res Anglorum Dam. Hibernies, & Dux Aquinnas, till his type year, when he left out Dux Aquinnas, till his type year, when he left out Dux Aquinnas, and added Res Francia.

21th of May, in the Year 1472. in the Tower, by Richard Duke of Gloucetter; afterward Richard the III. in the 52th Year of his Age, after he had Reigned 38 Years, 8 Months, and 4 Days. Then removed March the 4th 1460, from the Government after which he lived 11 years. Buried first at Chertsea, he was a considered to Windfor. His Title, Hearth

EDward the IV. Suc-ceeded him, as eldeft Son to Richard Duke of Tork, obtained the Counter of Cambridge and Richard Plantingrace her Husband lineally defeended from Limel Duke of Clarence, elder Brother to John of Gaunt, who was the Ancestor of the three former Kings.

Sir John Gray, by whom he had Issue, Sons and Daughters, as hereafter. Dyed the 9th of April, 1483. of a Feaver, in the 41th Year of his Age, after he had Reigned 22 Years and one Month. Buried at Windsor, His Title, Edwardsu Quartus Rex Anglorum & Francis, & Dux Hiberniae.



fome time Deposed. Buried is the work, the 22th of Angust 1485. Aged 37 years, James the I. Succes of the Fryars Preschers, at Langivin and Reigned 2 years and 2 Months. Buried at del Open Elizabeth In the Gray-Frient Church. His Title, and United the Real of Done Hiberita.

E Board the VI Son to Heavy the VIII. Succeeded his Father: Crown'd the 20th of Buried at Westminster. His Title the same with his Father when he Dyed.

Mary, eldest daughter of Henry the VIII. Succeeded her Brother Edward: Brother Baserd : Crown'd the Latt of September, 1573. By
the Bishop of Vibrichester, at Visioninties. Married to Phichip Prince of Spain,
eldeR Son to the Emperor Charles the V.
our had so Ishie. Dyed
of a Dranke and Ra.

5 Years 4 Months and 11 Days.



mark, by whom he had lifue, as hereafter. Dyed at Theshalds of an Ague and Fewuer, the 27th of March, 1625. Aged 55 Years; Reigned 22 Years and 2 Days. Buried at VVestminster. His Title, Income Dei gratia. Anglia, Scotia, Francisco Hibernia, Ren, Fidei Defensor, &co.

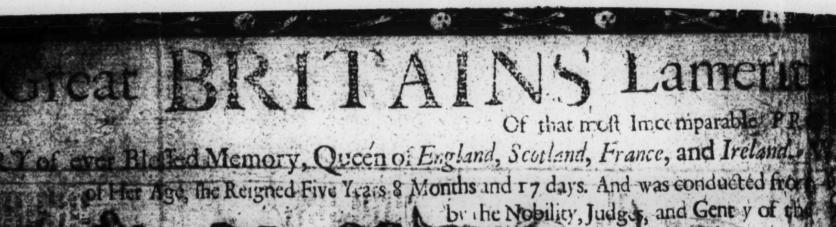
der Brother being dead Succeeded his Father Crown'd the 2d of Fabruary, 1625. Married with Henrietta Maria, youngest Daughter of ed the Great King of

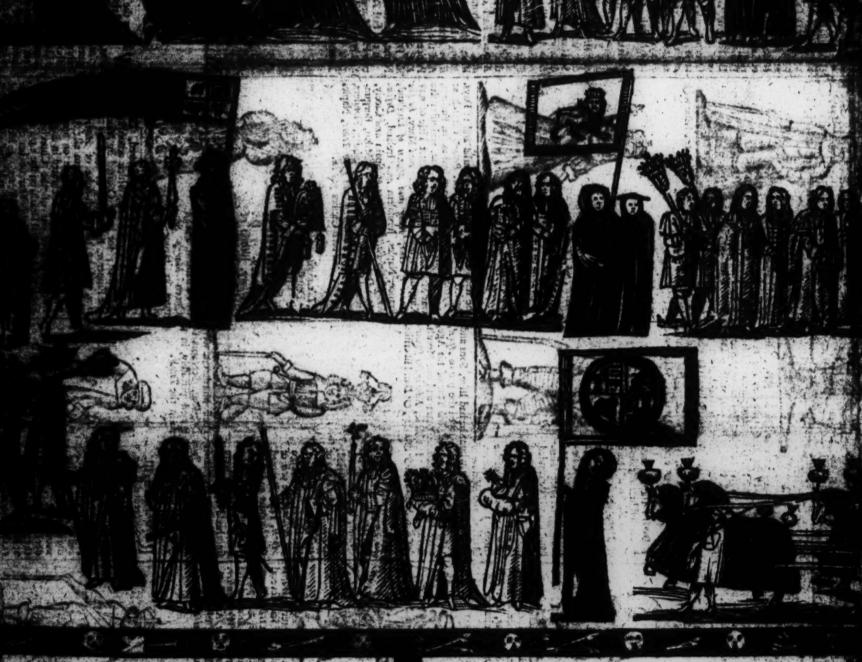
Queen Downger. Dyed at White-Hall, Febru-

ary the VI. 1684. of an Apoplexy, after he had Reigned 37 years and 6 days. Buried at Westiminster the 14th of the same Month. The same Title 28 his Father.









Who can be blow has all our Triumphs pall'd:
Who can be bounds the fwelling Tide contain?
Who can be bold which diffinal Scene pass by
With an onmove and unrelenting Eye?
LONDON, There bride and below of our ble,
Though in Thy bolom both the Indies limite
Oh me er forget that unauspicious Day,
Which thy best Treatme radely fnatch'd away;
Thy buly Compared to a calon dumb.
No savey Mirrorwithm thy Mansions come;
Let all thy Sons in Mourning Weeds appear,
Each Each show Sorrow, and each Eye a Tear,
To express their Duty, let all Hearts combine,
And on this Black, this sad Occasion join.
Moven drooping Britain, Mourn from shore to shore,
Thy best beloved MAR FA is no more.

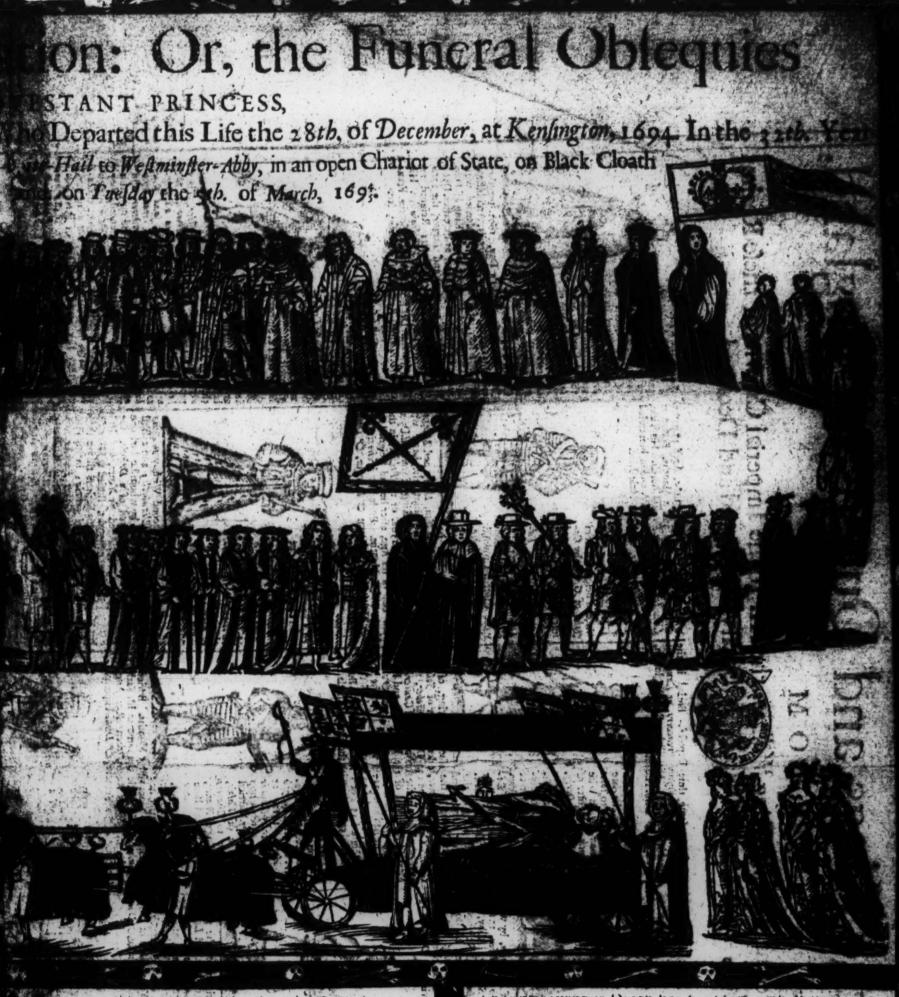
The best beloved MARFA is no more.
Ye headteons Virgins that in moving Strains
Were us'd to sing her Virtues on the Plains:
Ye Shepherds too, who out of Pious Care,
Taught every Tree MARIA's Name to wear;
Your Rural Sports and Garlands lay aside,
This is no time for Ornaments of Pride;

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On the lad Willows now neglected ly:
But bring, oh bring, the Treasures of your Fields,
(That short-liv'd Wealth, which unbid Nature yields,)
The Mourning Hyacinth inscrib'd with Woe,
The beauteous Lillies that in Vallies grow;
And all the Flowers that scatter'd up and down,
Or humble Meads, or lofty Mountains crown;
Then gently throw them all upon Her Herse,
To these join lasting Bays, and living Verse.

Mourn drooping Britain, Mourn from shore to shore,
This best below d M A R I A is no more.

Ye dauntless Hearts, that for your Country's good All Dangers scorn, and wade through Seas of Blood, In heavy silence, march around Her Tomb, And then Lament your own and England's Doom: For Death has by this single stroke done more, Than when Ten Thousand slain he staiks in gore. Ye pensive Widows, who by Fortune crost In Foreign Fields have your dear Husbands lost; Now give a free and open vent to Grief, Banish all Hopes, and think of no Relief; That Bounteous Princess, who so justly knew What was to blooming Worth and Merit due,



ho as the lov'd on Valour this to white, eer fail'd to recompence the Soldiers Toil; now, (malicious Fare wou'd have it fo). furried, alas! to the dark Shades below. Mourn drooping Britain, Mourn from fore to Shore, Thy best below'd MARIA is no more. Ye Mitree Heads, and likewife you that wait Open the Altar in a lower state, ail the Loss of so Divine a Prize, And open all the oluces of your Eyes; Wird Gratitude Her Memory preferve, For the from true Religion ne'er it did fiverve : Rome's gaudy Pomps Her Mind cou'd not allure, Fire to the Word, and in Her Faith secure: The Sacred Scriptures were Her daily Care, He inly Exercise and Food was Pray'r : mpty Joys Her Pious Breast employ'd, she still dying liv'd, and living dy'd. he can ye now fo great a Patturn find? re can ye meet fo bright, fo pure a Mind? Avern drooping Britain, Mourn from hore to shore, Thy best below'd MARIA is no more.

t though proud Fate has done her utmost spite,

buried all our Hopes in endless Night;

A nough ravenous Death has leiz'd the richelt rrep That ever did a Regal Scepter fway; Her Name shall Live, and still continue fair, Fragrant, as Rich Arabia's Spices are: While Albian in Triumphant State shall reign. Queen of the Isles, and Goddess of the Main. While filver Thames in wanton folds shall play, And Tribute to the British Ocean pays While haughty Lewis shall remain abhorr's And William be by all the World ador'd. Our grateful Tongues Her Virtue shall proclaim Through all the distant Provinces of Fame: Still in our Hearts shall Pearless MART Reign, Though dead, Her Station there she thall maintain. Then Shepherds leave at last your mournful Lays And turn your Songs of Grief to Songs of Praise.

Licensed according to Deder.

Loudon: Printed for J. Whitlock near Stationers Hill. 169\$.

Trimmer's Confession of Faith:

Or, The True Principles of

A Jack of Both-Sides.

Tune of, Which no body can deny.

Licensed according to Order.

1

PRay lend me your Ears, if you've any to spare,
You that loveCommon-wealth, as you hateCommon-Pray'r,
Who can in a Breath pray, Diffemble andSwear;

Which no Body can deny.

I L

I'm sometimes o'th' wrong side, and sometimes the Right;
To day I'm a fack, and to morrow a Mite:
I for either King pray, but for neither dare fight;
VV bich no Body can deny.

III.

I'm fometimes a Rebel, and fometimes a Saint, fometimes can Swear, and at other times Cant; There's nothing but Grace (I thank God) that I want:

VVbich no Body can deny.

IV.

Old Babylon's Whore I cannot endure her; I'm a Sanctified Zealot, there's none can be purer: For-Swearing I hate, like any Non-Juror; VV bich no Body can deny.

V.

Of Gracious King William I am a great Lovea, Yet I fide with a Party that prays for Another; I drink the King's Health, take it one way or tother: Which no Body can deny.

VI.

Precifely I creep like a Snail to the Meering; VV here Sighing I meet with fuch forrowful Greeting, Makes me hate a long Pray'r, and five hours prating: Which no Body can deny.

VII.

I must confest, when I'm frolick and merry;

a Musick I find in a Boat to the Ferry:

Whith no Body can deny:

VIII.

I pledge ev'ry Health my Companions drink round; I can fav Heavens bless, or the Devil confound: I can hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound:

VVhich no Body can deny.

1 X

I can pray for a Bishop, and curse an Arch-Deacon;
I can seem very forry that Charlerey's taken;
I can any thing say, to save my own Bacon:
Which no Body can deny.

X.

Sometimes for a good Common-wealth I am wishing;
O Oliver! Oliver! give us thy Blessing;
For in troubled V Vaters I vow I love Fishing:

Which no Body can deny:

XI.

The Times are so ticklish, I vow and profess,
I know not which Party or Cause to embrace;
I'll besure to side with those that are least in distress;
VVbich no body can deny.

XII.

With the Jacks I rejoyce that Savoy's defeated;
VVith the Whigs I feem pleafed he's fo bravely retreated;
Friends and Foes are by me both equally treated;
Which no body can deny:

XIIL

Each Party, we see, now are full of great hope;
There's some for the Devil, and some for the Pope;
And I am for any thing, but for a Rope:
Which no body can deny.

London, Printed for R. Kell, near West

The Religious Turncoal Or, a Late Jacobite Divine turn d'Ailliamis

Licensed according to Diver.

Tune ct, London is a Fine Town.

Lov'd no King in Forty One, When Prelacy went down; A Cloak and Band, I then put on, And Preach'd against the Crown. Chorus.

A Turncoat is a Cunning Man; That Cants to Admiration; And Prays for any King, to gain The Peoples Approbation..

I hew'd them Paths to Heaven untrod, From Popery to refine em; And taught the People to ferve God, As if the Devil were in 'em. Chor.

A Turncoat. &c.

When Charles return,d into our Land. The English Church Supporter, I shifted off my Cloak and Band, And so became a Courtier. Chor.

A Turneout, &c.

The Kings Religion I profest. And found there was no harmin't 3 I Cog'd and Fatter'd like the rest, Till I had got Preferment. Chor.

ATurncoat, &c.

I taught my Conscience how to Cope With Honesty or Evil; And when I rail'd against the Pope, I sided with the Devil. Chor,

A Turncoat, &c.

When Royal James began his Reign, And Mals was used in Common, I shifted off my Faitha gair, And then became a Roman. Chor.

A Tarncout, &c.

London, Printed for Rich. Kell, in West-Smith field.

I Orders took i'th' Church of Rose, And Read the Declaration, And prov'd that all the World must come To Transubstantiation.

A Turncoat, &c.

(8) His Holyness the Pope to please, By the Lords Affistance, To bring in Popr'y with more cale, I preach't up Non-Resistance.

A Turncoat, &c.

Our Prince of Wales was foon betray'd, And then the Head-strong Rable Grew angry with the Child, and made The Devil rock the Cradle. Chor.

A Turncoat &c.

10) When Cause grew Sick, and King grew tame I fell from Priest to Pagan; Just as the Belgick Lyon came, To quell the Romish Dragon. Chor.

A Turncoat, &c.

When William had possest the Throne, And Cur'd the Nations Grievance, New Principles I then put on. And swore to him Allegiance. Chor.

A Turncoat, &c.

(12) And now Preach up King William's Right Pray for his Foes Confusion 3 And shall remain a Williamite, Till another Revolution.

A Turneout is a Cunning Man, That Cants to Admiration 3 And Prays for any King, to gain The People Approbation. 1694 Great News from Southwark:

Old Momans Legacy to her Cat.

GIVING

An Account of an Old Milerable Woman, who lately Kept a Blind Ale-House, in St. Tooley-Street, near the Burrough of Southwark; who was so wretchedly Goverous, as to deny her self the Common Benefits of Life, as to Meat and Cloaths; leaving, at her Death, about Fighteen Hundred Pounds, to her CAT; using to say often, when the CAT Mew'd,

Peace PUSS, peace; Thou shalt have All, when I am Dead.

To the Tune of, The Bleeding Heart, &c.

1

In Southwark, there did lately dwell
A Rich old Woman, noted well:
An Ale-House keeper, by her I rade;
She liv'd alone, and had no Maid.

For, very Poor she seem'd to be,
And was maintain'd by Charity
Her Family was very small;
A CAT she kept, and that was all.
Il.

No Food her felf she would afford,
But what came from her Neighbours Board:
But for her CAT, she Meat would buy,
And feed her, ay! most daintily.

She liv'd so close, and far'd so hard,
That she her self had well nigh starv'd:
No Cloaths or Victuals would she buy,
But feed her CAT most daintily.
V

She heaped up her Bags in Store,
And pincht her Guts, to lay up more:
Tho' she as Lean as Rake, did grow,
Her CAT was Plump, as any Doe.

Her Belly-Money up the laid, Until an handsome Summ it made: Her Guttage Money it was found To be nigh Eighteen Hundred Pound. VII.

For Death, at length, began to creep,
And Rock the Rich Old Crone afleep:
Affeep she lay, to Death confin'd,
And lest her CAT, and Wealth, behind,
VIII.

A Day, or Two, did scarcely pass,
When by her Neighbours mist she was:
Who marvell'd greatly, that she stay'd,
And came not for her Daily Bread.

Among the Rest, One went to see,
What the Occasion there might be:
mut when that he came in the House,
He found all still, as any Mouse.

Up 'tairs he went, and in the Bed
He found the Rich Old Woman dead:
And, looking in a Trunk just by,
Near Eighteen Hundred Pounds did lie.
X I.

No fooner he had found the Hoard,
But he divulg'd it all abroad:
Then flockt the Neighbours, to behold
The Treasur'd Bags of Coyned Gold.
XII.

Thus did the cheat and baffle such,
es thought her Poor: for the was Rich:
Her Belly sav dit for her CAT,
But Phils must shew the WILL for that.

LONDON, Printed for James Read, 1695.

pix incerta.

The One of an Emission Section in the Car Who as a section.

The One of an Eminent Shore Richer in the City. Who had all all and a 'Violence offered to his Maid, was bind one Founds.

The Other of a Gentlemen, who got Servant; for which he was allo

THE THIRD THE DELIFICATION IS

D Raw near to hear this Dity,
that I shall lay before You,
Committed in the Ciry,
and it's true I do affire You.
Come all ve Coblers great and small,
And Shoemakers that use the Peggin Aul;
Come all, and hear me Prate,
nist new I shall relate
one of your Brother Trade,
Did serve his serving Maid,
near Birebing Lane, it's said,
He dwelt, that did his Serving-maid assault

He took her by her Hand Sir,
and furiously did Kiss Her;
But the Jade she would not street Sir,
althor he did embrace her:
Then up her Coars his Hand he thrust,
Likera Dag at Baar, he held it fast?
Incert not tell you what,
for you may guess at char,
but as some People say,
Six Hairs he hawld away,
for which he's sore'd to pay (four
Six Pound, the dearest Hairs that ere we
III.

Her Mafter the did Summon, at Guild-hall to appear Sir,
Where the Tryal it was Common, for any one to hear Sir,
Her Mafter, being guilty found,
Eor the Fact alas! was fin'd Six Pound:
for he could not deny't,
but that he took her by it,
which cost him very dear,
a pound for ev'ry Hair,
could the but vend her Ware.
So well, the might buy the Devil our of Hell

Now the Tryal it is ended, and the Pulling took toover.

The Sheemaker was beforenced we plainly may discover.

For to his Shame is may repound.

That he for every eller heartd pays Pound for yet they are now to dames; one Shilling will have Twenty you Gallants give pour Ear and do not first a fear left that you pay levere.

For one, may unto twenty Shilling come.

The Second

Being an Account of Account who gave Love . Pour and Maid-Berval

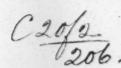
THE Eleventh Day of Jane, Str.
there happened fuch an other;
But of a different tune Sir,
more unhappy than the other;
Which likewife was at Guile Hall try't!
And heavy fell upon the Mafters fidefor to his Man and Maid,
to make em Love it's faid.
Cantary he did give,
a Powder to bread Love i
and this he did contrive.
That he might a reputer Aracle and

He gave 'em both Cantary,
to create a mighty Vigour:
But he found it quite contrary,
it did operate with Rigour. Mord.
That which should made 'em both have
A dite Base to them had well night provid.
for sick they were indeed,
for sick they kept their Bed,
their Veins it did infect,
that sew did Life expect;
and for this impious fact.
His Fine, is reckon'd Seventar

Ш.

Now I give it as a Caurion
to you for the future
You make the or no facts Become
left your Cale thousand the action
for many speed shows as a
left to a second seco

London, Printer in the Part









On the Crowing-Cock, and Lyon Couchant:

Or, A Poem to Exprels the Gallantry of our Royal Chanticlere; the Uncertainty of War, and Cock-Fighting, the Magnanimity of a brave General, and Judicious Gocker: Writ on the News of the Surrender of Namur to our English Arms, Anno 1696, in Encomium of Unparalell'd Fortitude, and true English Valour Recorded in the Parable of the Game-Cock, to Congratulate His Majesties happy Return to London, leaving future Success to the Disposal of Divine Providence.

HE King of Beasts doth Couch and Tremble here,) France thew'd his Teeth, and meanly did oblige And dreads the Challenge of our Chanticlere, As Monfieur doth our Brittish Monarch lear. The Epidemick Leo knew no Bound, And would devour, (even Satan like) around, Till daring Ruffel caught him in his Pound. His Vain Ambition strikes at all above, Would be Earth's Emperour, and the World's great Jove. A Christian Monarch in a double Sense, With Laws divine and Humane, can dispence, Enflaves his Subjects, scorns all Piety, Both to promote, and Masque his Tyranny. Interest his Idol is, his Money Charms, The Power of War, and conquers more than Arms. Meaven grant to King and Parliament such Coyn, That all may fight like us, like us may joyn, T' increase our Victories, whilft his decline Thus the Great Monarch's Pride his vast defire, Will Ike vain Phaeton in Flames xpire : With Points of War he cannot well dispense, Or dares to Fight --- No, not in his Defence, But on Advantage with Brave Inscience The Innate Virtue of oir Faith's Defender, Makes Lewis l'Ore, and his Great Forts surrender, Gallus Gallinaceus France his Dunghill Cock, With Poop unfavory and Langue-Dock, To our Game-Warriour is oblig'd to knock. Some love to fet their Neighbours by the Ears, But dread a Change, when horrid Death appears: Proud Kings and Tyrants, Atheists God deny, Prove greatest Cowards when they come to dye; So Gallick Cock, once try'd by narrow Heel, Of Brittains Chanticleers as true as Steel, Will start and Dance, (like Crow in Gutter flrut, And give his Head for Ceck's-Comb to be Cut, WVith fallen Hackle Courage down must creep, Shoot Pit by Land, and strike Saile on the Deep. We dread no Colours, forn all Æfop's Breed, And Stomachs have to fight as well as feed, Whilst God's with us proud Lucifer must bleed. Ride Triumph o're his Goasts the Name of Was Make Mounfeurs scamper on their own Dunghills, And fend Victorious Ecchoes to their Hills. WVe Crowing stand with shrill and louder Cries, Then e're was Eccho'd yet from rended Skies, O're Youth and Fortitude speak Victories. Our Royal Cock in Battle takes delight, To stimulate his Combitants to Fight: We hit at Sparring-Blows, but French Sa, Sa; Is a short slying Flurt English Huzza, Makes Lyons tremble, Great Ones run away, And Forts impregnable our Arms Obey.

Dur Conquest to attest, not raise the Siege Thil Villeroy ---- with many thousand Meh, as they wont, march down the Hill again; Like Nero, view'd the Flames, ne're struck a stroke I' our Haughtboys Dane'd, and vanish'd in the Smoke, When our Great Victor bravely cross'd the Boyne, Where French and Irish did against him joyn; He viewd their Arms, and boldly faid, March on, No fooner faid, but he the Battle won. Thus Royal Presence with true Courage clad; Vanquish'd his Eoes, and made his Subjects glad; Gallick Bellona like, the Grecian Dame, Astonish'd at Namur's most dreadful Flame, Yielded the Fort, but did her Flowers retain, In hopes of Resurrection from the Main, VVhere e're Great William doth in Arms appear, The Flower-de-Luces lade, the Mightest scar, England's pland Hero will hold out to th'end, As well bred Steed upon the Spur will mend. Give Stabs for Stab, both weak Expiring lye; Vill yet look Blows within each others Eye. A well-bred Branch of VVar will not refuse To Fight, although (by chance) the best may loose; Sometimes the knockt-down Foe dead in a Trance, Hazzards a Blow, and makes the Devil Dance; And then the Ten Pound Bett he doth confound. The Battle wins, with Honour he is Crown'd, Even after Death he sent the nicking Blow. And left in Howour's Bed his bleeding Foe. Great Odds were lost when Fortunatus fought it, And gave the Bagg unto a who had thought it : But lo! Namur's Regain'd. not by a chance, By Blews, true Fight, God's VVrath impending France, Our Victor's Trumpets make Configure Dance. William's the Cock of Gamer he bids Delye on Most Christian Monarch, Turk, and Rearing Lyon. Bouffleurs at Head on's Arms, at Royal Pleasure, Is made a Pledge to Ranfom Bugland's Treasure. Our Albion Sons of Mars are by good Fate, Now free to March, nay, enter Paris Gate, VVhitst Gallick Tyrant may prove Abdicase. To th' King of Kings French Jupiter must quake, VVhen English Arms doth make all Europe shake, Our Hackle's tite, the Lyons Tail is down, An Ominous Prefage to th' French King's Crown, VVe treat with Sword in Hand, will hear no Truce, Wait Heaven's Fiat, for the Flower-de-Luce. When Swords to Plow-flears furn, who wins the Crown, A Conquerer Reviv'd, Rands on Renown

Here was of late, and from the German Stock, A large and Beautiful, but wondrous Cock, A spacious Grange did his Crest adorn, from whence there issued out (at top) a Horn, While yet that Prince, who does his Glorious Name, From that known Title by his Valour Claim, And had not yet acquired by his Sword, That Nobler Stile of Albions Great Lord. This lived, But when Great William took our Throne, ft languish'd, and straight dy'd----Fate here does own, y this strange Omen that the Brave Naffaw, who only once did keep the Dutch in awe. Now in possession of a Diadem, These smaller Dominations should contemn, The Prince who fet a Mighty King, does rife A true Asserter of our Liberties, The N.E.W.S must spread, that France who aim'd at all, ? And did defign to bring our World in Thral, With foaring Icarus, like him shall fall.

The CONCLUSION.

THE Covetons and most Opinionate, Oft' meet i'ch' Fortunes Frowns; the Gamesters Great Judiciously can Cock above cross Fate, And wants not Courage to be Fortunate; Fortitude ne're fails bold Brittains Cocker, And is as serviceable to Loves Smocker.

But He (by Heaven) is call'd to Fight God's Gause, Preferve Religion, Liberties, and Laws, O're Death and Satan Croweth, and shall be The Worlds Grand Victor to Eternity. The Man of God whole Sword at Trumpet founds Victorious Triampos, Writes in Blood and Wounds, With Peace and Blenty Christendam abounds.

Finis Coronat Opus.

EPIGRAM.

N Eighty Eight Spain fent a vast Armado. In Ninety-Two-the French made their The Attempt of both did equally prove vain France bragg'd as much, and loft no lefe then & Grand Lewis's Royal Sun is fet at land, And Namur all their Day-light overcast

By a true Cocker,



E I E G

Sir JOHN FENWVICK, Baronet,

Who, for High-Treason, &c. was Beheaded on Tower-Hill, Thursday the 28. of this Instant January, 1697.

Written by a late Converted Jacobite, and Kecommended to all Male-content and Disaffeded Persons of these Kingdoms.

Ehold, you Grandees, of this Earthly Globe, How fickle Fortune HERGES dos difrobe, Disrobe, degrade, and utterly cast down; No States are free, no not a very Crown. Have not late Years Excessive Changes wrought? Yea, have not Kings Experience dearly bought? Those Kings, I mean, who, by Despotick Power. Have fought both Laws, and Charters to devour The late King James (by some sirnam'd the Just) Is not his Grandeur levell'd with the Duft? Whilst his Machines, Incendaries of Hell, Profusely even their own Bloods do spill: CROVVNS, tho' uncertain, and a Mortal GEM, Are firmly fix'd upon a Sacred STEM, Not to be mov'd, but by a Power Sublime, A Scepter surely is a Staff Divine.

Achitophels a while may Favour Gain,
Yet at the last their Labours are but vain
Their Plots, Intriegues, their Treasons disanuled
Their Reason Captives, and their Senses lull'd
In Frantick Dreams, which so exasperate
Mistaken Courage, that before too late,
They seldom see the Error of their Way,
Misplac'd Zeal dos in a Trice decay

But, Oh stupendious! Folly dos so Reign That sad Examples cannot Men refrain, From Towering Pride: Ambition Satan's Bait Draws Thoughtless Men into a dismal state: The soaring Mortal that to SOL would flye, His Wings dropt off, and from the losty Skie, He sell a Victim to the Raging Sea; So Haughty Fenvvick threw himself away.

Ungrateful Sir! How couldn't thou strive to tare
Thy Mothers Bowels, Queen Europa fair
Her choicest Food did she not to thee give,
And didst not thou ith' midst of Gospen live
Thy Stores increased, thy Blessens did abound
And nought but Pleasures did thy Tear surround
Thy Vine thus planted in a Fruitful Plan.
With Joy thou might have run thy themselves
And, full of Daniel down to the couldness are

But woe! alas, instead of grateful PRAISE,
Against thy Donor thou didst Treason raise,
Despise His Povvers: His Wise Decrees reject
Kings, next JEHOVAH claim prosound Respect,
And now thy Cedar's level'd to the Ground
Thy Own Device thy self did quite consound;
For Pleasures, Sorrow; Chains for Liberty;
For Fragrant Odours, Noysom Scents annoy;
Thy pleasant Wines, thy most Delicious Fare,
Like Israel's Quails, a loathsonness do bear,
Thy Life a Pain, each Day a heavy Toke,
Till at the length the Axis fatal Stroke
Thy Head lopps off; they justly loose their own,
Who dare their King, their Countries Head disown.

Thy feeble Martlets must not think to rise
And soar in Grandeur with the Eagle High,
Whose Fleeting Pinions mount unto the Skie:
Ambitious Phatons may pretend to Steer
Sol's Mighty Charlot in a full Gareer,
But in a Moment they will surely find
Their Feet too weak for their Ambitious Mind:
The Martlet's Feet, are for her Whissling Brain
Too shore and slender, therefore she in vain
Her Projects frames, when seated on the Ground;
For Treason Here no Rising Steps are found.

EPITAPH.

IF a Traytor may such Favour have,

As to be lodg d within the Grave.

Upon his Tomb, Inscribe this Verse,

Which plainly dos his Fame express:

Here Penwick lies, whole reftless Brain
No Bounds of Arafor could contain
Who Courted Death, penuld his Fare,
and fought to ruin Church and State
Defroy a im Caule. Orethrew his Priend,
And brought himself to a fatal End.

PONGRATUTATORY PONGRATUTATORY Carried Action (Carried Action of Carried Action of Carried Action of Carried Action of Carried Action (Carried Action of Carried Action of Carried Action of Carried Action of Carried Action (Carried Action of Carried Action of Carried Action of Carried Action of Carried Action (Carried Action of Carried Action of Carrie

To the High and Mighty

CZAR OF Muscovy. On his Arrival in ENGLAND

On Tuesday the 11th. of this Instant January, 169%.

Elcome, Great MONARCH, to our happy Shore Proud of a Glory ne'er known here before What working Transports must Brave British thew Bleft with the PEACE, the Great NASSAW, and You A Peace, the greatest Gift from Heaven Tow And You, the greatest Men, the World can Show What thronging JOYS our Smiling Lands Invade ? At once to Happy, and to Glorious Made. You two, the Twins of Fate, whole powerful Work Subdues both MAHOMET, and the Christian TURK; Go on, Great SIR, purfue thy great Defign May thy Great SOUL in equal Conquests Shine. Thy Gliff ring Sabre on proud Afia Gleams, Dazling the Frighted TARTERS by its Beams; Its Conquering Steel Hall to the East give Law, Whilst NASSAW's Scepter keeps the West in Awe. Christ's sirmest Pillars, and the Christians Prop. To keep the finking Church, and Gospel Ur? Thy Name makes ROME reflect on Heroes Slain, And dread the Northern Nations once Again, Thy Martial North, the Load-stone of the War Attracting thining Steel, and Arms, Afar; A moderate Warmth the Births of Peace Unfold, But Glorious War, is Hatch'd and Nurs'd by Cold. But what the Sun does to thy Lands Deny, Is by a Native Hear Supply d in Thee,
An active Letar, which does the World Survey.
And by its Beams, gilds Longia in the Way,
Like Travelling Phasis round the World you Run, And thus Compel the Eoff t'adore the Riling Sun.
May Roman Conquests be out done by Thee And CZAR to more than CESAR then extended Be.

Willo was

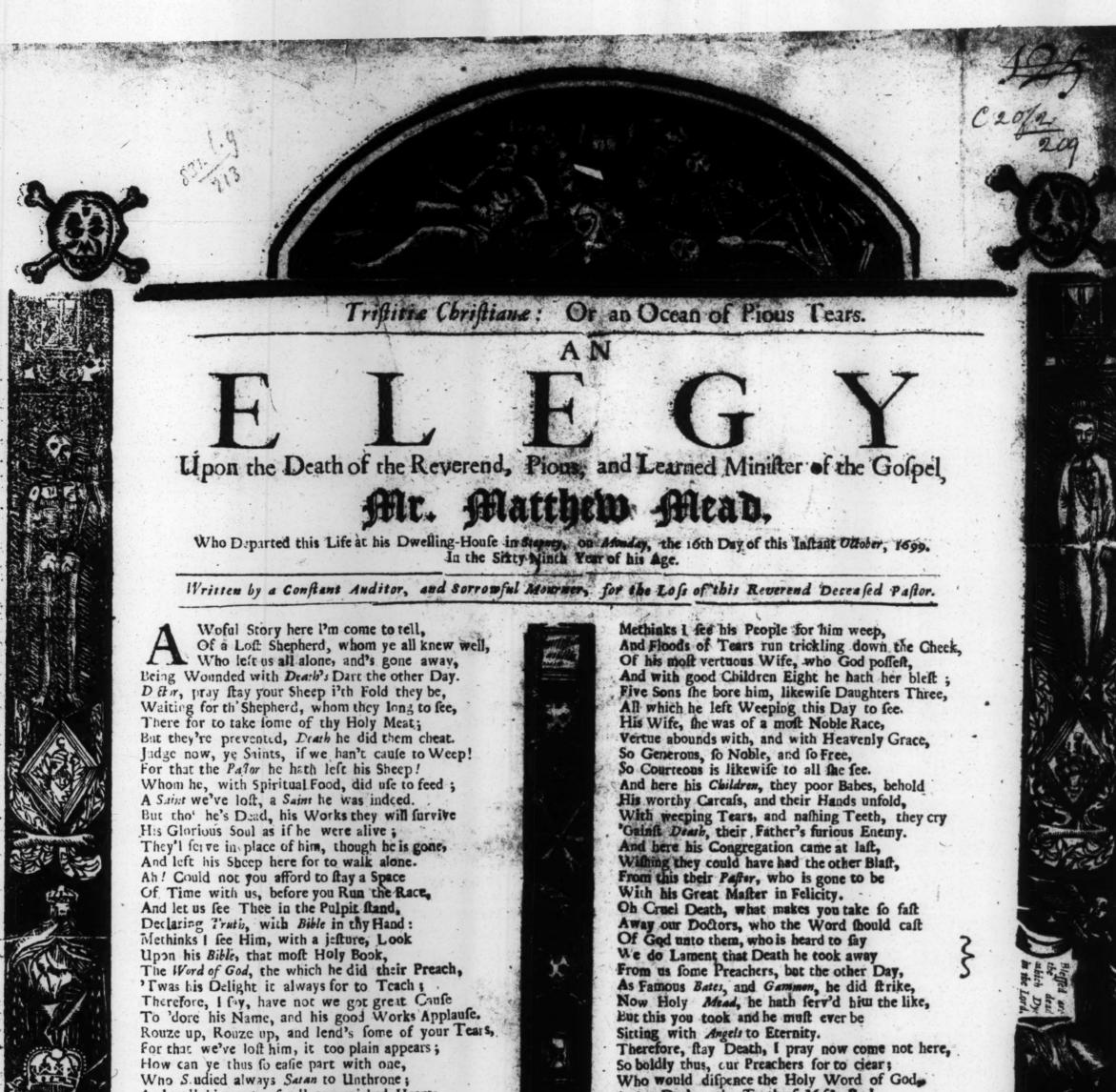
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the state of the female Mr. strenger the Chan and the Arribot to the Chan and the Arribot to the Chan at the Arribot to the Chan of the John mentioned the last way to the Chan of the John make, Mineral, and the Change of Arrivals, Mineral, and canned Figurable, now financial in the Collection of Arianal, Atlantal, and the financial figurable, now financial in the Arianal Collection of Arianal, Atlantal, and the finewed the Consolities, foring him more than ordinarily diffigure to his finguistics and Remarks upon facin instituted productions, attempted to take the Figurable for ordinarily of the the Figurable fines in the Consolities and Ariana of the Consolities as the Ariana attempted to take the Figurable but had the militarity of the Collection of more then walk falls Cure, the like of which est demonstration ver produced to the Vorid by an wint, her sit a minute are Alkalious, and not food? A most verset History of this will be suidestly listed by a Great Physician, in a little line. It is fell that this his accordance to live in York limits, in the sate of.

If any doube the Truth of this its line, they may be failed the etc. Mouth, at the Collettion in Stocks-Marks, aforefaire.

Because that many perhaps, base not seen about 18 Wednesday's Mercury we have last of Musicory and Mr. Suiness

The Carr fent force days free for the season, an the facil Ca Choicest Secrets and Experiments known (or Number) of Experiments, viz. Second etrical, fome Mediciest,



And pull him out of all our wicked Hearts, This was the Labour and chiefest parts Of this Divine, who always strove for all, Thousands of times, he did upon them Call Unto Repentance, e're his Glass was Run, But now it's out, and his whole Thread is fpun: The string of Life and he is forc'd to fall, By th' Hand of Death that fatal General; Who spareth none, the Good, the Bad he'll bave, And fend them quickly to the filent Grave: And leave us hear, to Weep with Floods of Tears, For Famous ME AD, who (Christ) taught many Years: But now let's Mourn and Tay, Times Gtafs is out, And with his Sithe wirh him hath had about, And just like Grass, withit did Mow him down, Whilst we, who do Survive him, needs must own, We lost a Pastor, whom I can't set forth, A Precious Member of a greater worth; Than Ophir's Gold, or any Riches here: Few, few there are that with him can compare, But bid Farewel to a Chearful Harmony, And with me Tune his Doleful Elegy. In a good Age from us he hence departed, And left his wandring Sheep quite broken-hearted, For loss of Him, whose Years were Sixty Nine, He less the Earth, and up to Heaven did Clime. And here his Aged Wife, the does bemoan

The Death of her Good Husband, Holy One, A Man of God, whom God did call and chule On Earth, his Holy Books her's for to nie.

And to Declare the Truth of Mofe's Rod, But fince their gone, we will not Weep no more, In hopes we've left their Fellows fill good flore, Which Christ I hope, he will preserve and keep From Death's bold Hands, who doth them Daily seek: So let them go, their Works will ferve to be, Our Devotion and Good Company, And serve the Name of God his Master great, And to the World his Word he did relate, But now in Heaven he doth Praises Sing, With a load Voice to his Coelestial King, And since Death seiz'd him, let him ever lye, In Heaven above, whilst fome do for him Cry: He from the Earth is gone, ever to be, Upon the Throne with his great Majesty.

M Most Worthy Soul interred bere doob Reft, A And non will jet above with Angels Bleft, T To Sing great Praises to his steavenly King, T To all the Nations now his Name doth Ring.

M May not his Sheep have canse to Mourn, and say, E Even they'l think upon this fatal Day: A d Saint they lost, a Saint he was indeed, D Distant his Rest his little Flock to Pied.

LONDON, Printed and Sold by J. Bradford, in Link Britain, over against the Pump. 1599.

Price Two Pener.

E E GELL

On the much-lamented Death of that late Reverend and most Learned Divine, Dr. WILLIAM BATES, Minister of the

Gospel at Hackney, who departed this Life on Friday the 14th of July, 1699. in the Seventy Third

Year of his Age.

Louds follow Flouds, Waves after Waves arife: Scarce had I drain'd the Fountain of mine Eyes, But here's a fadder Stroke calls for a Sea Of flowing Tears: Rivers too few will be. Had I an Ocean, ev'ry drop I'd spend, And weep until that Ocean had an end. But is he dead, Great BATES of fam'd Renown? The Nonconformist's (nay, all England's) Crown, Who Lov'd and was Belov'd by all, but those Who are God's, and his Servant's, bitter Foes: That Hellish Crew, that hate most them that wear God's Liv'ry, and his Sacred Image bear. Great Loss indeed! Sad Stroke that may portend, (I fear,) some sorer Judgment in the end. For oftentimes the Sin-revenging God Takes his best Saints, that he may use his Rod The more fevere. The Lofs who can express? Or what Tongue tell the consequent Distress? Sure that House must be weak, whose chiefest stay, Whose prop, whose only Basis sinks away: That Ship must certainly be dash'd at last, Whose trusty Anchor's gone, and whose Main-mast Is beaten down. Not but some Pillars still Are left; and as it is Jehovah's will, There are some Anchors that are yet behind, To keep the Ship, tho' toffed with the wind. But now they go so fast, I fear e're long; (If God does not prevent) they'll all be gone. God has remov'd a Pillar, 'twas too good; Such fine-wrought curious Marble too long stood In this Thatch't Cottage, this poor House of Clay, The Heavenly Builder took him hence away, That he might place him in his Palace; here He did but polish him to fix him there. He's there, now feen by those discerning eyes That know his inward Worth alone to prize. How they rejoyce to see him mount the wing! Th' Angelick Chorus meet him, and they fing For joy, whilst they attend him through the Sky, And mounts his Soul far above Galaxy: Through first and second Heavens, till they place Him in the third, before Jehovah's Face. Where his lov'd God, Dear Jesus, Holy Ghost, Cherubs, and Seraphs, all the Heav'nly Host Of Bleffed Angels, and those Saints which be Clad with the Glory of Eternity Do welcom him unto their Bleffed throng, And now begin to teach him the Lambs Song Of life. His Soul crown'd now with Heavenly Bays Invested with it's bright transplendant Rays Falls in with them to fing his Saviours praise.

And here his ravisht Soul (which adds yet more) Meets with those Blessed Saints that went before. That labour'd with him in God's Holy Word, And pray'd, and fuffer'd with him for their Lord. Such as great BAXTER, whose exceeding worth (Now BATES is dead,) no tongue can e're set forth O how do they each other now embrace! Rejoycing there to fee each other's Face. And Holy ROSEWELL too, whose lasting Name Is carry'd far above the Wings of Fame; That Heaven-born Soul a bright and splendid Star, That's shining now in Heaven's Bright Hemisphere. Whose Love unto his God, and for his sake The Suff'rings that he underwent, did make Him dear to pious BATES, and to all those That Love their God, and Hate his wicked Foes

Each other safe, at Peace, and Ease, and free
From Bodily Pains, and from the Treachery
Of wicked Men.
Then Holy ANNESLET, VINCENT, and the rest,
Whose Worth and Learning cannot be exprest.
Oh how do they each other there embrace!
Rejoycing there to see each other's Face,
And all safe landed in the Heav'nly Place.
It's there he's gone, and therefore 'tis not he
That has the Los; No, no! 'Tis only we.
He's only gone to that Celestial Quire,
Which fill'd his Prayers, his Heart, his whole Desire.
He's only gone where all his Pains do end,
The Stone, the Gont, the Cholick, which did rend
His Body here. Our Souls have lost a Friend.
O Hackney, London, England, all bemoan,

O how do they rejoyce to meet and fee

O Hackney, London, England, all bemoan, It is a Lois concerns us every one.

A Soul-Physician's gone that could secure The Health of Souls, that could and would make sure Eternal Life to those that would but hear, And to his sweet Entreaties lend an Ear.

How powerfully did he the Word Dispence? With what Divine and Charming Eloquence? With how great Love, how tender did he speak? Enough to make the Sinners Heart to break.

Methinks I hear him still, utt'ring that Voice
That made the Sinner fear, the Saint rejoyce.

And Oh his Written Works, they'll praise himstill, Present admire them, Future Ages will; 'Tis Rhetorick Divine, which does them fill. For he our English CICERO was, who dare With him for Sacred Rhetorick compare? PERFECT in that he surely was most fit, To show PERFECTION as in SCRIPTURE writ. Which when he finish'd, God did him translate, And make him PERFECT in a PERFECT State. Where now experimentally he knows The PERFECTNESS of all that SCRIPTURE shows.

The EPITAPH.

CTay, Reader, stand, and spend a Tear; But haste, lest thou should'st make (By too much pondering who lies here) Thy very Heart to break. Here lies great BATES most Eloquent, A CICERO and a PAUL; A Preacher too most prevalent, One that had in him all. Most Learned, Wise, and of such Worth, There is not left behind A Tongue that's fit to set it forth. His Equal who can find? If he could dye; who then can save, Who can presume to keep The most accomplished from the Grave, Where all Mankind must sleep ?

FINIS.

London: Printed, and Sold by A. Baldwin, 1699

12 20/2 Hue C20/2

HUE and CRY

AFTER

Whom Great-Belly d'Eddies dave mighty respects ton
Shall at the Land-Bank be as Nobly rewarded, Just and
As by the Trustees it can well be afforded. In animal

He's a little old Man, very pale of Complexion, and Into many Deep Thillies makes a narrow inspection. His Head's very Loriz, and his Hands very Small, and Fit to fathom, a gentle Tuanque withal and won and In tormenting of which, as the Good Women tellus, in He strangles more Necks, than the Rope and the Gallows: Among his Profession has fam'd as a Topper, avia back By some call a Midwere by others a Groper, avia of From his Office in Oseen freet he lately has stantal, and and left his Society half broken hearted, and and only Thus show'd them a Trick one would think mas be near the Minch And run with their Stock; marry Detrine with handh A But yet he was so civil unto the Profless, of and a all Tho he's taken the Chest, he has left 'em the Keys.

Of Iron twas made, and secured with Ghains, Being Lock'd with abundance of Cunning and Pains; Which mingles their Sorrow with some little Pleasure, To think how 'twill plague him to come at the Treasure.

By common Report into Holland he's fled;
If so, the Land-Bank is brought finely to Bed:
For if to the old place of Resuge he's run,
Adzooks you're all Cozen'd as sure as a Qun.
And you that are Chous'd, for your Money may mourn;
For Holland, like Hell, never makes a Return,

Tis known to all Europe, the Dutch, like the Devil, Takes damnable care of the Apor of all Earl.

What Money is once carry d into their Nation,
Is more hard to regain, than if funk in the Ocean.

If the Coin was inclosed (like the Soil in a Cizzard)
In an Adamant Coffer, Luck'd up by a Winard,
They'll show him a way, by some Pow'r Internal,
To break up the Shell, and to take out the Kernel.

A Bank to give Paper, and hoard up our Coin, Was nothing at first but a Coz'ning Design:
And he, like a Man of a Wise Circumspection,
Has show'd the true and of Rogarsh Projection.

Confidering how biten the Nation is bit

By Projects, and yet will not fee thro the Cheat,

Its a wonder to me, we should learn no more Wit.

We've both ries from Venice; and Bank, from the Dute

The Foliand indeed has Occasion for luch.

For if they were down, as abundance do wish.

They must Die all like Propies, or live all like Fish.

My Brains are so heavy, I Vow and Protest.

I must beg you'll accept of that I'm for a fest.

For talking of folland so much. It a Dog.

If my Fancy at last is not slipid in a Bog.

But now to the matter, If any discover

But now to the matter, If any discover The Man and the Money, and bring em both over. He shall find the Trustres of the Bank to be Noble.

And give him what e'er he can get for his Trouble.

To give you his Character truely Compleat.

He's Doctor, Projector, Man Midwife and C

Who has Cunningly managed a fubtle Device.

Beyond the poor Parlon, or Auberry Price.

And all that I faither can say of the matter,

He's gone to the Durab, and the Devil go a ter.

Ego (20/2

AN

ESSAY

OFA

CHARACTER

Of the Late Right Honourable

Sir George Treby K

Lord Chief Justice of His Majesty's Court of Common-Pleas.

Ndulge One Labour more, my drooping Muse, (Which neither Love nor Duty can refuse) For TREBY's worthy Praile new String thy Lyre. And fing a Theme that will thy Verse inspire. The grateful Song wou'd Charm the liftning Globe, Could'st Thou his Name Adorn, as He the Robe. See how from Specious Falshood he divides Wrong'd Truth, and like an Oracle decides! Whose Large, and Richly-furnisht Mind appears A Register of long-transacted Years; Past Presidents so faithfully deriv'd, As more than Nestor's Age he had surviv'd: As He the Practice of all Courts had seen, And from Law's Infancy her Guardian been. For Law, that do's a boundless Ocean seem, Is Coasted all, and Fathom'd all by Him. Yet, tho' with such sagacious Knowledge crown'd, No less for Justice than for Skill renown'd: His Judgments he from Truth's clear Fountain draws, Respecting not the Party, but the Caufe: Makes haughty Pow'r to humble Right give Place; Want fears no Wrong, and Wealth expects no Grace.

Proceedings so unbiass'd, clear, and free, They charm the lost Astrea down, to see On Earth, such Primitive Integrity. But when on Life's Tribunal he is set, Justice and Mercy are together met; With Looks and Language Awful, not Austere, So circumspect in Dooming, so sincere, That ev'n the Sentenc'd think him not Severe. Could Verse assume His Style, of Strength and Ease, Compacted Sense, with all the Charms to please, My Muse, that with the Accomplisht Judge began, Might next proceed to Sing th' Accomplishe Man. But who, in fetter'd Numbers, can Comprile The Great, the Good, the Just, the Learn'd and Wise? The steddy Temper, condescending Mind, with the steddy Indulgent to Distress, to Merit kind; Knowledge sublime, sharp Judgment, Piery, From Pride, from Centure, and Moroseness free. Cautious in Promise, in Performance Sure; Swift of Dispatch, yet in Dispatch Secure. Solemn as Night, and chearful as the Day. O Golden Mean! O Worth without Allay! Renown'd amongst the noble generous Few Who Vertue's most exalted Rules pursue, As if for Nature's last Reserve design'd, To prop the Sinking Credit of Mankind. When high in Publick Seated, to dispense Impartial Right, we wish him never Thence; Yet when withdrawn, his private Friends to bless, With Transport fir'd we wou'd for ever press, Ingross the Bliss, and his whole Time possels. Thus Patriarchs heretofore, at vacant Hours, Treated their Visitants in Sylvan Bow'rs; Thus Socrates th' Esteem of Athens gain'd, Thus Plato's happy Guests were entertain'd; Such Conversation may ev'n Gods invite, Where Learning, Reason, Wit, their Force Unite, Experience, Truth, Instruction, and Delight. By m. Tate.

GOOD MANNERS for SCHOOLS,

Or, APARAPHRASE upon

C2012 7218

QUIMMIHI, &c.

Done into English Verse by O. DYKES, For the Use of the Grammar-School at the Academy in Chancery-Lane.

Boys, that wou'd Scholars be, your Minds dispose To learn Good Manners and obey these Laws.

Rise early, and shake off the drowsy Nod;

Then kneel you down, and humbly Pray to God.

First, wash your Hands and Face; then comb your Hair,
And dress you with a neat and decent Air.
Keep your Apparel clean from Ink or Stain,
And nasty Spots of Dirt or Grease refrain:
Your Cloths not torn to Tatters ev'ry Day,
By stubborn Fighting, and your Ramping Play.
Fly Slothfulness, and make away to School;
And never play the Tardy-lingring Fool,
That loses both his Time and breaks my Rule.

There, a Good morrow to your Master pay, And greet your Fellows with a Happy Day. Sit down, and your appointed Seat ne'er quit, Without Command, or Leave to vacate it, When Nature prompts you to refresh your Wit. He's Highest still who best performs his Part: And understands his Lesson best by Heart: For Real Merit always must take Place, And Undeserving Idle Boys disgrace.

Pen, Ink and Paper, are such useful Tools,
As must be ready in the Lab'ring Schools,
Fit for your Bus'ness; But Good Pens, I mean;
Your Ink the Blackest, and your Paper Clean:
That you may write your Master's Dictates Fair,
T'emprove your Learning and commend your Care;
Without one sulsom Fault or silthy Blot,
Like a dull Sloven or an Idle Sot.
But for good Precepts, little Books are sit;
Fair Writing to loose Papers ne'er commit:
You should preserve, not throw away your Wit.

Weigh what you read; your Lesson often Conn,
Till you well know the meaning of what's done:
For chatt'ring, like a Parrot, Things by Rote,
Is arrant Nonsense, and a mighty Fau't.
Consult your Fellows and your Betters ask,
Upon a difficult or doubtful Task;
By Doubts and Questions Knowledge is obtain'd,
Who nothing doubted, nothing ever gain'd.
Dull Block-heads stand, like thoughtless Statues, mute,
That seek no Information in a Doubt,
To know the Truth of Things beyond dispute.
Who ask no Questions and make no demand,
Will never Learn, and never Understand.

Learn Wisdom; and make what is taught your own; Oblivion will provoke an awful Frown.

To be instructed, and forget the Sense,
Argues intolerable Negligence.

It is ir vain to teach a rambling Brain,
That never thinks, and nothing will retain.

You must be mindful and attentive still,
To hear your Master's Judgment and his Will.

All his Instructions and his Words must be
Laid up in Everlasting Memory:
For if what's told the heedless Boy, is lost;
He might as well have taught a Sensless Post.

Nothing's fo Hard, fo Crabbed and Abstruse In a dark Author, or mysterious Muse, But may be quickly overcome with Ease: And difficulties, after Conquest, please. Take pains; and Learning easy you will find, By care and application of the Mind. When you're so careful and industrious grown, Knowledge and Glory will your Labour Crown.

For as the Earth's uncultivated Soyl,
Without good Tillage and continual Toyl,
Brings forth no hopeful Flow'rs nor Lovely Fruit;
But all lies Wast and Barren Ground about:
So Boys, that do not exercise their Sense
With earnest study and great diligence,
For loss of Time may justly be revil'd;
Their Parts are Fruitless, and their Wit grows Wild.

The Laws of speaking you must nicely mind; Pratling's impertinent and noisy Wind.
Govern the forward Tongue, and still be free From too much Babling and Loquacity.
Clamour creates your Master mighty Pain; Offends his Ear, and more disturbs his Brain.
Plying your Lesson then, avoid all Noise; Speak with a Modest, Low, submissive Voice:
But saying to your Master, speak aloud,
To be distinctly heard and understood.
Learn at your Fingers Ends what e'er you get,
And ev'ry Word without your Book repeat.
Pronounce your Latin roundly; stamm'ring shun;
That common Vice, call'd Hesitation.
Let no one prompt or tell you when you say;
Such fault'ring Repetitions spend the Day,
Make Lessons long and tedious by delay.
All Prompting prejudices soolish Boys;
The sense consounds, and Memory destroys.

To ev'ry Question let your Answer be Modest, Ingenious, Pertinent and Free; Wise answers will your commendation raise; Advance your Learning, and deserve great Praise. Gabling too fast or drawling out too slow, Your Words, are two abhorr'd Extreams, you know, Of speaking well: Betwixt both Vices lye, The grace of Speech, and common Decency.

As often as occasion bids you speak,
It must be still in Latin, or in Greek,
As ev'ry Boy's capacity, among
Your Fellows; understands each distrent Tongue.
But barb'rous Language and false Latin shun,
Like an Infection spreading through the Town,
This Vice is dangerous, and catching grown.
Instruct your Fellows too, when they require,
And th' ignorant with better light inspire;
Shew them in ev'ry dark and unknown Line,
The great advantage of good Discipline.
Whoever teaches the unlearn'd, will find,
His own improvement in the others Mind,
And though he were the most unlearn'd, before;
What he Imparts, like Char'ty to the Poor,
Will both Consirm his Knowledge and increase his Store.

But forward Babblers never imitate, Who Barbarism do confidently prate; Talk Latin fluent; but gross Smatt'rers be, To the difgrace of Roman Purity. The Silly'it Coxcomb of 'em all is Proud Of being cry'd-up by the Barb'rous Crowd: As if Affurance Falshood justifies, And Popular Applause makes Ign'rance Wise. If you would rightly know the Grammar Rules, And learn to speak true Latin in the Schools, With greater Elegance and better Grace; You must more Learned Company embrace; Read the best Authors of the Latin Race. Study their Writings of the purest Note, One Easy Subjects for Good Breeding Taught. Tully, and Terence, and great Virgil's fit, T'employ your Touth and Exercise your Wit.

Who never read their Famous Books, ne're faw The Light of Learning, nor the Roman Law.

Some naughty Boys delight to spend their Times In Sordid Trifles, or Notorious Crimes; Who ne'er to Virtue do their Minds apply; Renounce all Goodness and Sobriety, For a more lazy Life of Tempting Play, Which Scholars to Ill Courses does betray. Others are better Fed then Taught at Home; Grow to their Fellows Rude and Troublesome; Disturb the Studious with their Hands or Feet, And never will be Quiet in their Seat. Others again do boast themselves well-Born, Inferiours Hector, and Revile with Scorn. But their Illustrious Birth and Noble Blood, Can ne'er make Pride or fuch Ill-Manners Good: And they will no Respect of Persons find, With a Just Master and Impartial Mind, To all Distinctions, but of Merit, Blind. Such Vile Examples and fuch ill-bred Fools, You must not Follow in well-govern'd Schools; For fear of such Correction as the Wise Have thought Convenient to punish Vice. You must not Buy, nor Sell, nor give one Cross; Nor Mony Lend, nor Change, nor Things Ingross, To reap Advantage by Another's Loss. Mony's the Root of Evil and Disgrace, And makes fond Boys Extravagantly Base. But what Ingenuous Education brings, Are gen'rous and Unmercenary Things.

Rude Brawling, Giggling, and wild Noise decline, Banish'd to Frantick Bedlam's Discipline.
Loud Laughter, Scoffing, and Reproach forsake;
They breed Ill Blood and Mad Distraction make.
Lewd Quarrels, little Lyes, and Pilf'ring Crimes
Of wicked Boys to Newgate sent betimes,
Condemn for statal Qualities, portend
Some growing Mischief, or some Dismal End.

Your Common Chat must always be secure, From Language that's Immodest or Impure. Speak not one Word that's Smutty or Prophane; But filthy Talk and Vile Discourse refrain, May Virtue Teint or Reputation Stain. Observ't, as certain as you draw your Breath, That ev'ry Tongue has Pow'r of Life and Death.

Of Monstrous Faults and Horrid Sins beware; In Conversation neither Curse nor Swear. For 'tis a Foul Abominable Vice To give Ill Language to your Enemies. And with Reproachful Words to treat your Friends, Is the Ingratitude of Human Fiends. But to Prophane the Sacred Name of GOD, Can never Mercy find, nor 'scape the Rod.

Remember this unalterable Rule,
To keep the Faithful Secrets of the School:
For Treachery and Telling Tales abroad,
Incur Displeasure of the Angry Rod.
Therefore, Good Boys, observe, where'er you go,
Great Government, and Manly Conductshow.
Your Books and all your Things in Order keep:
By Care, this Satisfaction you will reap;
No Apprehensions can disturb your Skep.
For when the bus'ness of the School you've done,
You'll go to Bed with Recreation,
And Rise again both unconcern'd and Gay,
For th' Exercises of the coming Day.

In short, you must consult your Master's Ease, And for your Life do nothing may displease; Provoke his Anger, or disturb his Peace. The pife-pot-poim

115

The Pis-Pot. K.

A COPY of VERSES

On a Silver Chamber-Pot fent, to the Tower to be Coyned, occasion'd by the Lady—at St. James's unlucky Hand at Basset, which forc'd her to sell her Plate.

A Beauteous Gamester at Court End of Town,
Lost by a Luckless Basset Table Frown,
Her Losses to repair, to her hard Fate,
Was forc'd retrench her glittring Train, her Plate.
Amongst the sbining Mass, that now was got
Just to the All Devouring melting Pot,
Her Silver Piss-Pot in a fatal Hour
Was sent, alas, a Traytor, to the Tower.
There 'twas condemn'd to take its siery Tryal,
A Sentence that admits of no Denial.

Prefumptuous Pis-Pot, how durft thou offend, Compelling Ladies on their Knees to bend. To Kings and Queens we humbly bend the Knee: But Queens themselves are forc'd to stoop to thee. To Thee they cringe, and with a Whining Face, They ease their Grief by Opening of their Case. In times of Need they do thy Aid implore, And oft to ease their Pain, they make thee roar. What Woman, tho' of strictest Modesty, But her dear Secrets will unfold to thee.

A Closet Darling so advanc'd as Thou,
Must be preferr'd to brighter Honours now.
Thou, who so oft hast kist that secret Shrine,
Where Mortals pay their Vows, more than Divine;
Rais'd by the Merits of that gen'rous Grace,
Shalt now be honour'd with a Monarch's Face.

How has the Mighty Charmer of Mankind On thee with all its radiant Beauties shin'd? (Assist me, Muse, in this Prodigious Theme!)! How has the trickling Chrystal Virgin Stream Flow'd in thy Silver Urn, drawn from that Spring,
Whose Fame the Muses Vassal Choir all sing.
A Spring whose all importal Raptures mount
Beyond the Charms of their Castalian Fount.
A Spring where Nature's just Devotion Lows,
All proud to pay the Mighty Debt she ower;
Bound in eternal Praises to rehearse
From that blest Spring her whole supported Universe.
From this soft Well of Life, how hast thou seen
All, all unveil'd, without one envious Skreen,
Those Charms, those wondrous Charms, which once no less
Than three contending Rival Goddesses
Brought down from Heav'n, in all transporting Joy,
To bless the Eyes of the fair Youth of Troy.

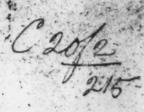
How has that Scene of Raptures bleft thy fight?
Nay for repeated Prospects of Delight,
How in thy Walls has the transparent Stream,
Natures true Glass, with its reflecting Beam,
Given thee a double View, thus to behold

The Throne of Love its radiant Charms unfold In Blufbing Crimson, and in Curling Gold.

What though no more Loves Mirour, thou hast lost, Poor Utensil, that Honourable Post!

Tis true, on thee did unveil'd Beauty smile.
(Short Bliss! No longer than a pissing while!)
Stamp t with Great Can a Image, will but more Exalt thy Glory, and advance thy Pow'r.
Now a more lasting Troply thou shalt bear.
Coyn, Soveraign Coyn, we Conqu'rour of the Fair, Who captivest more than o'n the Beau's gay Charms:
Thou open if the fair Eyes, and twin st the Circling Arms.
To what aspiring Heights hast not thou soar'd.
Before but Beauties Menis, now her Lord.
Now thou perform it a set sublimer Part;
Then thou but caught if his Water, now her Heart.

What then, May Arms, shough an unhappy Throw Has sunk thy poor Exchedier down so low!
Mourn, mourn, sair Among, thy Loss no more.
Dry up thy Eyes. Can Beauty e're be poor!
What frowning Fortune lest, set smiling Love restore.
Meet some kind Jove, in all descending Streams,
Of slowing Argent, and bright Golden Beams.
Then to the Piss-Pot, thou no more shalt shour;
the response into my Lap shall pour.



Death of JAMES the Second,

Late King of England.

Who Defarted this Mortal Life, on Wednesday the 3d of Septemb. at St. Germains-En Lay, at 3 a Ciock in the Morning in the Sixty Eight Tear of His Age, 1701.

Is true--- when Death, Fate's Minister does call, Princes and Clowns without distinction fall: No bribes can make the ravenous Tyrant flay. Nor both the Indies purchase one poor Day. This Weeping Albion to his Sorrow knows, And this the prefent fad Occasion shows; James our Nations late Delight and Pride, In whom all Charms triumphantly did ride, With every Grace, and every Virtue Crown'd, Now mixt Alas! in common Dust is found. Weep British Land, Weep around his Herse, And for each Muse attend with tributary Verse; Let the pale Sun retire behind a Cloud, And fwelling Tides proclaim our Griefs aloud, For James's univerfal Nature Mourn, And bid the flatt'ring Spring no more return.

Oh! if we might of Heavens Decrees complain, Why does it fuffer Gallie's Scourge to reign? Why does it tamely spare that Bird of Pray, And take its best-lov'd Workmanship away? What monftrous Crimes has guilty Britain nurt That it is thus emphatically Curft?

None fure that ere the Regal Enfigns bore, Low of Perfections claim a greater store. Amidst the gay Temptations of the Court, Where gaudy Toys, and Vanities refort, He between Acts of Charity and Prayer, The fleeting Minutes equally did share, Sincere Devotion with his beauteous Train, Fil'd all his Heart, and in his Breaft did reign; No vain Defires, nor gulley Thoughts preft in, 4! was Serene without, and Clam within.

While He his Sacred Person did expose To treacherous Bullets, and more treacherous Focs. Men by his Looks, and by his Virtues Charm'd The Hydre of its Sting was foon difarm'd. Affrighted Vice retird at his Command, Sunk to the Shades below, and left the Land. A golden Race of Years began to fmile

And Peace and Plenty crown'd our happy. Ifle. Oh, who would not diffolve away in Tears, To lose the Partner of her Joys and Cares, In his Old Age, and in her Blooming Years, But Mary don't too long indulge thy grief, But from thy Faithful Senate take relief; By the whole Isle thy Cause will be embrac'd For thy own fake, and for the Saint deceas'd.

EPITAPH.

Nder this Marble Urn a Prince ben lies, Gracious and Good, Chaft, Merciful and Wife. Since Great Eliza. left the British Throne, No King did e'er fuch great Berfellions onn; England and Holland He by turns did grace, The Joy, Delight and Soul of every Place To Him for refuge, Wretches did refort, In His fair Breaft the Graces kept their Court : His manly Pattern, Orniment and Pride, to Pines Alts cash precions Flour to splay de The Circles Jule Delight, the Country's Care His Royal Meso's burghen bethe to bear, Humble the Great, and Innocent the Fair : The Church's Pillar, and the Poor's Relief. Britain's late Pride, and now his ony Grief.

Landon: Printed by B. H in Black-Fryers. 1701.



E L E G Y

JAMES the Second, Late KING of England.

Who Departed this Life at St. Germans, in France, on Wednesday the Fourth of September, 1701. In the Sixty Seventh Year of his Age, 11 Months., and art. Days.

Written by 7. M. Gent.

EE how the wrangling World in fumes arise, With Fire and Sword disturb the listening Skies, Kings with their Subjects Murther glut their Eyes, And all's for empty Fame, while Vanity's the Prize, Ambition's Mankind's God, a reftless State, They stick at nothing to they may be great. The abdicated Regent late condemn'd, And by his Bosom Friends, in want, contemn'd: His Youthful days exprest a pile of Woes, To load his Years, predicted by his Foes. Perdition must attend a dismal Fare, When his good Father's murther'd at his Gate. A fad Example to His Royal Son, Foretelling that his Troubles then begun: His Want in Exile he was forc'd to bear, And durst not in his Native Soil appear; Fore'd like a Beggur, to receive an Alms From Foreignatiands, as Storms is laid by Calms: But yet the Murmuring World was still at Strife, Levil'd Destruction at His Sacred Life: Destruction still was threat'ning aloud, His Death was still conspiring by the Crowd: The ruling Powers destroy'd the Killing Scene, Scored His Person, and His facred Queen; And they that made Him King a while before, Made Him a Subject and a King no more. Then the Old King like a Religious Man, Reflecting on the World, he thus began. "O! had I been some humble Shepherd born, " Bred up in humble Cave the Courtiers fcorn, "Knew nothing of the World but Rural Sport, "And never faw the Gawdy Toys of Court,

"Then happy had I been, and free from Strife,

No Sweets or Gaul to please, or bitter Life,

"For all the World is Varity, I find

"No Truth, but Treacheries in all Mankind. Thus he disputed, while the World in Arms Strove to Reseat him, and Revenge his Harms, But all in vain the Disputants conspire, With Swords, Bullets, and destroying Fire, To reassume him in his British Throne, While weeping Wives their Husbands lofs bemoans: None conquered then, but Death, who swallowed all, Thousands his Victims fell by Jame's fall, Against His Royal Person was the odds, Who thus in pity supplicate's the Godds; If I (the meanest in the Books of Fate) Am doom'd for ever thus Unfortunate, Spare mighty Gods the Blood of Harmless Men, Since I must never wear the Crown agen, Let all your Vengeance on my Subjects cease,
And crown (tho' by my Death) a lasting Peace.
His Prayers soon was heard, and soon prepar'd,
That Peace should flourish, but His Life be spared.
He liv'd and strove to work his Peace with all, Forgiving all, nay, those that wrought his Fall;
His Thread of Life with wondrous speed than can,
And nothing left him but a single span.
But on a fresh new Clamours did arise,
And Wars on e'ry side disturbed his Byes:

Its time, cry'd he, that I shou'd be no more, Ban sh'd my Crown, and thrusted from my Shore Into a Sea of Misery, why then Show'd I dispute to live with Faithess Men? Then Heaven prepare the Place where. I may go, For there's no staying for me here below: Send thy all conquering Heoroe, now my Friend, And at one stroake my Miseries to End.

The Appoplettick Fit then leas'd his Head, And hallow'd crys Echoed out - He's Dead. The gaping Croud glad for to hear the News, But twice the Echoing Noise their Ears abus'd, But the third time the Work was surely done, He drup't his Head like to the Evening Sun. But Heaven was kind, and gently took his Breath, Sure 'twas a Translation, not a Death. For He so Mild, left all the Gaudy Pride Of the proud Fops that trembl'd by his fide, And without murmuring once he gently dy'd. Methinks I see him mount the Assure Skie, Angels falutes Him as he draweth nigh, Conducts Him to a Seat or Royal Throne, Prepar'd for Him, and only Him alone, Where all the Discords of the World can't harm him, But Ravishing Musick erry moment charms him-His Royal Confort mourning for his Lofs, But piously she bears the suffering Cross, Laments her Fate that the can't with him be, To reap the Bleffings of Eternity. Farewel thou bappy King, unhappy here, Who patiently thy Sufferings did bear, May e'ry Subjects. Heart force from their Eyes, Torrents of Tears as a just Sacrifice, And with a Pious Thought lament his Loss, Pity his Sufferings, and his weary Cross: And then again Rejoice to think that He Enjoys now Bleffings to Eternity, A Just Reward for all thy Sufferings past, Sweetens the Bitter Cup to pleasant tast. Extastick Raptures fix'd upon his Brow, As a Reward for Sufferings here below; All this, and more than Wishes can bestow.

Epitaph.

HEre Royal J & MES deeb lie, Who by Mis Subjects based: A KING who bird by Charity, When by His Poss defeated.

He was a King, and yet to King,
And is not that a Wander?
Phis Soldiers car'd not who may King,
Sorthey could live by Physide.

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ELEGY

UPON THE

Lamented Death

OF

Edward Millington,

The Famous Auctioner.

Ourn! — Mourn! you Booksellers, — for cruel Death
Has rob'd the Famous Auctioner of Breath:
He's gone, — he's gone, — ah! the great Loss deplore;
Great Millington, — alas! — he is no more:
No more will he now at your Service stand
Behind the Desk, with Mallet in his Hand:
No more the Value of your Books set forth,
And sell 'em by his Art for twice the Worth.
Methinks I see him still, with smiling Look,
Amidst the Crowd, and in his Hand a Book!
Then in a fine factious pleasing way,
The Author's Genius, and his Wit display.

O all you scribling Tribe, come mourn his Death. Whose Wit hath giv'n your dying Fame new Birth: When your neglected Works did mouldring lie Upon the Shelves, and none your Books would buy; How oft' has he, with strained Eloquence, Affirm'd the Leaves contain'd a World of Sense, When all's infipid, dull Impertinence? Come, Gentlemen, - come bid me what you please; Upon my Word, it is a curious Piece, Done by a Learned Hand, — and neatly bound: What fay you? - come, - I'le put it up, - One Pound; One Pound, — once, twice; fifteen: Who bids; — a Crown: Then shakes his Head, with an affected Frown, And fays, for Shame, confider, Gentlemen, The Book is fold in Shops for more than ten. Good lack a day! — 'tis strange, then strikes the Blow, And in a feigned Passion bids it go.

Then in his Hand another Piece he takes, And in its Praise a long Harrangue he makes; And tells em that tis writ in losty Verse, One that is out of Print, and very scarse:

Then with high Language, and a stately Looks He fets a lofty Price upon the Book; Five Pound, Four Pound, Three Pound, he cries aloud, And holds it up t'expose it to the Crowd, With Arm erect, — the Bidders to provoke To raise the Price before th'impending Stroke: This in the Throng does Emulation breed, And makes 'em strive each other to out-bid; While he discants upon their Learned Heats, And his Factious Dialect repeats: For none like him, for certain, knew so well, (By way of Auction) any Goods to fell. Tis endless to express the wayes he had To fell their good, and to put off their bad. But, ah! in vain I strive his Fame to spread; The Great, the Wife, the Knowing Man is dead. Mourn! — Mourn! — ye Booksellers, for Cruel Death Has rob'd the Famous Auctioner of Breath.

And you in Painting skill'd his Loss bewail; He's dead! — that did expose your Works to Sale! See how he lies, all dismal, wan, and pale. No more by him your Praise will be exprest For, ah! he's gone to his Eternal Rest. Can you forget how he for you did baw'l, Come put it in? — A Fine Original, Done by a Curious Hand: — What strokes are here, Drawn to the Life? — How fine it does appear: O Lovely Peice! — Ten Pound, — Five Pound; — for shame, You do not bid the Value of the Frame. How many prety Stories would he tell, To inhauce the Price, and make the Picture fell: But now he's gone! — ah! — the fad Loss deplore; Great Millington! — alass! he is no more. And you, the Muses Darlings too, reherse Your Sorrows for the Loss of him in Verle: Mourn! - Mourn! together, for that Tyrant Death Has rob'd the Famous Auctioner of Breath.

FINIS.

His EPITAPH.

Lies the Famous Millington;
A Man who through the World did steer
I'th' Station of an Auctioner:
A Man with Wondrous Sense and Wisdom blest,
Whose Qualities are not to be exprest.



ANELEGY

The Much Lamented DEATH

OF

Sir Roger L'Estrange,

Who Departed this Life on Monday the 11th. day of December 1704. In the 88th Year of his Age.

To bear about the Melancholy News!
O Venerable Shade, Accept a Song
That flows from a Sincere and Grateful Tongue,
That feign would on thy Memory bestow
The Tears that Loyalty and Learning owe;
Since both in Thee so Eminently Shone,
And almost Centred in thy Breast alone.

Ah! Who shall now Thy bright Example give,
And Teach us how to Write and how to Live!
Who shall Refine our Morals with our Tongue,
Or make our Language Beautiful and Strong!
None, none can tread the Paths which thou hast press'd,
L'Estrange's Worth should in his Words be dress'd,
Thy Rising Glories shine above our Reach,
And Dare the Impotence of Human Speech.

Hail, Bright Unbodied Being, gone from hence
To be all Intellectual Eye and Sense,
To Reign with Martyrs, and with Kings Dethron'd,
Rewarded for that Cause the Just have own'd.
Look down from thy Sublime Abode and see
What Homage we would pay thy Loyalty,
What Obelisks we to thy Name would raise,
If Numbers were not wanting to thy Praise,
And 'twas in Nature's Power or in Arts,
To make our Tongues but equal to our Hearts.

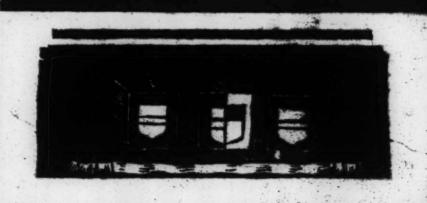
But we to Verse in vain must have recourse, Where are there Words of a sufficient Force? Since thou the Genius of our Speech ar't sled, Expression needs must Languish and be Dead.

Yet will the Muse to thy Deserts be just And with her Tears bedew thy Learned Dust, Though Faction Grins at thy lamented Fall, And laughs to see the Rise of Dagon and of Baal. Adiet, thou bright Intelligence above Thy Country's Pride, without thy Country's Love, Alive distinguished for unshaken Truth, In Old Age Injurid, and Traduc'd in Thurk; Instead the God, the Neighbour, and the Prince, Thine Actions the Result of Thoughtst Sense; All of a Piece should the Bright Life be drawn, The same in its Decleusion as its Dawn.

What if thy Hoary Worth neglected lies, And to thy Fame no Pyramids arise? What if no Pomp attends thy Funeral Herle, And nothing decks thy Tomb but empty Verse, To Future Times thou must Transmitted be, Immortal by thy felf, though not by me. In thy defence past Authors shall Unite, Since thou hast more than done past Authors Right; Fam'd Senece with Cicero Shall joyn, Both Heathens, yet by thee made both Divine; While by thy Means Josephus English Speaks, And Afop Edifies beyond the Greeks; Instructs the Wicked, and Reforms the Loofe With Morals of Importance and of Use, Equal to theirs, thy deathless Works shall be, And thou shalt live by them, and they by thee.

EPITAPH.

Ere lies an Instance of one dead and gone, That Wrote, but never Scribled Pro and Con; Who might be taken for a Bright Example By Davenant, and the Master of the Temple; Could those two Scribes Wealths Tempting Baits desie, And live like him, that they like him might die.



London: Printed by D. Edwards in the Year 1704.

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ELEGY

On the much Lamented Death of that Faithful and Laborious Minister of the Gospez,

Mr. BENJAMIN KEACH,

Late Pastor of a Church of Christ, meeting on Horsby-down, Sombwark Who Departed this Life, July the 18th, 1704. In the Sixty Fourth Year of his Age.

Written by a MEMBER of his Congregation.

And rob me of that Peace so late posses?

What mournful Accents thus accost my Ear,
And fill my anxious Soul with dismal Fear;
What Voice is this so full of black Despair?

Is that great Bard, who lately kept and fed
Is that fair Flocks in Salems Pastures, sled;
Is he that sang Great Pan's High Praises dead?

That Heaven-born Soul, whose Light and Influence
Did Heat and Life unto dark Souls dispense,
Is he no more? Has Heaven withdrawn his Light,
And left us to lament in sable Shades of Night,
Our Loss?

Death boasts his Triumphs, for the Rumours spread Thro' Salem's Plains, That KEACH, dear KEACH is dead. And is he dead, and will no losty Muse In measur'd Strains convey the Heavy News To Neighbouring Plains, and let their Shepherds know The Causes of our Grief, the Causes of our Woe?

Were but my Numbers like to thine, I'd bring My Tears (Great KEACH) an humble Offering Unt o thy Worth: And spread my lowly Verse, As grateful Tributes, round thy mournful Hearse.

O may that Muse which did inspire thy Breast,
And on more Holy Souls doth ever rest;
Ev'n that sweet Muse, which tun'd the mournsul Lyre
Of Holy Devid; whose Lov'd Friend's expire,
Drew out his mournful Thoughts, whilst he complains
The Loss of Friendship, in such melting Strains.
O may that Heavenly Muse direct my Pen,
Whilst I sing of the best of Friends, the best of Men!
He who Christ taught to love and fear his Word,
To own him as his Master, as his Lord:
Who-from his Youth willing Obedience gave,
And held the same e'en to his very Grave.

O Happy Soul! Thou'st learn'd to bear the Cross Ev'n in thy Youth, and didft esteem as Dross All Things compar'd with Christ, nay, count 'em Loss.) For, thy last Breath did plainly testific Thy Treasure was laid up with him on high. Oh that I could, as Thee, Divinely fay! "I know on whom I have believ'd, and may Put Faith in him, he'll keep it to that Day. Thy longing Soul his Glory with'd to fee, Ev'n that bright Glory he convey'd to thee, Thro' Faith's great Telliscope. Of which possest Thou now art, with thy Lord and Master blest: Ne'er let us then our present Loss explore, Nor grieve for him whom we shall see no more In this vain World: But still direct our End To that firm Bliss, to which he did ascend. Live like him here, die like him too, and then Hereafter, we shall see his Face agen With Joy; when that shrill Trumpets Voice shall found. To wake the fleeping Nations under Ground.

But still my Heart Strings ake, I cannot cease; For Zion's sake, I will not hold my Peace.

Who shall support the Burden of the Day,
VVhen Gospel-Preachers thus are snatch'd away?
Great is the Harvest, few the VVorkmen be,
O thou my Mother! I'm distress'd for Thee.
Shall God, ev'n thy God, mind Thee in Distress,
And Crown thy Sons with a Divine Success:
Pour on Thee Blessings, make Thee to rejoyce
In that the Lord hath hear'd thy VVidow'd Voice.
O shall thy Children say, make still more Room!
For Zion Travels, and her pregnant VVomb
Shall fill the distant Lands; for Zion's King
Shall Reign, till all the VVorld their Tribute bring.

And may that little Fold, which Rever end KEACH So lately fed, and did Divinely Teach,
O may they love, and never once divide
Christ's seamless Coat; but may that Flock abide
Till Christ shall come again: Then shall he crown
Their Faithful Labours with a full Renown.

But how can I in Silence, thus obscure Thy VVorth, Great KEACH, thy VVorks thall still endure. So many Volumes of thy juster Praise, But thy VVork's done, and thou halt got the Bays. Others may praise the Lofty Flights of Men, VVhilst I admire the Plainness of thy Pen. Thy even Thoughts with fo much Clearness flow, Their Sense untutor'd, Infancy may know; Babes by thy Lyre Instructed, may Rehearse, Their Makers Praise, and in a Heavenly Verse Hymn their Creator thro' the Universe. 'Till thus or'e power'd by a just Surprise, They turn Delight into a Sacrifice; Thus Thou thy felf, ev'n in thy Youth, began, Before thou coud'st deserve the Name of Man, To breath forth Raptures of Coelectial Fire,) Such as might Frozen Souls with Love Inspire To God and Christ, and after Heaven desire; "VVar with Taught how to manage * War with Hell and Devil. To Chuse the Good, and to Refuse the Evil. Shew'd to incautious Youth, * the Glorious Lover, So in thy riper Years, thou didst discover * AGolden Mine, full of such Wondrous Treasure, den Mine. Saints dig therein, with an unwaried Pleasure; * faceb's That * Ladder too, the Patriarch in his Dream Ladder. So full of Wonder Saw, so VV ondrous plain Thou hast for us, set up with Steps so even As any Soul may Climb thereby to Heaven. And last of all, (to Instance in no more) * TPOHO-For its impossible to rifle all thy Store:) * A Key thou'st forg'd, will open Heavens dore: \ AOTIA.

LONDON: Printed by R. Tookey, in Thrend-needle-fireet,

A Key, which still all Pious Souls shall prize,

Since it unlocks such Gospel Mysteries;

And opens wide the Gate of Paradice.

Obscure Migmas, Metaphors Divine.

Are all unlocked by this Key of thine.

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English Padlock.

As Horace has Divinely fung)
Could not be kept from Jove's Embrace
By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Brass.
The Reason of the Thing is clear,
(Would Jove the naked Truth aver)
Cupid was with him of the Party,
And acted vigorous and hearty.
For, give that Whipster but his Errand,
He takes my Lord Chief Justice Warrant;
Danntless as Death away he walks,
Sreaks the Doors open, snaps the Loeks,
Bearches the Parlour, Chamber, Study,
Nor stops 'till he has Culprit's Body.

Since this has been Authentick Truth,
By Age deliver'd down to Youth;
Tell us, Mystaken Husband, tell us,
Why so Mysterious, why so Jealous?
Does the Restrain, the Bolt, the Bar,
Make us less Curions, her less Fair?
The Spy, who does this Treasure keep,
Does she ne'er say her Pray'rs, nor sleep?
Does she to no Excess incline?
Does she fly Musick, Mirth and Wine?
Or have not Gold and Flatt'ry Pow'r
To purchase One unguarded Hour?

Your Care does further yet extend,
That Spy is guardeb by your Friend.
But has that Friend, nor Eye, nor Heart?
May he not feel the cruel Dart
Which, or late, all Mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender Zeal,
Give the Fair Pris'ner Cause to see
How much he wishes she were free?
May he not craftily infer
The Rules of Friendship too severe.

PROLOGUE

Spoken at the First Opening of the QUEEN's New Theatre in the Hay-Market.

CUCH was our Builder's Art, that foon as nam'd. This Fabrick, like the Infant-World, was fram'd. The Architect must on dull Order wait, But tis the Poet only can Create. None else, at Pleasure, can Duration give, When Marble fails, the Muses Structures live, The Cyprian Fane is now no longer feen, Tho' Sacred to the Name of Love's Fair Queen. Ev'n Athens scarce in pompous Ruin stands, Tho' finish'd by the Learned Minerva's Hands. More fure Presages from these Walls we find By Beauty founded, and by Wit defign'd; In the good Age of Ghoftly Ignorance, How did Cathedrals rife, and Zeal Advance! The Merry Monks faid Orifons at Eafe. Large were their Meals, and light their Penances; Pardon for Sins was purchas'd with Estates, And none but Rogues in Rags dy'd Reprobates. But now that Pious Pageantry's no more, And Stages thrive as Churches did before Your own Magnificence you here Survey, Majestick Columns stand where Dunghils lay, And Carrs Triumphal rife from Carts of Hay. Swains here are taught to hope, and Nymphs to fear And big Almanzor's Fight mock-Blenbers here. Descending Goddesses adorn our Scenes And quit their bright Abodes for gilt Machines Shou'd Jove for this Fair Circle leave his Throne, He'd meet a Lightning fiercer than his own. Mr. Mich and Tho to the Sun his tow'ring Eagles Rife, They scarce cou'd bear the Lustre of these Eyes.

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Which chain him to a hated Trust,
Which make him Wretched, to be Just?
And may not She, this Darling She,
Youthful and healthy, Fleshand Blood,
Easie with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this Logic to be good.

Sir, will your Questions never end?

I trust to neither Spy nor Friend.

In short, I keep her from the Sight
Of ev'ry Human Face.—She's write—
From Pen and Paper She's debarred.—
Has She a Bodkin and a Gard?
She'll prick her Mind:—She will, you say 5
But how shall She that Mind convey?
I lock her fast, I keep the Key.—
The Key-hool, Fool, take That awey.

Dear augry Friend, what must bedone? Is there no Way? There is but one. Send her abroad, and let her fee That all this mingled Mass, which she Being forbidden longs to know, Is a dull Farce, an empty Show, Powder, and Pocket-Glass, and Beau; A Staple of Romance and Lies, Falle Tears, and real Perjuries; Where Sighs and Looks are brought, and fold, And Love is made but to be told : Where the fat Bawd and lavish Heir The Spoils of ruin'd Beauty share. And Youth feduced from Friends and Fame Must give up Age to Want and Shame. Let her behold the Frantick Scene. The Women wretched, false the Men : And when, these certain Ills to shun, She would to thy Embraces run; Receive her with extended Arms. Seem more delighted with her Charms; Wait on her to the Park and Play, Put on good Humour, make her gay; Be to her Virtues very kind, Be to her Faults a little blind, Let all her Ways be unconfin'd. And clap your PADLOCK on her Mind,

FINIS.

The Opening PROLOGUE Paraphras'd in a Familiar Stile, for the better Conception of the True Meaning, and for the Particular Use of Mr. Jer. Collier.

Good People;

HIS fame Theatre here being intended for Plous and Virtuous Representations, in Opposition to the late Immorality and Profanencis of the Stage, you thust understand that the Two most indecent Authors of that Kind are pitch'd upon for its Foundation and Government, upon a prudent Presumption that the greatest Offenders are most likely to become the greatest Penitents and Saints; especially since your Generous Subscriptions to the Undertaking will make Virtue to be litterally its own Reward. That we may give you full Assurances at our first Opening, we defire to preposless you with these following Moral, Religious and Witty notions. You see what a stately Building we've run up here for you; and we can do no less than tell you that it equals, if not exceeds, the Stupendous Creation of the World, which some simple People make such a Wonderment at. Tho' there are those who reckon your Poets a Set of the most idle and useless Fellows upon Earth, yet we do most teligiously assure you that they are all of 'em Creators, Givers of Being, and God Almighties; nor is there any Odium in such Comparisons: And that we may tell you a new Thing of 'em', which never was said or thought of by any Living Man before the Author of this Prologue, you must know that Monuments which your Poets raise out-last Wood, Brick, Stone and Iron; witness the May-Pole in the Strand, which is scarce higher than a Ninepin; whilst Chevy-Chace, and the Two Children in the Wood, make their Original Figure in the Hundredth Edition. That we mayn't Bambouzle you with hard Names, whenever we mention Venus, we intend to tall her Fair, less the be mistaken for a Lancashire Witch. That Minerva mayn't pass for an Irish Woman, we'll call her Learned. In like manner it shall be Red Scarlet, that you mayn't imagine we mean a Fenille Morte Colour. We're under a Security that the next Great Wind will scarce be able to blow this House about our Ears, fince 'it's Fednded by Beauty, and Design'd by manner it stall be Red Scarlet, that you mayn't imagine we mean a Feuille Morte Colour. We're under a Security that the next Great Wind will scarce be able to blow this House about our Ears, fince 'it's Fednded by Beauty, and Design'd by Wit; no inconsiderable Insurance. To convince you what a vigorous War we intend to carry on against the Exorbitant Power of Immorality and Profaneness, we must let you into the Secret, that Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion; that the most waste Ground in England is where Churches stand; that they had never been Built but for Fools; that Zeal's a Jest, and all Religion Nonsence. This Age, Blessed be God, is grown wifer and wickeder than those Times of Blindness; nor are we without some Hopes that the Citizens Wives may prevail with their Husbands to turn Paul's into a Play-House. But now we'll tell you the most Poetical and Witty thing you ever heard: You see where these Columns here stand, Pray what can you imagine was here before? Guels; no. —Guels again; no; —again; No. —Why, I vow and protest nothing in the Versal World but a Dunghil: And to carry this elevated Idea yet farther, as sure you sit there alive, in this very Place where you now see our Triumphal Caris, there was nothing formerly but Hay Carts. Thus you may see how necessary History may be to a Poet, for from hence this very Street originally took its Name. We must advise you, less you mayn't know it already, that the Business of a Stage is to represent the Actions and Passions of Mankind. The Goddesses that you see will conclude with a sine-spun Complement to you, that you represent Ladies, we will conclude with a sine-spun Complement to you, that your Eyes are past being the think of Treth, Nature, Reason or Sense in t. Thirdy, However it may please you, should any Country Squire use it to his Lady-Mother's Chamber-Maid, the Wench wou'd laugh at the Coxcomb. These are some of the Difficulties we patiently chuse of how that you are foolith enough to be Tickled with such ties we patiently churc to go through, rather than fail to pay you our Respects in the Sublimest manner. And to show that you are foolish enough to be Tickled with such Hyperbolical Nonsence, we hope to see you here to Morrow again, that we may break Mr. Rich and Mr. Eastcourt 11 19011 19011

res condition Luftre of their three.

PROLOGUE

Spoken at the First Opening of the QUEEN's New Theatre in the Hay-Market.

UCH was our Builder's Art, that soon as nam'd; This Fabrick, like the Infant-World, was fram'd. The Architect must on dull Order wait, But 'tis the Poet only can Create. None elfe, at pleasure, can duration give, When Marble fails, the Muses Structures live, The Cyprian Fane is now no longer feen, Tho' Sacred to the Name of Love's fair Queen. Ev'n Athens scarce in pompous Ruin stands, Tho' finish'd by the Learn'd Minerva's Hands. More fure Presages from these Walls we find By Beauty founded, and by Witt delign'd; Lady H-G-n In the good Age of Ghostly Ignorance, How did Cathedrals rife, and Zeal Advance! The Merry Monks, said Orisons at ease, Large were their Meals, and light their Penances; Pardon for Sins was purchas'd with Estates, And none but Rogues in rags dy'd Reprobates. But now that pious Pageantry's no more, And Stages thrive as Churches did before. Your own Magnificence you here Survey, Majestick Columns stand where Dunghils lay, And Carrs Triumphal rife from Carts of Hay. Swains here are taught to hope, and Nymphs to fear, And big Almanzor's Fight mock-Blenheim's here. Descending Goddesses adorn our Scenes And quit their bright Abodes for gilt Machines. Shou'd fove for this fair Circle leave his Throne, He'd meet a Lightning fiercer than his own. Tho' to the Sun his towring Eagles Rife, They scarce cou'd bear the Lustre of these Eyes.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by John Nutt, near Stationers-Hall, 1705.



E LEGY On the DEATH of that Illustrious Monarch

WILLIAM the Third, Canal

Late King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland,
Who departed this Life at his Palace at Kensington, on Sunday the 8th Day of March,
1701. in the 52d. Year of his Age, 4 Months and 5 Days; And the 13th Year of his Reign.

Written by the Reverend Dr. BURNET.

Las! 'tis fo; no Virtue can withstand The pale-fac'd Conquerors all-subjecting hand, And Kings, the God's Vicegerents, must obey,
And yet so great his privilege we see,
That what he offers, must not question'd be.
But it angry Fare does prove to cross,
Nature should not be filent at her loss.
Can WILLIAM dye, and no portents appear?
No pale Eclipse o'th' Sun to let us fear
What we should suffer, and before his Light
Put out i'th' World involv'd in Darkest Night.
When Casar dy'd Convulsions seiz'd the Land. Put out i'th' World involv'd in Darkest Night. When Casar dy'd Convulsions seiz'd the Land, And Nature's Wits seem'd scar'd, and at a stand, At that sad Object Tyber's Bosome swell'd, And scarce from Drowning all by Jove with-held. And could this mighty dreaded Hero dye, unmourn'd by Nature, could the conscious Skye Not show some Flaming Comet, to foretel That mightly Loss which England has befel, And kept the amazed frightn'd World in awe, Or losing their Invincible Nassau.

But Heaven prudently conceal'd the Day, Lest so great Fear might melt the World away. Then since we can't the Will of Fate reverse, Let's pay our humble Tribute to his Herse. Let's pay our humble Tribute to his Herse. WILLIAM the Great, the Good, the Brave, is gone, Whom living, all admit'd; Dead, all mould Mourn, Whoic Soul contain'd Vertues so much Divine, That next to Heav'n nothing more bright could shine, In Wildom fo profound, so clear his Brrin, That the most Subtle Piots his Eye saw plain: He never wanted Thoughts Sublime and Great, Nor Words most proper to express their State, Whether in private, or in publick Scat; They always fe'l foft like the Snow, yet few, When pronounc'd, no Oracle more true. His Godlike Goodness we must fure admire, Worthy the Praise of an Angelick Quirc. Who rescu'd us from Hell's devouring Jaws, Restoring our Religion, and our Laws. Subject to Popery, and Tyrannick Rage, Which none but Blood of Hereticks could affwage, Had it not been for WILLIAM's mighty Arm, Which Guarded us from the impending Harm: He saw Britannia's Wrongs, and weigh'd them well, And interpos'd Himself 'twixt Her and Hell: Just like a Man gowing from off the Breach His Friend a Drownding, feign his Arm would reach To succour him, yet finds 'tis all in Vain, Hinder'd by Angry Billows of the Main; His Friend pleads hard, his own Life claims his stay, In doubt of this to follow, or that way; At last undanutedly leaps to the Wave, With this Expression, Thee (my Friend) I'll save, Or elfe go l'artier with thee of thy Grave. In Field Where Trumpets found to Blood, and Scars, He look'd like what he was, the God of Wars,

With cautious Boldness, Fame he did pursue;
His Courage great, so great his Conduct too.
This France has oft by Dea experience known,
And must in spight of their Grand LEWIS own;
Who now may Triumph in that Hero's Death,
He dreaded more than Thunder while he'd Breath;
Yet LEWIS, none of thy sly Tricks of State,
Or subtle Plots of War, at any rate,
Could e'er procure what Heaven was pleas'd to take?
Oh! could a Million but Atonement make
For His dear Life, we ne'er would grieve at Fate.
Farewel thou Justest Greatest, Wisest King,
As now thy Glory through the World does ring!
So after Ages will adore thy Fame,
And Stameing Babes be taught to lisp thy Name,
William! Great William! England's Prince is dead,
Which doleful Tydings fills our Hearts with dread.
Had but kind Heaven, or some happy chance
Spar'd thee a while, thou had'st curb the Power of France,
And lash'd its growing Guide, with that of Spain,
This had been done in thy thrice Blessed Reign.
For surely this was thy greatest design,
Brittania should above all Nations shine:
But oh! our Sins have stopt them in the Source
Of the Carreer, of thy Victorious Course.
Thus we sustain the loss, for thou hast caught
Thy Heavenly Garland, e er thy Work was wrought.

Epitaph.

HERE underneach this Tomb doth WILLIAM lie,
The Bravest Monarch that on Earth cou'd Dye:
Who tho' the Terror, and the Scourge of France,
And Mirror of the World, by cruel Chance,
Is now within this Monument corsin'd,
Tho' Here's his Body, Haven preserves his Mind.
Learn (Reader) then, though long thy Line hath stood,
Time breeds Consumptions in the Noblest Blood:
Learn to what end the greatest Glories come,
Here's no distinction 'twist the House and Tomb.

London, Printed for E. Hawkins, near Fleet-bridge, 1702.

LOYAL ADDRESS OF THE CLOSE Clergy of Virginia.

AY it please you dread Sir, we the Clerks of Virginia, Who pray for Tobacco, and Preach for a Guinea, Patroon'd to Contempt, and by favour made Elves, For Troopers are Listed and pay Tythes to our Selves. The meanest Brigade of Your Majesties Grubstreets, Tho' Late; not least Loyal of Your Clerical Subjects, Among Crouds of True Hearts that of late do Address You, In our humble Phrase do Crave Leave to Carress You To shew for Your Safety how with Zeal we burn all, Under the Reverend James Blare our Collonel. And here we cann't choose but proclaim our Resentment, That we mar'l what the Devil the Politick French meant: In Affront to Your Person, and the Throne that You sit on, To Dub the Young Bricklair the King of Great Britain. Tho' we are not with some so high pufft with the Ptysick, As to fay 'tis a Breach of the Treaty of Reswick; Yet we boldly averr, and by Words do affure it To be fuch a Contempt, we can never indure it: Wherefore if Your Foes do perfift for to flight You, We will all of us Pray, nay and some of us Fight too: For like Hogans half drunk, Your Polemicks I fancy Can Club prety well when Inspir'd with Nantsy, Among all the Black Guard You Cann't miss of an Hector, Unless You chance light on the Williamburg Rector: Yet we'll favour the French if we find they'l be Civil, For be it known that we fear 'em no more than the Devil: However we chan huff it, if they never come near us, If they should I am afraid they would damnably scare us: Then to fave our own Skins, and to filence Gainfaiers, We'll leave of our bouncing and fall to our Prayers. May kind Heavens preserve long Your Majesties good Soul, And bring Lewis to beg a loath'd life at Your Footstool: May Mantanoon Pox his Black Soul to the Devil, And Burgundy Rot with his putred Kings Evil: May young D' Anjoy be trust at the arm of the Main-yard, And Austria possess the Command of the Spaniard: May all Factious Distinctions henceforth be forgotten, Nor Your Spiritual Pedlers be Contrould by a Scotch one: May your Health in your College go Loyally Round, And all your Leige People have Twelve-pence a Pound.

C20. 12 22

ELEGY

On the much Lamented Death of Captain THOMAS GREEN;

Who was Executed with others of his Crew, under the Pretence of being a Pirate, &c. in Scotland, April the 11th 1705.

Illic postquam se Lumine vero Implevit, stellasq; Vagas, Mirutur & Astra Fixa Polis, vidit quanta sub Neste jaceret Nostra dies, ridetq; sui Ludibria Trunci.

Refumptuous Arrogance! Inhumane Rage!
Unworthy of a Christian Land or Age!
Thus to traduce depretiate, and distain
With Guiltles Blood mild Anna's gentle Reign
Decotland, still recorded for thy Wrongs
Bane of all English Hearts and English Tongues!
Look on the Victimes of thy Wrath, and see
The Cruel Mercies of Presbytery,
low it persists to steer its wonted Course.
And calls that Justice which the Law call's Force,
How it's maintain'd by Perjuries and Lyes,
And Chest is varnish'd o're with being Drize,
As Magistrates, to their immortal Praise,
Proclaim that Mob Offenders, which they raise.

Did the good Chief for this thy Shelves explore, and trust thy base, Inhospitable Shore?
Did he from Tempelts and from Pirates run, so meet that Fate at Land he strove to shun? It the Rich Indies in thy sight display To be to worse than Pirates made a Prey, And find what Madagascar would forbear, Even the detelled Drummond harbour's there? Drummond, whose Hands with Elencoe's Blood im-Shew Murthers by just Judgments unpersu'd, (bru'd Drummond, the Widdows Tears and Orphan's Crys, A Guilty Name for which the Guiltless Dies: Drummond that unrelenting Fiend call'd Man Who black'ned Missing, as Thou'ds blacken structure. Who lives to make's Damnation more compleat. And wholly be shut out from Mercy's Seat By these devoted Heads, which Butcher'd fall A Sacrifice to Warmon and to Basis.

Henceforth, thou Birbarous Nation be accursed, Or Real as the Poorest, and of Men the Worst, A Race of Pediars that would Merchants turn And with Feynt-Stocks provoke their Neighbour's scorn Who, still, must with their Darien Schemes, upbraid Projectors, born to Steal and not to Trade:

May Feuds intestine Punish this thy Crime, And Hunger rage within thy Barren Clime,

May neither Oats nor Oxen grace the Ground, Nor Plants nor Estables in thee be found;

LONDON, Printed and hid

While from his bles'd Abode the Martyr'd Greek With Joy shall View the Melancholy Scene, and look upon the Vengeance is Thy Due Repay'd with Interest from Himself and Crew, If by their Loss we shall a Kingdom gain and Brittish Successours o're Scotland Reign, Curb and hold in the Vile Seditions Breed and English Laws be read beyond the Tweed.

FINIS.

EPITAPH.

ader. Within this Silent Vault,
An Englith Captain Lies,
whose sad Exit we are Taught,
at Man of Wealth, who trusts a Scot,
denectority most surely Dies.
Ship well freighted is a Crime
Here Punished at a high Rate
Anctor near this Hungry Clime,
and a Saunt a Pirate.

The Lawyers

ANSWER CEOLE

Country Parson's good Advice to My Lord Keeper.

Earnedly Wife, and Prudent as the Rest, With full as much Humility and Meekness Bleft, We do at once applaud thy fingle Sense, And praise thy Muse for High-Church Eloquence. Fitting thy Station is the Grave Advice, Who else cou'd be so Peaceable and Wise? Not S---ns stile of mightier force consists, Begun by S----rs, and back'd by Pr---fts. B----ks and S---- the Pulpit bless, And St--- w makes it Ecchoe to the Press. Patrons thou canst not want, where Merit shines, M-b and P-y will support thy Lines, W-ght for a Modern Grudge shall back thy Fame, And W-d for antient Hatred do the same: By his Disappointment may torgive, And P-is is pleas'd in greater Hopes may live. Mean time_ May you, to bless your Pains, rewarded be, With Trophies of the Party's Honesty: R-rs Truth, and Grace from N-by. G--ls Sedateness, joyn'd with C-y's Fame, With Depth of Eloquence from N-m: Let S-rs Peace of Mind be ever feen, And C-r teach thee to revere the Queen: Be Faithful as thy Tribe was ever known, And learn to Preach, and Rail of P-n May all those Blessings in the Party bred, Fall like the Dew of Hermon on your Head; Full of Ch---- Loyalty be all your Prayers, And all your Actions, full as wife as Theirs.

Two Kingdomsmade One

to conste and late On lates on her wait.

I post Her at I event as Shot. Craft T

if the tigs mountained by Andour terms.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

St. George and St. Andrew

Occasioned by the Union that Commerced on Thursday, the First of May, 1707

St George.

ONG have our Arms each others Arms withflood;
And Tweed been Purpled o'er, and with Blood;
As Conquest with Alternate Pinsions view'd,
Now this defeated, and now that subdued.

St Andrew. Too long be Witness, oh my flaughtered Race,

Let thine attest reciprocal Disgrace, by the flaughtered flaughtered Race,

For both have selt the Wrongs which both flour a mourn,

Our Natives from our strick Embraces torn.

St George. Sword, Fire and Famine through one Borders pass d,

Made Countries Defarts, and laid Cities mad;

Though Fate a stricter Friendship sure design d,

When it this life from all the World disjoyn d,

Born in one Climate, we should have one Mind.

St Andrew. So spoke the Prince we gave you, from the Throne.

Whose Motto was, I'll make em into One.

But his Efforts Pedantically made

More of the School than of the Court he myld:

His Schemes were drawn so negligent and lone.

No wonder they were thoughoungs some

This our late Monarch's rayourites man confident of the Steps he made, with no Advances met,
The Senate or the Prince were always in a Pet.

But Fate bright Anna for this Purpose chose
To bring about the suppliant World's Repose,
To settle this the Delos of our State,
And make us fix aim Love, were fixed in Hate.



Rear Admiral of Great Britain; and Admiral of the White Squadron of Her Mijesty's Royal-Navy; who was Cast away on the Rocks of Scilly, on Wednesday the the 22d of October, 1707. at 8 at Night, as he was Returning Home from the Streights, in Her Majesty's Ship the Association

N Sable Weeds let Widdow'd Albion mourn, And dismal Pomp her thining Cliffs adorn; Let want of Light on her once Glorious Shore, In Mourning tell Great SHOVEL is no more: While the Iwoln Clouds their shaggy Fleeces dip, And over Britain hang their Heads and Weep; Oh SHOVEL! worthy of a better Fate, But Death's blind strokes distinguish not the Great, The Good or Brave when he Decrees it fo, Must with their load of Worldly Honour go; But fure thy loss was not in Anger meant, Heav'n is too just, and thou too Innocent.

As thro' the Mourning Crowd I pass'd e'en now, I mark'd a Gen'ral sadness on each Brow, All mingle Tears, their Cries together flow,
And from a hedious Harmony of Woe.
Great Neptunes Sons like Lifelfs Statues stand,
Dropping their useless Swords from every Hand, As if to fay such Weapons usoless are,
Farewell the Glory and the Hopes of War.
Oh Britain! Britain! if thou e'er did'st Mourn, Now thy Melancholly Weeds return: Not Verse alone declares the heavy News, The Winds conspire to affift my Muse: The Tidings comes with each unwelcome blaft, For News to doleful always come too fait, Let the fad Sound be Born thro' evry Sea, And the Winds Groan while they the News convey: Our Ships will need no other Cannon Roar Nor dreadfull founds to terrifie the Shore. What Grief shall not the British Sailors shew. For they have loft their joy, and Leader too: Each do's in Sighs his future Wishes send, And to the Gods their SHOVEL recomend.

Say envious Stars did he deserve your Spight, Or did the Day grudge him her Glorious Light: Tavoid those Rocks, on which by error led. He was by fatal Destiny Convey'd: The bulging Ship upon the Shore stuck fast' And scarce too Minutes but the struck her last : Was quire o're whelm'd with the next rolling Wave, ? Aid and Endeavours were in vain to fave, Whom Fate had destin'd to a Watry-Grave. Bach saw his unavoided Destiny,
Lest the sad Wreek, and plung'd into the Sea:
There SHOVEL unamaz'd, by nature Brave, Spreading his Arms Embrac'da briny Wave. And where he had reign'd with Honour, made his grave) No Pomp, nor state, tho' he desev'd it all, Attends on his untimely Funeral

As when the Summons of Commanding Fate, Sounds the last call at some proud Palace Gate; When both the Rich and Fair, the Great and High, Fortunes most darling Favourites must dye; Strait at th' Alarm the busic Heraulds wait, To fill the Solemn Pomp, and Mourn in State: 'Scutcheons, and Sables then make up the show, Whil'ft on the Hearfe the Mourning streamers flow With all the rich Magnificence of Woe. But S HOVEL, was deny'd those Honours due, Or Neptune that so well his Actions knew: Proud of that Honour, did all Pomp prevent, And Tomb'd him in his Warry Element.

But Oh! I wander from the Task in Hand, SHOVEL shou'd all my wand'ring thoughts command; Yet no Obscurity can blot his Name, For round the World the thousand Months of Fame, Shall spread his Praises and his Deeds Proclaim. A Man. till now, that e'er was fortunate, Precisely Good, and regularly Great: His Soul with Native Honelty was Dreft, And a Good Conscience always fill'd his Breast: His words were few, but of Important weight, Mix'd with no stain af flattr'y or Deceit. The Nations Trust, and Sailors joy he provid, And still were e're came he was belov'd: None ever fought her Cause with more success, None ese did more — or ever boafted less His early Valour did Proclaim his Worth And help'd to fet the growing Hero forth; At Bantree, Beaeby, and at Malaga,
The French too well his dauntiels Conduct faw: There you might fee the Brittifb Glory thine, And SHOVEL break th' impenetrable Line. From whom they seer'd, and wou'd be brought no more, To tempt that fury they had felt before. His Name was dreadful, as his Courage Great, And Glory did ou all his Actions wait. On towring Wings, with SHOVEL in my view How cou'd my willing Muse the Theme pursue, But Oh! no numbers ever can restore, The Good, the Valiant, SHOVEL is no more, His Lofs we Mourn, and if Grief e'er was just, We ought to pay it to his Glorious Duft. Statues are due but SHOVELS Fate alas, Endures withou those Monuments of Brass. Nor can I in my Song forgetfull be T' express the Murm'rings of his Famila, His Confort unconfoul'd Lameuts his Fate, To which the manner adds a double weight;

The EPITAPH.

Down'd near that Fatal shore; she needs must Mourn,

On which the waited for his With'd Return

Weeping the fits, and all Chagrin appears,

His Royal Mrs. too Mourns o're his Grave, She knew him usefull, as she knew him Brave. No Man his Country with more Honour Serv'd: Or less for Interest, from his Duty Swerv'd.

That is intrusted with thy Relicks have,

This just Encomium that it holds the Dust,

And at their Masters fatal Loss repine.

To which her Children add their Dutious Tears. The Servants in the Mournful Confert joyne

Rest SHOVEL then, and let the Warry Grave,

Of one that was both Loval, Brave and Just.

TES acred Reliques buried in the Deep, There undisturb'd by Wars, in quiet Sleep : Descharge the Trust, which when it was below SHOVEL's undaunted Soul did undergo, Who was the Seas Palladium from the Foe, Still watch thy Countrys Good, or if Above, Thou'st Soard: regard us with thy wented Love,

London, Printed by J. Bradford, in Fetter-Love, 1707.



ELECY

On the Lamented Death of John Dolben, Esq; Cone of the Chief Managers against Dr. Henry Sacheverel, at his late Tryal at Westmin minster) who departed this Life on Monday the 29th of May, 1710.

Ament, lament, ye Champions of the Laws, And Mourn and Weep ye splitters of a Cause Whole leady Wits can turn and Wind a Point, And knock a well-fram'd Buffuels out of Joint; Can give a Title to a Dubious Claim, And if requir'd, can make a good one Lame; Can buy a good Estate f ran old Song, And make a Civile go even Right or Wrong; Can do less Mischiet when you are most vext, Yet teach P--- n how to take his Text. But now, alas! you all have cause to Weep, For Dark has Manag'd Bolben talt affeep; I hat great Expounder of the Hard & Words Is gone to Plead before the Lord of Lords; Where Law and Gospel in its purer Line Will thew its felf most Glorious and Divine, Not Manag'd with Revenge or ill Delign. There is no Shuffling in the Court Above, But Non-Resisting Peace, and Passive Love; Great Dolben, if thy Cause is Just and Clear, No doubt 'twill find a happy Issue there There's no Impeachments but our Crimes within, Nor Accusation but the Guilt of Sin. And this thy Reviend Father of Renewa Did Preach and Teach in Country and in Town, Whose Graver Knowledge in our Laws Devine, In after-Ages on Recard will thine; While others in a low and less Degree Will faintly thow themselves in what they be, But Dolben thy great Worth will higher mount, And grace the Annuals of the Worlds Account,

In finding out the front of Modern Times, In finding out the stight and mighty Comes:

Unfathern'd Wonders thou did st strangely hit,

And still more stranger than didst Manage is.

As far as India will this Fame be known,

By Cunns godes, not Borrow'd, but thy Own;

Whole Company's were star state thy Law,

To see one keep so many Keens in Ame:

Till Death's Arrest Demurr'd the Grand Dispute,

and put an end to this Litizious Suite.

Adien great Dolben, may thy Wit and Sense,

Meet as great Praise, as thy large Elequence,

Then no Impeachment can prevent thy Name

From being Giorious in the Book of Fame.

PDITADI

EPITAPH

Who had the is st Report that Man could be by the Best of Report that Man could be by the Descent, a Learned Bishop's Son (bave Stood for the Church, as very sew has done. Made Law and Gespet both together joine, To serve a Time and Pious good Design; True to his Trust, and Honest to his laws, Just to his Priend, and Cunning in the Laws. Till Death's Arrest, which never yet did Paul. Snatch'd him away, and would not take no Bail.

LONDON: Printed in the Year, 1710.

Anther to

High Chutch Loyalty,

OB,

Prosperity to Old England.

What, would you be bringing of Parkin from France.

What, would you be bringing of Parkin from France.

Influed of a Bend filled up to the Potte.

A Halter for these about would being Perkin in.

You not ones that form for the Church for to fland, But aims to being Popery into the Land,
Inflest of a Bool filled as to be Brin,
A Halter, &c.

Nay, whether for Church or Diffensers they feem, That are in their Hearts against our gracious Queen, instead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim,

Oh how you Rejoye'd about two Years ago
When you brought the Pretender to Scalland you know,
Instead of a Bond filled up to the Brim,
A Halter, Sca.

But thanks to our gracious Queen An of Britain, Who sent the Rogues packing to France back again. Instead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim,

Now Jacobies, Jacobites where is your hope, Of bringing the D-1, the Purk, or the Pope.
Instead of a Bowl filled up the Brim,
A Haiter, &c.

You under the notion of Church make a noise, While the Pope's in your Belly, you Jacobite Boys. Instead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim, A Halter, &c.

Moderation you cannot abide for to hear, You'd wickedly bring in French Tyranny here, Instead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim,

You say we for Liberty, liberty bawl;
But you wou'd destroy Crown and Kingdom and all.
Instead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim,
A Halter, Go.

But now your contrivance is all at a fland, The you wou'd have Papifts to Govern the Land, Inflead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim, A Halter, Gr.

Then farewel Highflyers, your ways are all feen, We are for Old England, and God blefs the Queen. Instead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim, A Halter, Go.

Then here is a health to the Church and the Crown, Whill Pop'ry and Tyranny both unable down. Instead of a Bowl filled up to the Brian, A Halfer for those that would bring Perkin in.

There's

But one Plague in England.

D--M

Litenfed and Entered in the Hall Book according to the late Alt of Parliament.

Deople may make Reflections on a Whore, Because she often makes her Cullics poor; Or others gainst a Lawyer highly rave, 'Cause his Profession is to be a Knave; Some call a Taylor thieving Dog, because They'll Cabbage have in spice of English Laws; Or cause the Butcher, who with stinking Breath Blows up his Veil, which poyfons Folks to Death & Some damn the Members of the Calves head Club, Because their Doctrine's broach'd in a Tub; Or cause such Officers we have of late, Who fought the Downfall both of Church and state: Some hate the dreadfull hangman here, because He is the Firisher of wholesome Laws; Or swear a Quaker is a heathen, who Without Baptism dies, and Consience too. However, any Man his Jilt may leave, Or chuse to let a Lawyer him deceive; Prevent the Taylor's running to John Black, Or Fish may eat, when Butchers Meat you lack; Refuse to hear dull Burges cant, and whine, Or change the Ministry, when their Defign Is neither for their Queen nor Country's good, For which they ought to spend Estates and Blood; And Men may scape the Gallows if they'er just, Or chuse too whether they'll a Quaker trust. But once a Man's confined to a Wife, That is (God not) a Penance driving Life, Marriage? it doth our future Pleasures awe, A Trick by Priest crast made, confirm'd by Law; And if the Wife both Scold and Whore shou'd prove No greater Plague can thunder from above.

Printed by A. Hinde, in Peterborough Court, Pleet-fireet. Where is to be had the whole Try als and Examinations and Condemnations of the Eight Rematicks that was have d, drawn, and quarter d, for letting the City of London on Fraction Together with their whole Lives and Convertation.

Speeches which they made at the Placest Remains the City of London of Printed Remains the City of London Court Remains the Court Remains the City of London Court Remains the Co

High Church Loyaley,

Prosperity to Old England.

VOM Pinacle Flyars, where would you advance.
What, would you be beinging of Parkin from France.
Software of a Bend filled up to the Softw.
A Halter for these about would being Perkinsto.

You not ones that form for the Church for to fland, But alms to being Popery into the Land, Inflead of a flast felled up to the Brin, A Halter, &c.

Nay, whether for Church or Diffeners they feem, That are in their Hearts against our gracious Queen, instead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim,

Oh how you Rejoye'd about two Years ago
When you brought the Pretender to Sealand you know,
Instant of a Boot filled up to the Brim,
A Halter, Sca.

But thanks to our gracious Queen An of Britain, Who fent the Rogues packing to France back again. Inflead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim,

Now Jacobines, Jacabites where is your hope, Of bringing the D-1, the Turk, or the Pope. Instead of a Bowl filled up the Brim, A Halter, &c.

You under the notion of Church make a noise, While the Pope's in your Belly, you Jacobite Boys. Instead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim, A Halter, &c.

Moderation you cannot abide for to hear, You'd wickedly bring in French Tyranny here; Instead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim, A Healter, &c.

You fay we for Liberty, liberty bawl; But you wou'd destroy Crown and Kingdom and all. Instead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim, A Halter, &c.

But now your contrivance is all at a fland, The you wou'd have Papifts to Govern the Land, Inflead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim, A Halter, Gr.

Then farewel Highflyers, your ways are all feen, We are for Old England, and God blefs the Queen.
Infread of a Bowl filled up to the Brim.
A Halter, Go.

Then here is a health to the Church and the Grown.
Whill Pop'ry and Tyrainy both usuble down.
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A Hatter for those that would bring Perkis in.

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Note: The London Gazette Drawns in the City of the Court of the

QUEEN's and my Lord of Oxford's

New TOAST.

232

Ere's a Health to the Queen and Her faithful Adviser. Than whom none's more Loyal, or Juster or Wifer. O may Anna, and Oxford their En mies defeat, She always be Glorious, He always be Great: She the Church's Defender, and he Her Support, To keep Hypocritical Winigs from the Court! May the Mace and White Staff, and the Title He bears. Add Strength to his Zeal, and give Courage to Hers, Till those that disown Her for Britain's Vicegerent. From a Right that's Divine, and in Birth is Inherent, Shall by his Means give Place to the Voice of the People That will not the Royal Prerogative cripple. To Her tis our Lives and our Fortunes are owing, To Him that our Credit's Reviving and Growing, That Funds are Establish'd by Parliament Sages, Without any Tax, to pay Seamen their Wages; That Fifty New Churches arise from 'our Coal. And Provision is made for our Body and Soul. As the Queen and the Subject have neither their Peer. She greater than * Tudor, He greater than + Vere.

* Q. Elizabeth.
† The name of
the late E. of
Oxford.

Printed by R. Newcomb, in Wine-Office-Court, Fleetstreet: Where is to be had the London Gazette printed in the Tear 1666; giving an Account of the Tryals and Condemnation of 8 Paraticks, for contriving the Burning of the City of London.

IMPEACHMENT.

Nightingale whose warbling Tongue
Had charm'd his Hearers with his Song,
As all the Beasts and all the Birds
Suck'd Hony from his melting Words;

That sweet as what from Hybla flows, Or the Bee gathers from the Rose, Might win upon the nicest Tast, Was cag'd for some Expressions past, That seem'd too Zealous and too Warm For one that ne'er intended Harm.

This Bird and that, in each one's Station, Harangu'd upon his Accusation; And rom the Premises deduc'd Conclusions that were never us'd; Till tore'd and far-fetch'd Invendo's, Quite run aground se Desendendo's; For which a certain Eagle lost, Some Years before, his Regal Post.

But yet whatever could be faid, Or Allegations for him made, He was adjudg'd, some Time to come, To practice Silence, and be Dumb; Least he too high should swell a Note, And above Ela stretch his Throat.

At this a Bull Finch who foresaw
What would come of this B......h of Law,
And to the most experienc'd Sense
Had join'd the Force of Eloquence,
Cry'd out, 'What Songster now shall dare
'To Captivate the list ning Ear?

'To drive away the Cares of Life,

'And into Friendship soften Strife,
'If those offend that use such Strains,

' And must be censur'd for their Pains?

He spoke, and instantly was joyn'd
By Birds of every fort and Kind:
As from all Parts the seather'd Race
Came sorrowing for the Convict's Case,
And to the Eagle's Throne apply'd
For her Compassion on his side,
And to change Hands with those whose Lust
Of Power had into Places thrust
The Bats and Owls, who Birds of Night

Denyed Hereditary Right.

The Royal Eagle in her Breast
First weigh'd by whom she was Address'd,
The Reasons why they made Complaint,
And the Injustice of's Restraint;
Then wisely gave Command, that those
Who had been his inveterate Foes,
No longer should be seen at Court,
Or to her Palaces resort,
But order'd in their stead, the Thrush
Should leave his Bramble and his Bush,
And Larks and Linnets, and the rest
That Innocence in Fields express'd,
From their belov'd Retreat should come
And charm her in her Royal Dome.

They bless d the Voice that spoke, and came All o'er Obedience to the Dame.

When all the Birds with one accord Own'd Justice to its Seat restor'd,

And Acclamations upwards sent

To give their Satisfaction vent:

As thenceforth Singing Birds alone

Were suffer'd to come near the Throne,

And all the Bats and Owls withdrew

To lurking Holes, from human View.

FINIS.

" By you, Sir, I am King of Soul

R Oames, St. Anne, the Park, or Strand, Ballad in Praise of General Stanbope For Burgols can you coule

Dedicated to all who have Votes for Parliament-Men in the City of Westminster.

To the Tune of Fair Rolamund

Hen Anne, a Princels of Renown, Sat on the British Throne, The Britains many Battles fought, And many Battles won.

The Queen had Generals good ftore, And these were Men of Might; But none excell'd the Stenbope brave In Counsel or in Fight.

The brave Stanbope was he she sent to Spain, with full Command.
And bid him fall upon the French, And beat them out of hand.

No fooner had she said the Word, But he was out of Sight, And hasted unto Charles's Campil With all his Speed and Might.

Most Noble Prince, I come (faith he) " With Anna's full Command.

"The Empress bade me fight your Foes, And beat them out of hand.

Brave Stanbope, (saith the King) I know "Thy Valour to be great:

It's fit thy Empress be obey'd, "Go, act what seemeth meet.

With Spanish and with German Troops Black Raven to Habenhugher in May 1 Led on by such a General, "They're fure of Victory.

Then Stanbope bow'd, and went away, Being full of inward Joys, And to his British Squadrons cries, To Horfe, To Horfe, my Boys.

1.0 section inich to The Day's our own, the King gives Leave " 'Gainst French to make Attacks: Come, follow me, we'll ne're give o're "Until we fee their Backs.

Wesm then, you aten of Westminster,

To be more Printe.

Then strait, with glittering Sword in hand, And Piftols by each Side, He gallops towards th' Enemy, As fast as he can ride.

The bold Britains their General, But Stanhope follow, in a Croud, And direful Havock make.

In various Shapes, where Stanbope-moves, Slaughter and Death appear: The French no longer can his Rage, Nor furious Onfers, bear.

To fave themselves, they first give back, Then haften from the Field; And to victorious Stanhope's Troops A bloody Victory yield

Brave Stanbope close the Fugitives Purfues with Might and Main. The Fields, the Roads, the Lanes are fill'd With Heaps of Soldiers flain.

The Battle now being won and o're, Great Staremberg the brave Stanbope, Belmear'd with Blood, doth brin

16. This, Sir,'s the Man hath done the Deed,

"And mighty Valour shown.

Quoth Charles, "I know it very well;

"To him I owe my Grown." 18.
Whom then, you Men of Westminster,
For Burgess can you chuse,
Like him who Spain from Frenchmens Prido
And Thrassem has set loose.

Like bim, who for all those that trade
In Cloath, in Stuffs, in Boys,
To Spain, To Spain, has op a the Way,
To bis immortal Praise.

The Gold and Silver of Peru,
Of which the Trade was loft,
And which was daily fent to France,
To Britain's Grief and Coft,

Shall now from Cales and Alicant In English Oaks be brought; Such Glorious Things has Stanhope down

You then who live near River Thames, Near Abby, or Mill-Bank, Se. James, St. Anne, the Park, or Strand, Of mean or highest Rank,

Don's be ingrate, to one who for
His Country takes much Paints
In Places for and wide, but laft
In Satagossa's Plains.

But in the Precincts overy where
Let it be understood
Tou value most the Men who do
Your Nation the most Good.

Let Neighbouring Cities know likewife.
That you have Wit and Brains;
And won't prefer to brave Stanhope,
A Man that felleth Grains.

it to fullado al

male Hall to

FINIS.

London: Princed for S. Popping, at the Black Raven in Paternofter Row, 1710.

Then Standard Lowed, and went awar.

Being that of inward for a large of the property of the Reight of the Reight

Rishertly Layer was early

The W--df-r Prophecy. 237

BOUT three Months ago at W-nd-r, a poor Knight's Widow was buried in the Cloysters. In digging the Grave, the Sexton struck against a small Leaden Cosser, about half a Foot in length, and sour Inches wide. The poor Man expecting he had discovered a Treasure, opened it with some difficulty; but sound only a small Parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a Leather Case; which Case was tied at the top, and sealed with a St. George, the Impression on black Wax, very rude and Gothick. The Parchment was carried to a Gentleman of Learning, who found in it the following Lines, written in a black Old English Letter, and in the Orthography of the Age, which seems to be about Two hundred Years ago. I made a shift to obtain a Copy of it; but the Transcriber, I find, hath in many Parts alter'd the Spelling to the Modern way. The Original, as I am informed, is now in the Hands of the Ingenious Dr. W——, F. R. S. where, I suppose, the Curious will not be refused the Satisfaction of seeing it.

The Lines seem to be a fort of Prophesie, and written in Verse, as old Prophesies usually are, but in a very Hobling kind of Measure. Their Meaning is very dark, if it be any at all; of which the Learned Reader can judge better than I: However it be, several Persons were of Opinion, that they deserved to be Published, both as they discover somewhat of the Genius of

a former Age, and may be an Amusement to the present.

Withen a holy black Suede, the Son of Bob, It Robinson By ABristol te. With a Saint at his Thin, and a Seal in his fob; D Dring Lead. Shall not fee one New Years-day in that Year, Then let old England make good Thear : Windsor and Bristow then shall be Joyned together in the Low-Countree. Then shall the tall black Daventry Bird &? Nottingham. Speak against Peace right many a Word; And some shall admire his conyng Witt, For many good Groats his Congue hall flitt: But spight of the Harpy that crawls on all four, There hall be Peace, pardie, and War no moze. But Englond muff ery alack and well a day, If the Stick be taken from the dead Sea. Mortimer i.e. D'Oxford. And dear Englond, if ought I understond, Beware of Carrots from Northumberlond. Sutckess of comercett Carrots fown Thyn a beep toot may get, If so be they are in Sommer set: Their Conyngs mark thou, for I have been told, They Assassine when young, and Poison when old. Rot out these Carrots, D Thou, whose Name Is backwards and fogwards always the same; Ldy Marham. And keep close to Thee always that Name, Iday in thich backwards and forwards is allmost the same. and England wouldst thou be happy still, Bury those Carrots under a Hill.

20/2

The Farthingale Reviv'd:

OR,

More Work for the Cooper.

A PANEGYRICK on the late, but most admirable Invention of the Hoop-PetticoAt: Written at the Bath in the Year 1711.

--- Sileat Miracula Memphis. Mart.

Here's scarce a Bard, that writ in former time,
Had e'er so great, so bright a Theme for Rhyme;
The Mantuan Swain, if living, wou'd confess
Ours more surprizing than his Tyrian Dress:
And Ovid's Mistress, in her loose Attire,
Wou'd cease to charm his Eyes, or raise Desire;
Were he at Bath, and had these Coats in view,
He'd write his Metamorphosis anew:
Delia, fresh-hoop'd, wou'd o'er his Heart prevail,
To leave Corinna, and her tawdry Veil.

Hear, great Apollo, and my Genius guide, To fing this glorious Miracle of Pride: Nor yet disdain the Subject for its Name, Since meaner things have oft been sung to Fame. Ev'n Boots and Spurs have grac'd Heroick Verse; Butler his Knight's whole Suit did well rehearse, King Harry's Codpiece stands upon record, And every Age will Precedents afford.

Then on my Muse, and sing in Epick Strain,
The Petticoat—thou shalt not sing in vain;
The Petticoat will sure reward thy Pain.
With all thy Skill its secret Virtues tell;
A Petticoat shou'd still be handl'd well.

Oh Garment, heavenly wide! thy spacious Round Do's my astonish'd Thoughts almost confound! My Fancy cannot grasp thee at a view; None, at first Sight, e'er such a Picture drew. The daring Artist that describes thee true, Must change his Sides, as modern Statesmen do; Or, like the Painter, when some Church he draws, Following his own, and not the Builder's Laws, At once shew but one Prospect to the Sight; For North and South rogeries can't be right.

Hence ye Profane,—nor think I shall reveal
The happy Wonders which these Vests conceal:
Hence your unhallow'd Eyes and Ears remove;
'Tis Cupid's Circle, 'tis the Orb of Love.
Let it suffice you see th' unwieldy Fair
Sail thro the Streets with Gales of swelling Air;
Nor think (like Fools) the Ladies, wou'd they try,
Arm'd with their Furbeloes, and these, cou'd fly:
That's all Romantick, for these Garments show,
Their Thoughts are with their Petticoats, below.

Nor must we blame them, whilst they stretch their Art T'adorn and guard the Fundamental Part; For that, perhaps, may stand 'em more in stead Than Loads of Ribbons sluttering on the Head: And let Philosophers say what they will, There's something surer than their Eyes do's kill.

We tell the Nymph, that we her Face adore: But well she knows we aim at something more.

In vain the Ladies spend their Morning Hours Erecting on their Heads stupendous Towers;

A Battery from thence might scare the Foe,
But certain Victory is gain'd below.

Let Damon then the adverse Champion be,
Topknots for him, and Petticoats for me.

Nor must he urge, it spoils the Ladies Shape,
Tho (as the Multitude at Monsters gape)
The World appears all lost in wild amaze,
As on these new, these strange Machines they gaze:
For if the Cyprian Queen from Paphos came
Attir'd, as we are told by antique Fame,
Thus wou'd they wonder at the heav'nly Dame.

I own, the Female World is much estrang'd From what it was, and Top and Bottom chang'd: The Head was once their darling constant Care, But Womens Heads can't heavy Burdens bear, As much I mean, as they can do elsewhere. So, wisely they transfer'd the Mode of Dress, And furnish'd t'other End with the Excess. What tho, like Spires, or Pyramids, they show, Sharp at the top, and of vast Bulk below? It is a sign they stand the more secure; A May-pole will not like a Church endure: And Ships at Sea, when stormy Winds prevail, Are safer in their Ballast, than their Sail.

Hail, happy Coat! for modern Dam'sels sit,
Product of Ladies, and of Taylors Wit:
Child of Invention, rather than of Pride,
What Wonders dost thou shew, what Wonders hide?
Within the Shelter of thy useful Shade
The pregnant Flora passes for a Maid;
Thin Galatea's shrivel'd Limbs appear
As plump and juicy as they did last year;

[4]

Whilst tall Miranda her lank Shape improves,
And, grac'd by thee, in some proportion moves:
Ev'n those who are diminutively short
May please themselves, and make their Neighbours Sport,
When, to their Arm pits harnes'd up in thee,
Nothing but Head and Petticoat we see.
But Oh, what Figure fat Sempronia makes!
At her gigantick Form the Pavement quakes!
By thy addition she's so much enlarg'd;
Where'er she comes, the Sextons now are charg'd,
That all Church-Doors and Pews be wider made;
A vast Advantage to the Joiner's Trade!

Ye airy Nymphs that do these Garments wear,
Forgive my want of Skill, not want of Care:
Forgive me, if I have not well display'd
A Coat, for such important Uses made.
If ought I have forgot, it was to prove
How sit they are, how apropo's for Love:
How in their Circles cooling Zephyrs play,
And what on balmy Wings they bear away.
But there my Muse must halt, ---- she dares no more
Than hope the Pardon which she ask'd before.



Enter'd in the Company of Stationers Book, pursuant to the late
Act of Parliament.

Sold by JOHN BAKER in Pater-noster-Row. 1711.

Price Two Pence.



The WHIGS New TOAST

To the Ban of San-y. Ere's a Health to the P----te, whose Excellence reaches All the World o'er, for making Harangues and (fine Speeches; Which come out in Print upon every Occasion, In behalf of the Sects that enjoy Toleration. O may the good Man for his Care and his Pains, For the wast he has made of his Lungs and his Brains, Have still the good Wishes of all Folks that hear him, Either in or without his lov'd City of S .--. May the Alderman there that dar'd say he preach'd Lies, Remember his hundred Pounds Cost and be wife; For 'tis well known in London, both to Mayors and to Shrieves, None better deserves to be dress'd in Lawn Sleeves. Wholoever says He's not the Church's Defender, Must be for the Pope, or the Romish Defender, Since the Thirty Nine Articles by him explain'd, Discover what Doctrines he always maintain'd. May those that raise Scruples at this Church and that, Still go on to make Evident what they'd be at, Till the Act of Indulgence makes our Governours know Who's a Friend to the State, and who is its Foc; As he that is for it, both Zealous and Hearty,

Printed by Rich. Newcomb, in Fleetstreet, 1711.

May, for all that, belong to th' Episcopal Party.

Cartin Crains # 297

The Blue GARTER

No more a fign of Honesty

Than a forces.

Gilded BUSH IS OF Good WINE.

In Ngratitude being so common in the Age we at prefent live in, it's no wonder if Princes meet with the same usage that the Common People find, in being slighted by those on whom they bestow their most signal Favours. That such has been the Fate of Princes of late Days is so apparent, that there needs no farther proof but an Inspection into the Actions of some Great Men, to make it sufficiently plain and Evident: Nor has the greatest Honours could possibly be bestow'd by a Gracious Princess have the power to Bind some Persons to their steddy Duty and Allegiance: Some of which have even crept into the most Honourable Order of the Garter; the Original of which take as follows:

N Antient Times when Britain's Warlike Sons
Half of the Universe had over-run,
And ev'ry Year, with Conquest fraught,
Fresh Lawrels to their Monarch brought;

New Victories did still display,
Corquest on England did seem to wait,
And Heav'n still to smil'd upon their happy State:
Nothing but Pleasure in the Court was found,
And Gaiety each blisful Moment crown'd,
Mars's bold Sons still in the charming Fair
Met with complaisant, kind, obliging Air,
At their Mistresses Feet their Trophies laid,
Who all their Toils with pleasing Smiles repaid.

Thus Cytherea did on Ida meet
The God of War, and with fost Kisses greet
Her Love returning, sost'ning by her Charms
The dire Remembrance of War's harsh Alarms.
Around his Nock her folding Arms she slung,
And with uncommon Transport on him hung;
The tedious Hours she kindly did beguile,
Whilst the glad Hero did forget his Toil;
Securely on her downy Breast he laid
And Homage to her Soveraign Beauty paids

Nor could their PRINCE escape Love's faral Dart, Brave tho' his Soul, yet tender was his Heart; He who still got new Triumphs from the Field At Home to Beauty's Power was forc'd to yield: Love to his Heart an case Passage found, Sure was the Stroak, tho pleafing was the Wound; For Love does somest generous Minds enslave, The Vulgar scorns, but Captivates the Brave: For whilst a Nymph with graceful Gesture mov'd, He gaz'd, he faw, and feeing *her, he lov'd. The more he faw, the more he did admire, Her ev'ry Action fann'd the raging Fire, When on a sudden on the Ground he spied An Azure Ribbon, which the Nymph had tied Around her Leg; straight he with eager Joys Seizes the welcome, tho' a worthless Prize.

* Countess of Salis. bury.

Cart to de de de

The Nobles smil'd to see their Monarch stoop, So small, to mean a Trisle to take up:
The Lady, conscious of the plain disgrace,
With crimson Blushes dy'd her beauteous Face;
When straight the * Monarch cry'd, I'le make this Thing
A Present sitting for the greatest King,
Hervic Souls it only shall adorn,
And by the bravest Generals shall be worn.

* Edw. 3.

Nor was it giv'n but to the Sons of Fame. Who by defert purchas'd a glorious Name;

Their

Their Prince true Merit only did regard, And gave to Honour only the reward.

But ANN A does its antient Worth restore. Exalt it too 'bove what it was before; Nev'r was it by more Worthy Patriots worn. Nor ev'r did braver English-men adorn; Witness Great Beaufort, whose Illustrious Birth Is Honour'd by his Virtue and his Worth. Wife, Prudent, Noble, Generous and Just, Firm to his Country's Interest and his Trust. Whose Loyalty in ev'ry Act is seen A Subject worthy of so Great a Queen: And Oxford, who so bravely has withstood The base Accempts of a curs'd Factious Brood; Did all their Plots with prudence undermine, And wifely blast each trayterous Design. And Strafford, who does zealoufly pursue Britain's Happiness and Glory too.

By such the Garter credit will receive,
And all its antient Glory will retrieve:
And long may they the Noble Ensign bear,
Long, long, the glorious Badge of Honour wear;
And Heav'n their Loyal Councils always Bless,
And crown their Undertakings with Success,

LONDON:

Printed Newcomb in Wine-Court, Fleetftreet, 1713.

A short ACCOUNT

OFTHE

Expiring Parl--m--nt.

Ome mighty Genius now my Breast inspire With something more than a Scraphick Fire; Bold thining Thoughts into my Soul infule Above the reach of ev'ry vulgar Muse. They, who like me, Heroic Souls would praise, Should rife above the pitch of common Lays: 'The noblest Subjects noblest Thoughts require, .My Subject's worthy the Angelick Quire, Immortal Cherubs should their Praises sing, And pluck their Quills forth from an Angel's Wing. How large, how spacious is the glorious Scene, No less than Britain's Happiness the Thome. Her Relcue too from those designing Sons Who their fond Mother had almost undone; Sought out each treacherous undermining way. Their Country's Freedom basely to betrav. What then is to that Glorious SENATE due I hat fav'd their Country and Religion too? What Monuments, what Altars can we raife To celebrate such God-like Hero's praise? Their own immortal Acts sufficient are Their Fame to future Ages to declare: But yet 'cis just a grateful Sence to show For all the Toil for us they undergo. Long had the British Realm, by Faction rui'd, Been cheated, bubbled, ridicul'd and fool'd: The Reverence should their Sovereign been shown, On Party Factions was bestow'd alone;

To that alone the S--te Homage paid, And at the gilded Shrine their Queen enflay'd, For Pelf their Country and their God they fold, And Loyalty a Tribute gave to Gold.

When Britain's Genius (tho' almost too late)
Aspiring rose, by the Decrees of Fate,
Her much lov'd, tho' her sinking Realm to save,
She could not see Britannia be a Slave.
Long had she sound a subtle Factious Race
The noble Places they enjoy'd disgrace.

At length the People in with just Rage inspir'd. And ev'ry Breast with dire Resentment fir'd: The Subjects mourn'd their long misguided Choice, And gave at length for Loyalifts their Voice. Nor sooner had the worthy Patriots sate But they reviv'd the poor declining State; Restor'd their antient Liberty and Laws, Justly asserting injur'd England's Cause: Examin'd why, after great Battels won, The Conqueror was always most undone? Where the vast Sums of Treasure were convey'd Were by the injur'd People yearly paid? Why the poor Soldiers were so shortly fed When England paid so many Pounds for Bread? So far they fearch'd into the dangerous Wound Ev'n the first Causes of the Sore they found, And tho' no mighty Man a Victim fell To the just Stroak of the revenging Steel, 'Twas Mercy, not Desert, the Villains sav'd That had their Native Realm fo far enflay'd: The Royal Goodness only stept between, And they were freed by their much-injur'd QUEEN. This Point with ease the Loyal SENATE gains. But a far greater Work there yet remains, Her Freedom and her Credit to Restore, And fatisfie those Debts she ow'd before, For which to distant Realms a Fleet is sent To perfect the illustrious Intent: O'er

O'er the wide spacious Deep, secure they ride Whilst their sharp Keels the swelling Waves divide; The Southern World to ANNE does tribute pay, And at her Feet the richest Product lay, Which wi'l her Losses and her Debts defray. In vain do's Faction raise her snaky Head And curse the approaching Happiness she dreads; In vain at their wife Councils the repines She cannot frustrate their brave Designs: She grins to think the wish'd-for Time draws near Will free her from the Foes the most does fear: She thinks her Empire to re-obtain, And Iway again with a Tyrannick Rein. Put Heav'n, who has so oft its Goodness shown, Her Great Vicegerent will not cease to own; And God, who rul'd so late the Peoples Voice, Will guide them to Confirm the worthy Choice. For as for secret Causes Heav n ordains The Phanix should expire in spicey Flames, But from the Ashes does the Bird restore With far more Vigour than she had before. Entomb'd she lies but for a moment's space, Her Funeral Pile becomes a pregnant Place: The wong rous Species do's still revive, And often tho he dies, do's always live. Thus tho' by Custom this Great SENATE dies, In spite of Faction 'twill again arise. Brave and Refolv'd it will again appear, Nor a declining Ministry will fear: True to their Country's Interest they'l move, And how at once their Duty and their Love; VVith greater Vigour they'l again revive, And in the Books of Fame for ever live; And greater Bleffings may they still pesses, Their evry Act meet with defir'd Success, And it Cabals or Plots their Peace annoy, Short may their Trouble, lasting be their Joy

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Seven Wise-Men

OF

ENGLAND:

To the Tune of, To all you Lades, &c.

SEVE N Planets they do grace the Skies, Seven Bishops grac'd the Tower; In Greece were only Seven men Wise, In England are no More:

The Eighth, to make the Number even, Is He that's govern'd by the Seven.

With a fala

Now shall I tell each Title o'er,
And different Degree,
The Peers they are in Number Four,
The Commoners but Three:
Which Peerless Three they don't see why,
They mayn't be Peers before they Die.

There's Ox---- Sun---- d's fast Friend,
There's T --- d fam'd for Speeches,
Earl C --- never known to bend,
While he did wear the Breeches:
But I should name his Grace of D-n,
Almost the tallest of the Seven,

The W 's twain but one I count; For fay what e'er they can, Altho'two Waggs, they do amount: But Just to one Wise Man.

The next are Edg be short and comley, And the Son of Muster-Master Gumley,

To Rich d these Seven Wise Men went,

Gall Wal 's Barge it bore'em;

Our Hope his course to meet them bent,

Six Footmen march'd before him.

To his Embroider'd Coat they found him, With all his Struting Dwarfs around him,

Welcome my Lords and Gentlemen, I'em glad to see your Faces; First Kiss my Royal Hand, and then, Walk in and take your Places,

Set Me my Chair; on either Hand, I give you Wife-Men leave to Stand.

The Lord of Chatf---- that Grave Peer,
Attempted first to Speak,
For Wit renow'd thro Derby shire,
The Wonder of the Peak:
Whose Wisdom o'er his Visage spread,
Lies on the outside of his Head.

8.

H: Words were Few, his Bows were low
He lik'd this Meeting well,

The wife- Man could not te 1;

Let T deli the reason why;

He knows my mind much more than I,

Full Thirteen Fools quoth T dehen,
They are who Rule this Realm,
I ne which shall fall by us Wife-Men,
That you may Steer the Helm;
My Brothers both, your Cause to Aid
Have brought their Faces, I my flead

Hold, hold, all Foaming out with Rage, Wife Or- - then did cry,

I t, Impeach them will Engage,
Tho Heart nor Head have I;
Then fuch poor Tools Ive tomething better,
Impeach, and I'll produce the Letter.

To this Earl Cow 's smiling Face, Seem'd pretty well inclin'd, But since he wisely drop'd the Mace. He don't well know his Mind, Sir Quoth the Prince, me fear some Strifes, Let's go, My Lords, and ask our Wifes,

Quoth Robin, next in mighty glee,
Of whom it is much doubt,
Whether more wife, or how e'er't be,
Doth now at last shine out;
To lay these Thirteen Fools quit slat,
We must do something Wife, but what!

We'll fay the King's in Possession

Ergo; 'twill plainly seem,

They'r Enemies to the Succession,

Who're Just and true to him:

And therefore, Sir, we Seven Wise Men,

Do pray for you know what ------Amen:

To purpose Horace said not much,
But made a heavy Splutter,
Of Treaty's when he beat the Dutch,
In the sam'd point of Butter;
With Noisy Tales, and Baudy Sham,
And Jokes he settled Rotter aam.

When Ed-be Spoke, the prince in Sport,
Laugh'd at the Merry EIf,
Rejoyc'd to fee within his Court,
One thorter than himfelf;
I'm glad, cries out the Quibling Squire,
My Lowness makes Your Highness higher

Some Body's Son of rueful Hue,
Did his Wife Head advance,
Next Seffions I'll be true to you,
Unless I meak to France;
Mean while I'll make your Maidens merry

With Bargains, punns, and hey down derry
17.
Thus wifely Spoke these Seven Wise-Men,
And thus the Fight reply d

And thus the Eight reply'd,
O What Reward, go of Friends and when,
Shall I foru you provide?
As yet I must to save Expences,
E'en Starve you as 1 Starve my wenches.

Tho shou'd you fail to gain the prize, Mistaken in your Kules, Ye wise-Men hear what I Advise, Go fright these This teen Fools;

For next to hearing of a Drum beat, I should delight in such a Combate.

But twice Ten long Years hence and more, When it is my turn to Keign,
If you don't Die, or Doat betore,
And I these Thoughts retain,
You that have lost your places—then,
Perhaps may have them all again.